

# Christmas MODERN SCREEN Summer

32 ✓  
JANUARY

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION  
OF ANY SCREEN  
MAGAZINE



JEANETTE  
MACDONALD

MADELEINE CARROLL  
WANTS CHILDREN!

Earl  
Christy



DO THEY SAY  
THIS ABOUT  
YOUR HAIR?



JUNE CERTAINLY  
CAME WITH DON  
BUT HE'S ONLY  
DANCED WITH  
HER ONCE ALL  
EVENING

CAN YOU BLAME HIM?  
LOOK HOW DULL AND  
MOUSEY HER HAIR IS



IT'S NOT WHAT YOU'VE DONE  
DEAR. IT'S WHAT YOU HAVEN'T  
DONE. I'VE BEEN SO BUSY I  
HADN'T NOTICED HOW DRAB  
AND DULL YOUR HAIR HAS  
BECOME. I'LL GET  
SOME MARCHAND'S  
TODAY

I WISH I'D NEVER  
GONE MOTHER  
WHAT HAVE I DONE  
TO MAKE HIM ACT  
LIKE THAT?



THAT NIGHT

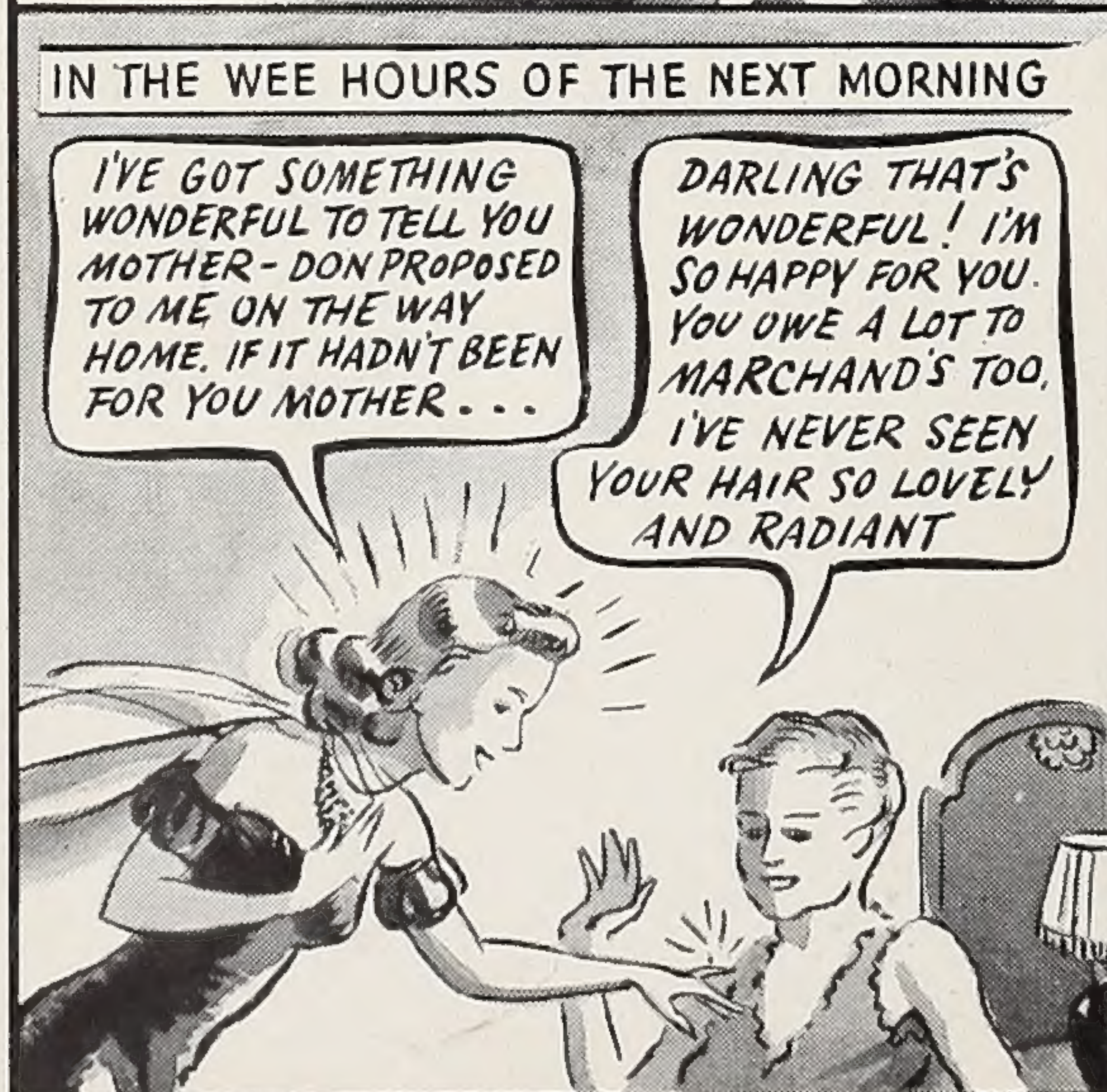
GEE, I'M GLAD MOTHER  
GOT MARCHAND'S FOR  
ME... AND IT'S SO  
WONDERFULLY SIMPLE  
TO USE



AT THE ANNUAL CHARITY BALL

JUNE THINKING:  
DON'S DANCED  
EVERY DANCE WITH  
ME AND I GUESS  
I KNOW WHY!

NO STAG LINE FOR ME  
TONIGHT, HONEY. NOT  
WHILE YOU'RE AROUND.  
YOU LOOK JUST WONDERFUL  
YOUR HAIR'S SO-SO GOLDEN  
JUST LIKE WHEN YOU  
WERE A KID



I'VE GOT SOMETHING  
WONDERFUL TO TELL YOU  
MOTHER - DON PROPOSED  
TO ME ON THE WAY  
HOME. IF IT HADN'T BEEN  
FOR YOU MOTHER...

DARLING THAT'S  
WONDERFUL! I'M  
SO HAPPY FOR YOU.  
YOU OWE A LOT TO  
MARCHAND'S TOO.  
I'VE NEVER SEEN  
YOUR HAIR SO LOVELY  
AND RADIANT

USED BY  
AMERICA'S  
SMARTEST WOMEN



**Marchand's**  
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TO: THE CHARLES MARCHAND CO.  
745 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send, postage prepaid, regular 4 fl. oz.  
bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I en-  
close 50c (stamps or money order):

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(PLEASE PRINT)

MM-140



PN1993  
.M334

MODERN SCREEN



• Tailored simplicity in plaid with schoolgirl collar, buttoned blouse and below-the-elbow sleeves.

# He first admired her Tartan Plaids but he lost his heart to her lovely smile!



**Your smile is priceless—it's YOU! Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush".  
Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter teeth!**

**H**OW QUICKLY a bold, bright plaid can capture the eye of a man. But it takes a smile, a bright and sparkling smile, to hold his rapt attention.

For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores "pink tooth brush."

Don't let such tragic neglect threaten *your* smile. Remember "pink tooth brush" is a warning that gums are being neglected—a warning you should heed.

## Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The very first time your tooth brush "shows pink"—see *your dentist!* It may not be serious

—but get his advice. He may say that yours is another case of "lazy gums"—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern, soft foods—gums that need the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth put a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or fingertip and massage it into your gums. You feel a pleasant, exhilarating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means circulation in the gums is awakening—gums are being helped to health and to strength.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage show you how bright and lovely your smile can be!



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



NOTE BRENDA JOYCE'S lovely hands. With RICHARD GREENE in 20th Century-Fox hit, "Little Old New York".



## BRENDA JOYCE

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

says:

"Only  
**SOFT HANDS**  
are worthy of  
**LOVE**"

YOU'RE FOOLISH if you let work, or use of water, or cold, chap and roughen your hands. Exposure robs your hand skin of its natural moisture. But Jergens Lotion supplies new beautifying moisture to help keep your hands adorable. In Jergens, you apply 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help soften harsh, rough skin. Easy; never sticky. For hands a man dreams of, use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens today, sure.

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**LOTION**



FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

### FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3711 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

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# Soft Modern Screen

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WINE, WOMEN AND SONG  
FILL THE SCREEN AS M-G-M THRILLS  
THE WORLD WITH ITS GAY, DASHING, MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

Behold the beauty of  
exotic song-bird Ilona  
Massey as she hears  
throbbing love-lyrics  
from impassioned  
Nelson Eddy! (His great-  
est role since "Naughty  
Marietta".)

# Balalaika

starring

**NELSON EDDY**  
**ILONA MASSEY**

with

CHARLIE FRANK LIONEL  
**RUGGLES • MORGAN • ATWILL**

C. AUBREY JOYCE DALIES  
**SMITH • COMPTON • FRANTZ**

Screen Play by Leon Gordon,  
Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval  
Based upon the Play "Balalaika"

Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz

Music by George Posford and  
Bernard Grün

Directed by Reinhold Schunzel

Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

AN M-G-M PICTURE



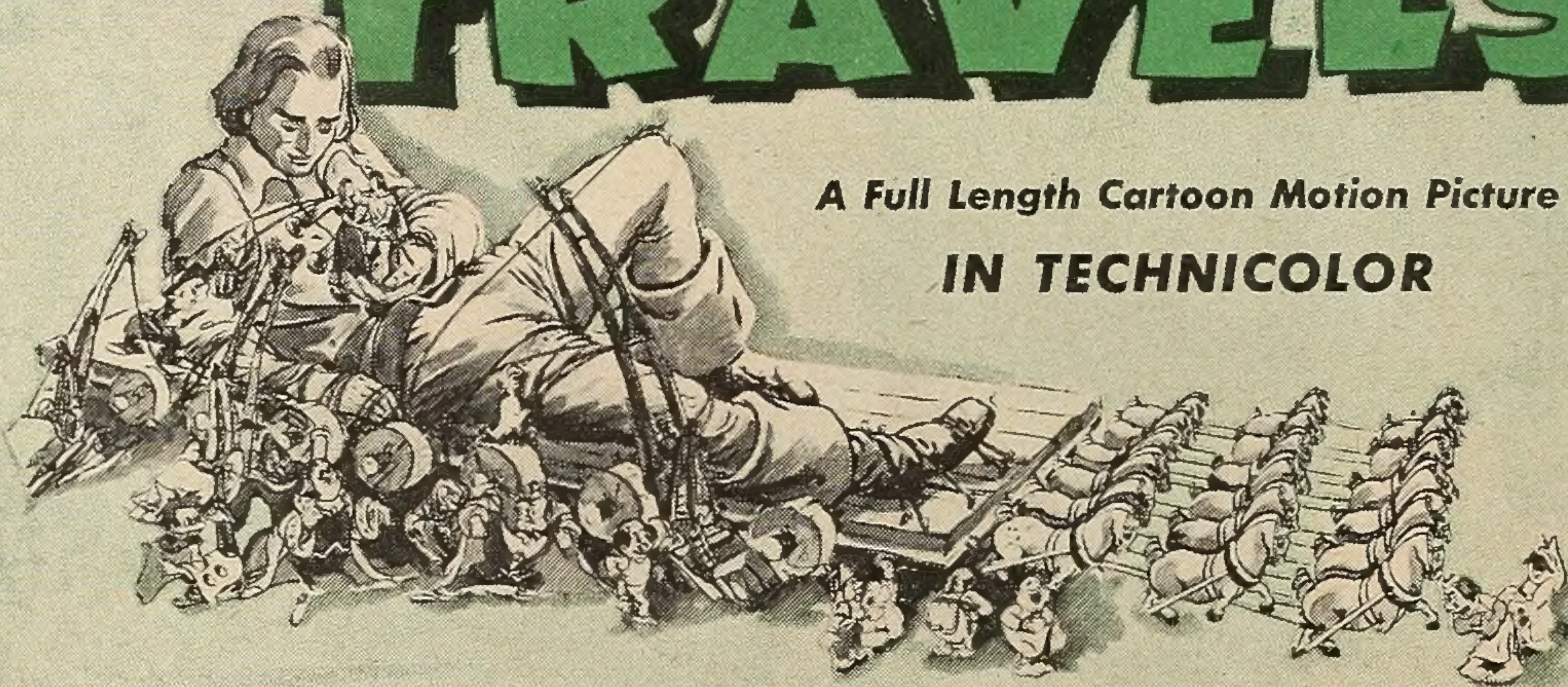


PARAMOUNT WISHES YOU A MERRY XMAS

PARAMOUNT'S Romance of Love . . . Laughter and High Adventure!

# "GULLIVER'S" TRAVELS"

A Full Length Cartoon Motion Picture  
IN TECHNICOLOR



Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land...25,000 of them.



Gabby,  
the town crier.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.



Sneak, Snoop,  
and Snitch.



Prince David and Princess Glory.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David . . . hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!



King Little and King Bombo.



Twinkletoes.

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon . . . Meet them all . . . laugh with them . . . sing with them eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: "Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day,"\* "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • PRODUCED BY MAX FLEISCHER • DIRECTED BY DAVE FLEISCHER



# AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!



"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE" ...

• **THE GREAT MARY** ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") **MARTIN** ... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary ... The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.

"A KISS IN THE DARK" ...

"KISS ME AGAIN" ... "THINE ALONE" ...

"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE" ...

"GYPSY LOVE SONG" ...

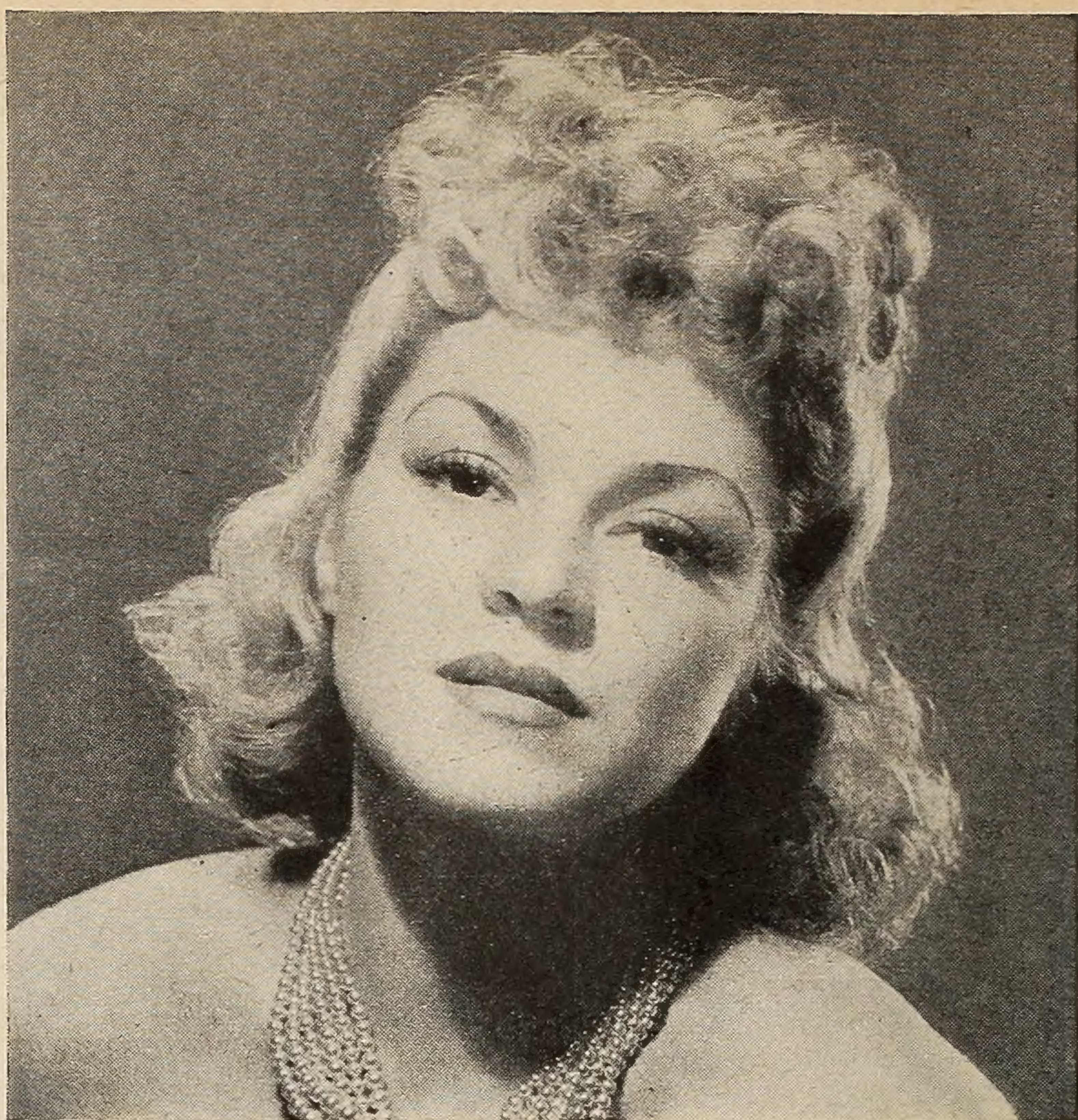
**"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"**

A Paramount Picture with

**Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly**

Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster • Produced and Directed by **ANDREW L. STONE**  
Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone





Left, John Wayne and Claire, together in "Allegany Uprising." Remember "Stagecoach"?

WITH  
STARDOM  
AHEAD

BY JEAN SOMERS

CLAIRE TREVOR claims that she knows more about "B's" than a drone. Her B's, of course, are of the second-rate picture production variety and not of the honey-making breed. For, whenever a story has come up that no one else would do, the Powers That Be handed it to Claire and, ever the obedient blonde, she accepted it. In a way, the assignments might be construed as flattering, for a director always knew that with the Trevor handling a role, nothing but good could come of it. And so, this young woman saved many a poor story from being utterly hopeless.

Of course, this "good samaritan" stuff didn't tend to do much toward helping Claire herself. There's an old saying, you know, that a star is only as good as her last two pictures. And Miss T.'s "last two" were usually nothing to write home about. Yet, not only has this clever player survived, but she is headed for stardom. And, thereby hangs a tale.

The tale concerns the actress leaving Fox. "You see," she says very frankly, "Mr. Zanuck never had faith in me. Why, I don't know. Perhaps he even may have been justified. The point is, however, that if he hasn't confidence in a player, said player might just as well up and leave at the outset. And that's what I did."

"I decided that free-lancing might really give me a new life in movies. While I couldn't select my roles, at least, I

had the authority to reject unsuitable parts. Bad women came under that heading. Maybe I look like one. I hope not, but nevertheless, if there's a wild wench called for in the script, said w. w. is sure to be Claire Trevor. Now *that* all had to be stopped!"

Yet, in "Stagecoach," our heroine was a baddie, although in the end she reformed and won the sympathy of the audience. That, said Claire, takes the "coise" off it.

Miss Trevor, you may know, is a happily married young matron these days. She's the wife of Clark Andrews, who directs radio programs. As a matter of fact, they met in a station—radio—when Claire appeared in New York on the air with Edward G. Robinson.

Mr. Andrews saw to it that Miss Trevor needed plenty of rehearsals. That was as good a way as any—and better than most—to keep her in his company. Claire confesses that for a long time she didn't "catch on." One evening, after the program, Mr. A. surprised Claire by asking her to be his wife. That same evening Miss T. surprised Clark by accepting the honor. And there you have it. And they have happiness and contentment in a town that isn't too well noted for it. What's more, they know the value of it.

Claire Trevor's life from childhood has been an easy one. She knew none of the early struggles and hardships that most young girls, bent on a theatrical career, become acquainted with. Claire was a prom-going belle, with more beaux than Brenda Frazier. Life to her was indeed a bowl of cherries—with all of 'em ripe and red.

She didn't even have to combat the usual parental objection of the well-born when she decided to go on the stage. She merely arrived in Broadway's managerial offices with a winning personality and, as she says, a pack of lies. She told more producers about all the experience she'd had when, actually, she was as green as a park in April.

Finally, a gullible guy took a chance on her and, he wasn't sorry. She has a natural theatre sense and it showed up in her first small part in a stock company. Much later came a chance at pictures. Claire grabbed it. You know the rest. She's been grinding them out ever since. She started in a western and her most recent is a western—"Allegany Uprising." Only the latest is really a super-super, when the first was a cowboy quickie. And, we predict that pretty soon she'll get star billing, for Claire certainly rates it!

Claire Trevor emerges from a hive of "B's" to first-class pictures—and about time!





He's Here....On the Screen....Radio's Rage!

# THE OLD PROFESSOR

And His College of Musical Knowledge

In a Roaring Full-Length Feature

Comedy-Romance!

RKO RADIO'S SCREEN SCOOP OF THE SEASON!

## KAY KYSER ADOLPHE MENJOU *"That's Right - You're Wrong"*

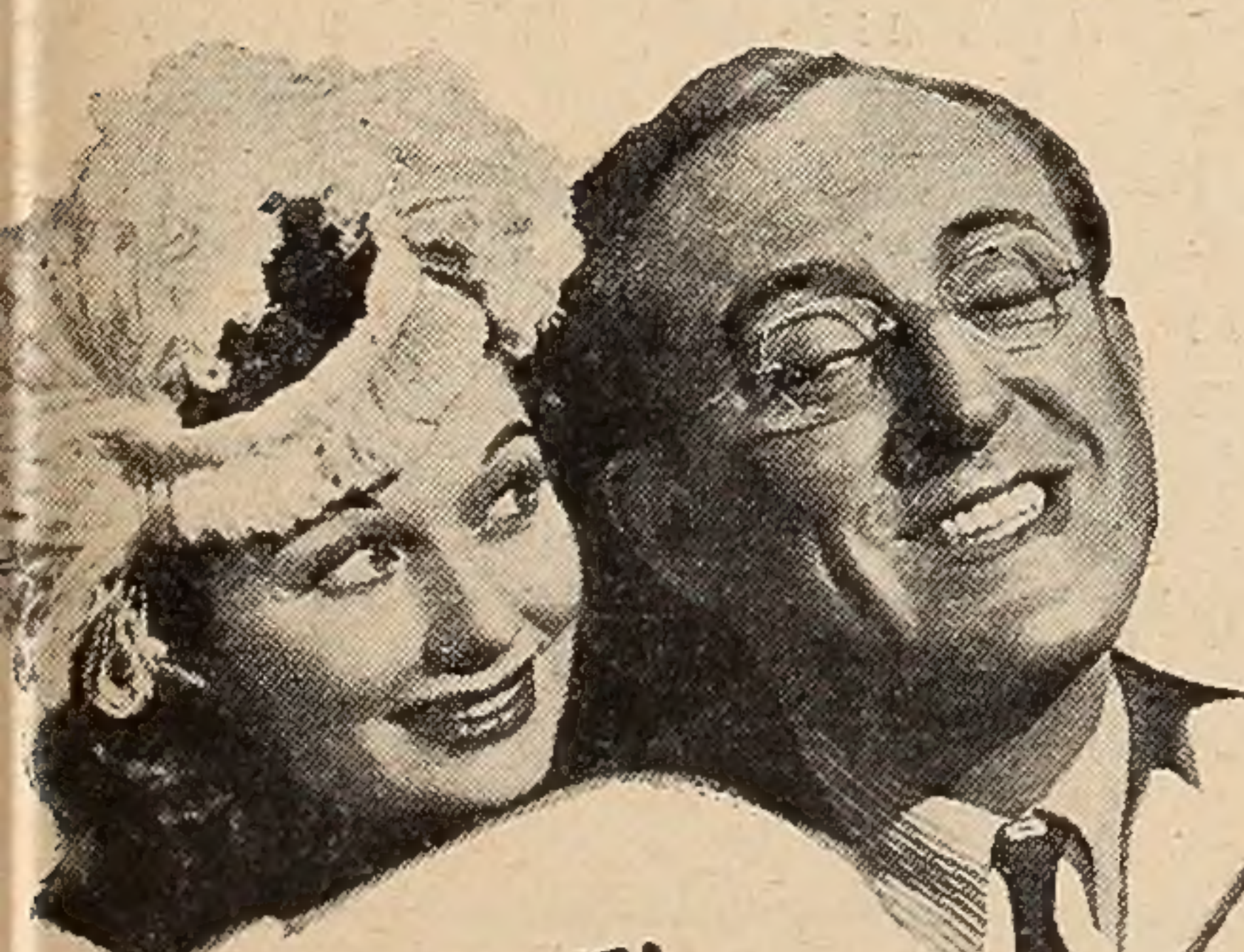


With MAY ROBSON  
LUCILLE BALL  
DENNIS O'KEEFE  
EDW. EVERETT HORTON  
ROSCOE KARNS  
MORONI OLSEN

And KAY KYSER'S BAND  
Featuring these prize pupils  
GINNY SIMMS  
HARRY BABBITT  
SULLY MASON  
ISH KABIBBLE



RKO RADIO PICTURE • PRODUCED and DIRECTED by DAVID BUTLER  
Screen Play by William Conselman and James V. Kern



MAKING LOVE!

MAKING MUSIC!



"MAKING" HOLLYWOOD!

MAKING FUN!





# REVIEWS

## ★★★★ Ninotchka

Garbo laughs, Garbo dances, Garbo falls in love with Melvyn Douglas. And while she's having her fun, you're being treated to the most entertaining picture of the year.

Melvyn Douglas is such a fascinating man-about-Paris that it's no surprise when Garbo melts from a stern and sober female Bolshevik into a gal who likes gayety, champagne and Mr. Douglas. Her visit to Paris is occasioned by the cavortings of Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart and Alex Granach, sent to sell the crown jewels confiscated during the Revolution. Arriving in Paris, the three men met up with Melvyn Douglas who completely undermined every serious thought they had, and Garbo is a special envoy sent to find out what happened to them. The Ex-Grand Duchess (Ina Claire) also happens to be a friend of Melvyn's, and both believe the jewels belong to her.

Of course, Melvyn finally wins Garbo, and the Duchess and her jewels are forgotten in the sweep of romantic events. The dialogue is excellent. Special mention is due writers Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder and Walter Reisch. Directed and produced by Ernst Lubitsch.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

(More about Greta Garbo on page 76)

## ★★★★ Elizabeth and Essex

Worth seeing for its magnificent pageantry alone, is this picture. Beautifully photographed in Technicolor, against backgrounds of impressive elegance, the story is presented with all the pomp and ceremony which were so vital a part of the court of Queen Elizabeth. And Bette Davis, as the red-headed, tyrannical Elizabeth, rises to the grandeur of the occasion in true Davis style. She is convincing and awe-inspiring in her unholy tempers, her moments of warm-hearted womanliness and the emotions which her suspicious nature forces on her.

Errol Flynn was a happy choice to play the swashbuckling Essex, whose bravado and ambition wreaked such havoc in Elizabeth's life. In the supporting cast, Donald Crisp as Francis Bacon, Vincent Price as Sir Walter Raleigh and Alan Hale as the Irish leader, give outstanding accounts of themselves. Olivia de Havilland, as the Lady Penelope who loves Essex, gives an excellent performance and looks breathtakingly lovely. The costumes and make-up deserve special mention for the interest they add to the picture.

No doubt about it, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" is film entertainment of a high calibre. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Bros.*

(Olivia de Havilland's biography on page 76)

## ★★★★ Mr. Smith Goes to Washington

When Mr. Smith goes to Washington, he takes Mr. Average American with him to learn both the good and the bad of what goes on there. The picture is a thought-provoker, done with a simplicity that is smoldering dynamite.

Jimmy Stewart is Mr. Smith, appointed by the governor of a southwestern state to complete the term of a deceased senator. Mr. Smith goes off to Washington with high hopes of doing a great deal of good for both his state and his underprivileged friends, the Boy Rangers. When he bangs straight into the fanciest "machine" ever set up in politics, everything looks pretty black. He's disillusioned and ready to go back home defeated. Then Jean Arthur, his secretary, who is wise to the ways of crooked politicians, steers him into a one-man filibuster that makes senate history, and incidentally re-establishes Mr. Smith's and the audience's faith in our government.

Both Stewart and Arthur are excellent in their roles, and Claude Rains as the senior senator does top work. High praise is also due Thomas Mitchell, Edward Arnold, Harry Carey, Guy Kibbee, Eugene Pallette and H. B. Warner. Directed and produced by Frank Capra.—*Columbia*.

(Additional data on Edward Arnold on page 76)



Choose your entertainment! Study



### ★★★ Intermezzo, A Love Story

Of outstanding interest in this picture is the introduction of Ingrid Bergman, the Swedish actress. She has a refreshing, calm beauty and dignity that will impress every audience and leave many hoping to see her again—and soon. Leslie Howard's performance is artistically perfect, even to the difficult technicalities involved in his role as a violinist. Edna Best and John Halliday bring sincerity and charm to their roles and little Ann Todd and a wire-haired terrier are among the others in the cast who deserve praise.

From a photographic standpoint, it would be hard to top this production. Gregg Toland has excelled his previous admirable work in the beautiful lighting effects, while the sets are effective in every instance. If there is a fault to find with "Intermezzo," it would be in the story—which is so old it creaks. The tale concerns a musician, Leslie Howard, who leaves his devoted wife and two children to go away with a talented pianist, Ingrid Bergman, only to find that one cannot so lightly dismiss life's obligations. But it must be said that the acting, directing and photographic effects in this picture are so impressive that one is not painfully aware of the lack of story material. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—*United Artists.*

### ★★★ Hollywood Cavalcade

Remember Buster Keaton, the Keystone Cops, Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties and Rin-Tin-Tin? Remember Al Jolson singing "Kol Nidre" in "The Jazz Singer?" They're all in "Hollywood Cavalcade," the most authentic record of motion picture history yet to reach the screen.

There's a fictional story, too, about a Broadway actress brought to Hollywood by an unknown but ambitious director when the movies were first struggling for recognition. Alice Faye is the actress, while Don Ameche is the director who makes her a famous star, and both players turn in sincere performances—perhaps the best that either has done before. Alice Faye is photographed beautifully in Technicolor, and Don Ameche is a composite character of some of the most famous personalities in movie history. The story marries Alice Faye to her leading man, Alan Curtis. Ameche cannot withstand the shock and sinks to the bottom, only to be brought back up again by Alice and their mutual business manager and adviser, J. Edward Bromberg.

Curtis and Bromberg make the most of their good roles, and other players that contribute praiseworthy work are Stuart Erwin, Donald Meek, Chick Chandler, Willie Fung and the many old-timers. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*20th Century-Fox.*

### ★★★ The Roaring Twenties

Many a memory will be brought back by this picture of the hectic days following the First World War. For those who do not remember so vividly "The Roaring Twenties," this film will provide an excellent historical account of that period, and everyone in the audience will find his money's worth of action, suspense and drama.

James Cagney scores again in a role that might have been tailored to his measure. As a returned soldier, he tries to find work in the country which he has been risking his neck to protect. When no job turns up, he turns to bootlegging, feeling that he might as well grab off the dough as the next guy. The whole story of the speak-easies, the rum-runners and the racketeers unfolds from there on with lightning paced events leading up to a terrific climax.

Cagney's performance can be chalked up as his best to date. Next in line for praise is Gladys George, as "Panama" of the speakeasies. Her role of the cynical, big-hearted queen of the nightclubs is admirably done. Priscilla Lane is disappointing as the nice, young girl with whom Cagney is in love. The youngest Lane seems to be at a disadvantage in other than modern roles. Humphrey Bogart, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh and Paul Kelly give excellent accounts of themselves. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Warner Bros.* (Continued on page 56)







Courtesy Sun-Maid Raisins

# XMAS TREATS

that will fill your  
holiday season with  
gay and tasty goodies

BY  
MARJORIE DEEN

This attractive Yuletide dish is  
the Hollywood version of the tra-  
ditional plum pudding. What a  
hit this will make at your feast!



IN THE annual pageant of traditional Christmas foods, one of the smallest of fruits plays one of the largest roles. I refer, of course, to the raisin. True, these tiny sun-dried products of the vines, with their delightful flavor developed through a concentration of grape sugars, provide a delicious fruit for year 'round use. But out here in Hollywood, as elsewhere, their popularity is never so noticeable as around the holidays. Then it is that Californians really go to town in featuring—in forms too numerous to mention—one of their own state's outstanding products. For it is a fact, you know, that more than one half of all the raisins grown in the world are produced in the vineyards that literally cover California's fertile San Joaquin Valley. Small wonder, therefore, that in the Yuletide favorites of the stars, raisins are used to perfection in countless ways.

Leading the list of their recipes is Plum Pudding, with the grandest Hard Sauce to go with it. There are hundreds of versions of this best liked of all Christmas dinner desserts, but this one has particularly good points to recommend it. For enjoyment during the entire holiday season—rather than on the festive day alone—are Golden Glaze Cookies and Star Sweets. Special treats, these, to make Christmas merrier!

## "DELIGHT" PLUM PUDDING

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups seedless raisins           | 4 eggs, beaten                       |
| $\frac{2}{3}$ cup seeded raisins                | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups bread crumbs    |
| $\frac{2}{3}$ cup cut citron                    | 1 cup chopped nut meats              |
| $\frac{1}{3}$ cup preserved cherries            | 2 cups sifted all purpose flour      |
| $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cut preserved orange peel     | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda          |
| $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cut preserved lemon peel      | 1 teaspoon salt                      |
| 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups butter or other shortening | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg        |
| 1 cup granulated sugar                          | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon      |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses                      | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves        |
|   | 1 teaspoon vanilla extract           |
|   | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract |

Rinse raisins, drain and dry on a towel. Rinse, drain and dry citron, cherries and peels before cutting them. Cream shortening thoroughly with the sugar. Add molasses, then the eggs and mix together thoroughly. Add bread crumbs and nuts, then the prepared fruits. Stir until blended. Add flour sifted with soda, salt and spices and mix well until no dry flour remains. Add flavoring extracts. When thoroughly blended, turn into 2 greased one-quart pudding molds. Molds should be about  $\frac{2}{3}$  full; one-pound coffee or baking powder cans may be used. Cover molds securely. Place molds on rack in steamer (or large kettle) and steam over boiling water 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  to 3 hours. Remove from steamer, uncover and cool, then cover with wax paper, adjust cover on mold and put away to age. This pudding may also be served immediately, while still hot. However, when it is put away for a time, it must be steamed again for a half hour before serving.

Tradition demands a smooth Hard Sauce as the perfect accompaniment for the above pudding. However, there is much to be said for also serving a liquid sauce since this keeps the dessert from being too dry and thus adds greatly to its appeal. Here is the recipe for an unusual Fluffy Hard Sauce. I suggest that you keep some of this sauce out of the refrigerator for a time, before serving, so that it will be soft enough to use as a topping for the pudding, as shown in the illustration. Disregard this last suggestion entirely, naturally, if the pudding is to be brought on in a blue blaze of lighted brandy.

## FLUFFY HARD SAUCE

- |                             |                                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter    | 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten    |
| 2 cups confectioners' sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla |

Cream butter until very soft. Gradually beat in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups of sugar. Continue beating for several minutes—the longer the better. (By all means use your electric mixer for this task, if you have one. It assures the creamiest hard sauce imaginable with practically no effort!) Beat in the stiffly beaten egg white and the vanilla. Add remaining sugar. Pile lightly into serving



dish leaving an uneven top surface. Or turn into fancy mold which has been lined with wax paper. Chill until firm. Also see suggestion following the Plum Pudding recipe.

### GOLDEN GLAZE COOKIES

#### Filling:

- 1 cup seedless raisins
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup orange juice
- 2 teaspoons finely cut orange peel
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely cut nut meats

#### Dough:

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten
- $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder

#### Glaze:

- 1 egg white
- 2 tablespoons honey

**Filling:** Combine raisins with orange juice. Add finely cut fresh orange peel from which all white membrane has been scraped. Add water, sugar and salt, bring to a boil and continue boiling until very thick, stirring constantly at the last to prevent burning. Remove from heat, add nuts, cool.

**Dough:** Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add beaten eggs and beat until blended. Add flour which has been sifted, measured, then sifted again with the cinnamon, salt and baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Work dough with hands until smooth. Divide dough into portions of convenient size to handle and roll very thin. Cut into rounds, stars and other fancy shapes. Place half the pieces on greased cookie sheet. Top each, in the center, with a little of the cooled raisin filling. Cover with corresponding cookies which should have a small circle cut in center of each. Press edges together, firmly.

**Glaze:** Beat egg white and honey together and use to brush tops of cookies before placing them in a hot oven (400°F.) Bake about 15 minutes, to a golden brown.

### STAR SWEETS

- 3 cups (15 oz. package) seedless raisins
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white Karo
- $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups irradiated evaporated milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped nut meats
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons vanilla

Rinse raisins in boiling water, drain and dry. Place brown sugar and Karo in saucepan, bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly. Cover, boil 5 minutes. Add evaporated milk *very* slowly so that boiling does not stop at any time. When all milk has been added stir in butter. Continue boiling, stirring frequently at first, then almost constantly toward the last, to prevent burning. Remove from heat when a little of mixture in cold water will form into a very soft ball (232°F. on candy thermometer.) Add raisins, salt, nut meats and vanilla. Stir just enough to blend, then turn into buttered pan. Cool. Form mixture into balls about the size of golf balls between the palms of your hands. Wrap each ball, individually, in red cellophane.

## *Popular Washington Deb says:* "Pond's New Rosy Powders are Tops for Glamour"



#### Hard and shiny

With just a pale powder, under harsh lights even May Byrne Simpson's fragile young face would harden ... she'd be forever powdering an unromantically "shiny nose."

#### Soft, Romantic

Under the brightest lights, with Pond's Rosy "Glare-Proof" Powder, May's skin keeps a glamorous rose-petally look. And she doesn't have to bother her pretty head so often about "shiny nose."

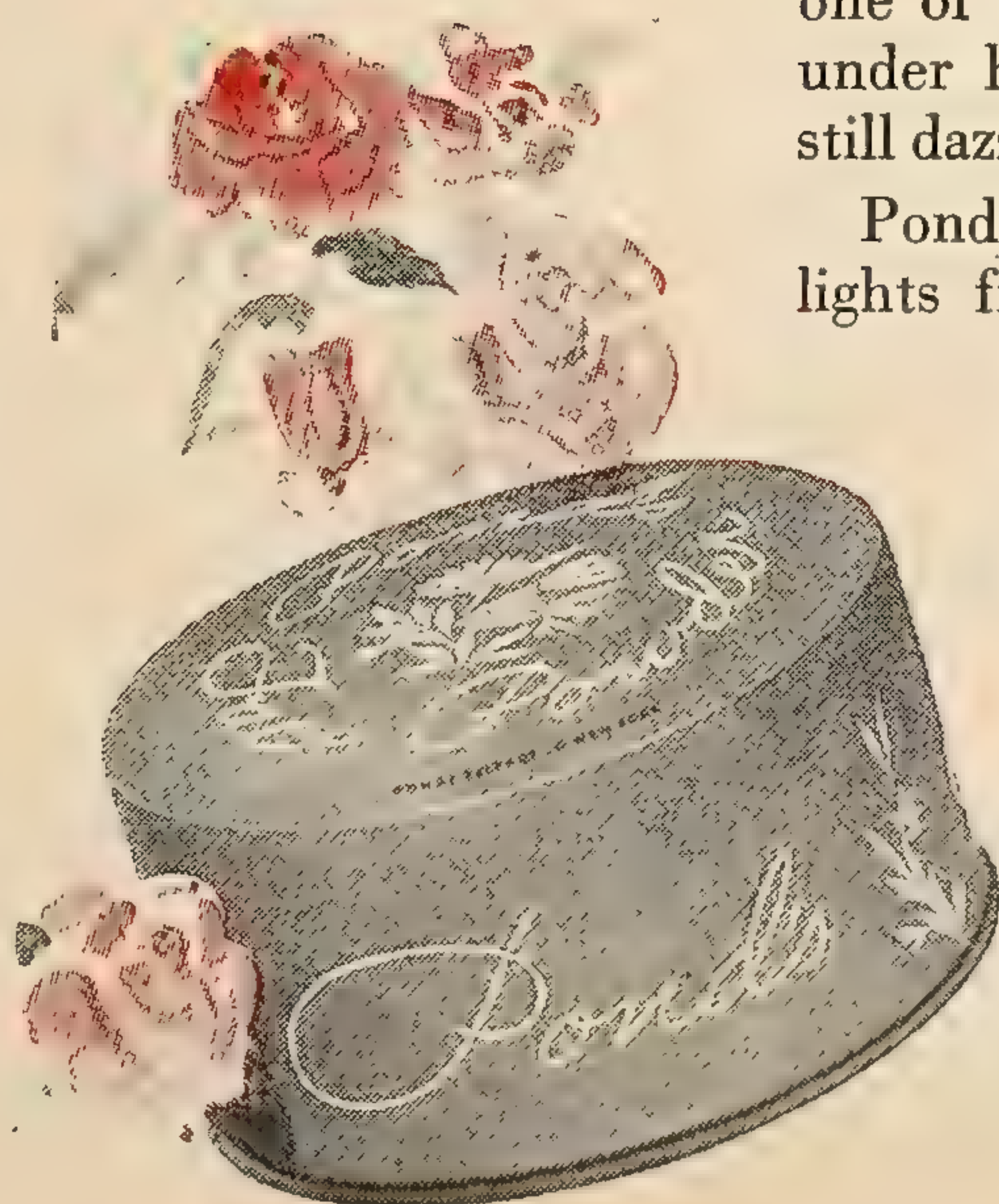
New Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays  
... are "Glare-Proof"... Shine-resistant

GLAMOUR find of the season for debutante "charmers" is Pond's Rosy Powder. With one of these shine-resistant Rose shades, even under harsh night-club lights, smart deb's are still dazzling the stag line after hours of dancing.

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades keep bright lights from hardening faces—keep pert noses from shining longer—because they reflect only the softer, pinker rays.

Be glamour-wise! Choose the Pond's Rose shade that gives *your* skin that irresistible, rose-petally look. And combat that arch-enemy of Cupid—"shiny nose"! In 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes.

Or send for free samples of Pond's 3 glamorous Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Write for them today. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PA, Clinton, Conn.





# Good

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

## HEDY'S BABY

The mystery of the play-room at the Markey home has been finally cleared up with the adoption of James Markey, aged two months. But the mystery of the chicken-coops is still unsolved. Hedy insists that she had the coops built in the backyard, because she's going to take up chicken-raising on a small scale this year and next year move to a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and go into the business in a big way. Maybe Hedy will copy Mickey Rooney's idea of putting a sign up on his ranch gate, "Rooney, Egg Merchant." For instance, "Lamarr Fryers."

## A PRACTICAL PRESENT

One of Bob Howard's wedding gifts was a standing order for thirty meals at the Thrifty Drug Co.—the 29-cent Thrifty special. The gift was from some of his pals who told him marrying a movie star was great, but this present might help him over the

first month when Andrea Leeds would undoubtedly try to whip up some cozy meals for the two of them.

## SHIRLEY, THE FINANCIER

The Milk Fund in Los Angeles is one charity that doesn't have to worry about funds. Not with Shirley Temple in there pitching. Remember the time she hired her pony to the studio for \$25 a day, after that tactful letter to Boss Zanuck? Now, for "The Bluebird," Shirley's rented them all her toys for the "House of Luxury" sequence. The Milk Fund's coffers will be swelled \$250 by this financial wizardry on Shirley's part. Gone forever are the days when Shirley idled away her time between scenes playing leap-frog with the prop boys. Life is real, life is earnest, and the other day we came upon her huddled in a camp chair, concentrating on darning a sock. "It won't hurt her to know how, even if she's a movie star for the next fifteen years," said Mrs. Temple. "Even the glamor girls must get holes in their stockings." Isn't it the truth!

## HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY

Romantic Hawaii, with its famous Waikiki Beach, is still the favorite vacation spot for many of Hollywood's importants, and the Matson Line's *Lurline* is still their favorite way of getting there. In fact, to Janet Gaynor, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Shirley Temple and loads of others, this ship has become almost a ferry boat between California and Honolulu, the best spot they know of to "get away from it all."

## THE AHERNES AT HOME

Brian Aherne and his bride are on speaking terms again. For "Rebecca," Joan Fontaine's picture, is now finished and so is "Vigil in the Night," the film in which Aherne worked. The studio assignments kept both of them busy from the moment they returned from their honeymoon week-end, but now they have a chance to be Mr. and Mrs. B. Aherne for awhile. Their Beverly Hills home is a pretty little one of French colonial design, with the predominant



JUDY GARLAND



JAMES STEWART



SHIRLEY ROSS



# News

color scheme the French blue which is both Joan's and Brian's favorite shade. So far, the only servant in the house is a Chinese valet, a hang-over from the bridegroom's bachelor days, so Joan's making the biscuits.

## SERVICE FOR GREENE

After the "Hollywood Cavalcade" premiere, the doorman started calling, "Richard. Greene's car!" No Greene appeared and the doorman's aggravated tones rang out, "Mr. Greene, your car's been waiting a half-hour! Will Mr. Greene please come and get his car?" About this time the whole crowd of fans in the bleachers took up the chant, "Will Mr. Greene please come and get his car?" Finally Richard, blushing furiously, elbowed his way through the crowd and got into his car, while wild cheers went up from the bleachers.

## SOME STILT-WALKER

At a rehearsal for the Screen Guild Theatre the other day, Cary Grant had the cast gazing at him in wide-

eyed admiration when he walked onto the stage on a pair of stilts which he had unearthed in the studio prop room. How could he even stand up on them, Ann Sothern wanted to know. "This is nothing," yelled Cary, and proceeded to go into a jitterbug routine. Then he revealed that he earned his living as a stilt-walker before embarking on a screen career. Ann immediately decided she wanted some lessons on the fine art of stilt-walking, but Roger Pryor, emcee of the show, said nothing doing. "You can't tell what a thing like this might lead to," said Roger. "I'd hate to read in the gossip columns that my wife was stepping out on me on stilts."

## OOMPH, UMPH, YUMPH!

Betty Field, though, is one gal in town who doesn't want any part of glamor. On the set of "Of Mice and Men," she was saying that any actress in town, possessed of a good masseuse and a face that didn't look too much like a poached egg, could look like a glamor girl. "All these

oomph, umph and yumph titles are making me tired," she said. "I don't want any prefix tacked on me that sounds like a kick in the stomach."

## THEY'VE SETTLED DOWN

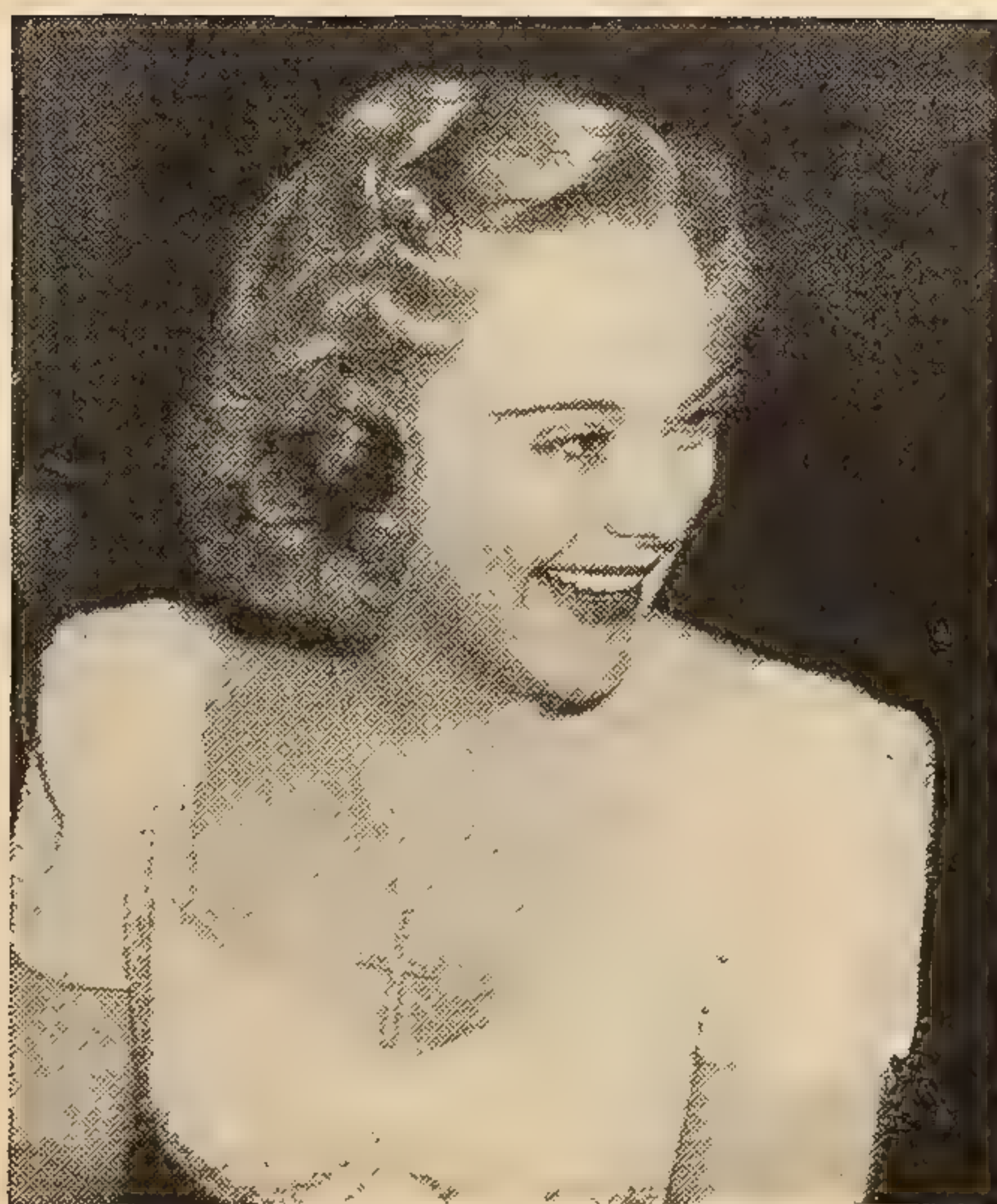
Annabella and Tyrone have settled down again to enjoy their new home in Beverly Hills and, according to both of them, they would just as soon never leave town again, after their recent hectic experiences. Annabella's daughter is in boarding-school—just around the corner from the Power home.

## SHE'S HAPPY NOW

For her role in "Reno," Anita Louise is going sophisticated for the first time. She has slinky clothes, a glamorous make-up and a sleek coiffure. As she sat in her dressing-room the other day, laboriously pasting on inch-long lashes, Anita admitted that she thought the whole idea was swell. Because after all these months of devotion, boy friend Buddy Adler had dared to venture that he thought



BOB HOPE

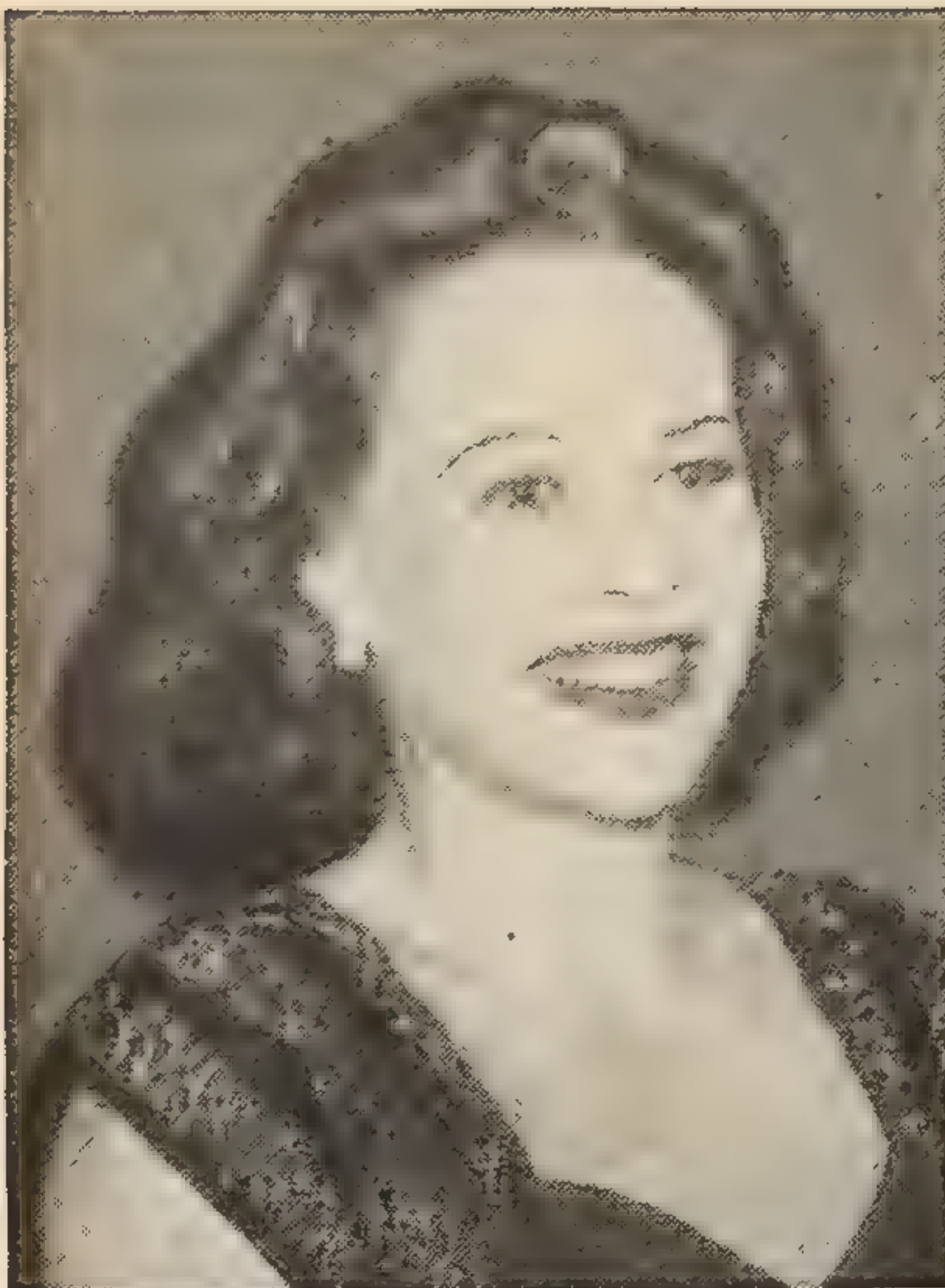


SONJA HENIE



MICKEY ROONEY





WENDY BARRIE



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND



JOAN BENNETT



STUART ERWIN

Hedy Lamarr has a certain mysterious something that he never noticed before.

### THE BOSS SPEAKS

The Warner ranch in the San Fernando Valley was the site of the location for a scene in "The Fighting 69th" the other day. The crew went out and set up lights, cameras and commissary tents. They were in the midst of digging trenches when a man wandered up with a gun slung over his shoulder. "What's going on here?" he demanded. "We're building a set for a Warner Brothers picture," answered one of the workmen, "and take a tip from me, brother, you better not trespass on this ranch." The man thanked him courteously for the information and advice. "But I guess I'll hang around for awhile," he added. "I'm Harry Warner."

### ANIMALS AND ACTORS

The set of the "Swiss Family Robinson" looked like the livestock exhibit of the county fair most of the time. For the Robinson family, if you remember your sixth grade reader, were stranded after a shipwreck and managed to save many of the pigs, cows, sheep, ducks and geese which they had on board. Also on the set in constant attendance was a gentleman representing the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." When the cast, crew and livestock were required to work late one night, it was necessary to get some still pictures with the help of flash-bulbs. When the first bulb went off, one of the cows jumped with fright. So the representative of the Society informed the director that no more stills could be taken, it wasn't right to scare the cow. "And here I've been jumping out of my skin for fifteen years every time a flash-bulb went off!" said Thomas Mitchell. "How about a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Actors?"

### PETER AND NORMIE

The other day Melvyn Douglas brought his five-year-old son, Peter, for a visit to the set. One of the scenes required that Douglas be handcuffed and led off the stage. Peter was overcome with excitement, to the extent that he couldn't say a word when the director asked him how he liked it. "He'll be all right in a minute," said Douglas. "He's just thrilled to death at seeing his old man taken

off to jail." Another day, Joan Blondell's son was struck dumb in admiration of Peter. The two children had been brought for a visit to the studio on the same day, and the actress offered to take them to lunch. Afterwards she complained of not feeling very well. Seems that Normie had been too spellbound to eat when in the presence of Peter, who is a year older. So his mother had cleaned up on the spinach and milk ordered for her son. "And I feel terrible," she moaned. "I don't see how anyone can survive vitamins."

### WOLF! WOLF!

Looks like they really mean it this time—and we mean Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant. For Phyllis is trying to sell her home and Cary Grant suddenly purchased the old Norma Talmadge house at Santa Monica beach. Decorators are re-doing the house from stem to stern—and taking their orders from Phyllis.

### SIGN, PLEASE

After a preview the other evening, a boy asked Carole Lombard for her autograph. The actress obligingly signed "Carole Gable." The boy looked at it and then said, "Shucks, I can sell your Carole Lombard autograph for two bits to a pal of mine, but this ain't worth nothing."

### POPULAR JENNIE

Rosalind Russell generally wins all popularity contests on any set where she appears for work. But on "My Girl Friday," over at Columbia, Roz has had to take a back seat. For her colored maid, Jennie, has been the center of attraction since the day the picture started. Jennie's the aunt of Kenny Washington, star of UCLA's football team, so everyone at the studio has been hanging around for tip-offs on the teams. Added to that talent, Auntie can name every horse that is running this season and prophesy the outcome of nine out of ten races.

### DON'S VACATION

The new Don Ameche baby is home from the hospital and doing well, after that two-months' stay there for observation. Mrs. Ameche is feeling fine, too, but father's not so good. The combination of a third son, constant picture work and that weekly radio

program proved too much for him. So Zanuck issued orders that he is to rest for three months before showing up to work. Ameche refused to give up work at first, but the boss insisted. "If you don't take a vacation," he said, "they'll be calling you the Prisoner of Zanuck."

### BILL'S A HOME BODY

That most sophisticated gentleman of the screen, William Powell, insists that the simple pleasure of hitting the hay at home tops his list of thrills. After two years of hotels, hospitals, boats and trains, Powell has at last moved into a home of his own. He's rented a place in Beverly Hills, taken his furniture out of storage and settled down to complete domesticity. It was Myrna Loy and her husband who persuaded the actor that there's no place like home and took him for daily drives past the most tempting houses in town that were for rent.

### BETTE STANDS PAT

Bette Davis insists that she won't come to terms with her studio until they guarantee that only two pictures a year will be on her schedule. To prove she means what she says, Dettie's refused to even do "One Way Passage" with George Brent. Though that romance is as dead as yesterday's newspaper, the actress says that Brent is still her favorite leading man—but the Davises never compromise.

### GARFIELD'S ANSWER

All is not lilies and bluebirds between John Garfield and his studio, either. Garfield wanted to go back to New York and do a Group Theatre play, but his studio insisted they couldn't get along without him. Garfield's response to that was that they needn't be so upset. He wasn't taking his stand-in, so any roles which the studio had lined up for him could be adequately handled by that gentleman.

### PERSNICKETY FOLKS

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor moved into that new Beverly Hills house before the garage was completed. One morning Bob couldn't resist going out and tinkering with some of the tools. He was pounding a nail into a wall-board when the foreman arrived.



"Don't know your name, Bud," said the man, tapping the actor on the shoulder, "but get your pay and consider yourself through on this job. These Taylors are persnickety folks."

### THAT CHARLIE!

When Clark Gable and Charlie McCarthy were practicing for their radio program, Carole Lombard was right on deck for the rehearsal. The script called for a discussion on how feminine hearts are won and lost, and Edgar Bergen was shushed off immediately. "Quiet, Bergen," commanded McCarthy. "You don't belong in this conversation. You're listening to experts." Then he turned to Mrs. G., sitting in the front row. "Ain't that so, Carole?"

### HEDY'S HOPPING MAD

No doubt about there being an economy wave on at Metro. For they're going to patch up and release "I Take This Woman," and hoping to make back some of the reputed \$350,000 spent on its production. Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr aren't as enthusiastic budgeters, apparently, as Louis B. Mayer. Mr. Tracy would just as soon leave the picture on the shelf and Miss Lamarr is requesting \$5,000 per week, in place of her weekly stint of \$500, before she will set foot on the Metro lot again, for retakes or anything else.

### MAYBE JIM'S RIGHT

Tip to girls who like the Stewart type: Joan Blondell was telling the cast of "The Incredible Mr. Williams" all about her new corset. "It's wonderful," she exclaimed.

"Even if it does takes two hours to lace it up, it certainly does a lot for a girl." Jimmy Stewart wandered by at this point. "Say, listen," he stopped to say. "When I hug a girl, I want to feel like that's what I'm doing. Not like I've grabbed an armful of railroad ties."

### OUCH, MR. BENNY!

Jack Benny is equally vehement on the subject of the new figures in fashion. Said he told Mary Livingstone that if she didn't care about his personal reactions, she should at least consider the professional aspects of her case. "An hour-glass figure," he told his wife, "has no place on a half-hour program."

### A REAL ROMANCE

Jane Bryan and Eddie Albert are going to start wedding-chapel shopping any day now. Those rumors of Eddie's secret marriage were caused, according to the actor, from the fact that he and a gal named Grace used to have a vaudeville team. The act was billed as "Grace and Eddie Albert." Jane never goes to previews because the crowds give her the jitters. But when "The Roaring Twenties" was previewed the other night, she decided that nothing could keep her from seeing her idol, Jimmy Cagney. When the picture was over, Jane sat dazed and unmoving until Eddie Albert suggested they get going. "No," said his girl friend breathlessly, "let's stay and see it again." "What do you want to do," hissed Eddie, "wait here until next Monday to see that Cagney guy? That's when the picture opens its regular run."

### DIDJA KNOW

That Jimmy Stewart plays a harmonica between scenes . . . the hand used in the final sequence of "All Quiet on the Western Front," where Lew Ayres reaches out to catch the butterfly, was really the hand of Lewis Milestone, who directed the picture, because Milestone is superstitious about including a personal gesture of some type in his every picture . . . Don Ameche, Chet Lauck and Lou Crosby each have a one third interest in a fighter (heavyweight) named Eddie Mader . . . another Orson Welles way of "going Hollywood" is smoking long, big black cigars . . . Jack Benny always introduces Rochester as "the man who stole my last picture" . . . Jeanette MacDonald gained eight pounds on a ginger ale and ice cream diet . . . May Robson and Edward Everett Horton like nothing better than a good fast badminton game between sets . . . Madeleine Carroll vetoed the idea of wearing only a Turkish towel in one scene for "Safari" . . . "Golden Boy" William Holden really hung one on George Raft during fight scenes for "Invisible Stripes" . . . Mickey Rooney lives on a ranch in Van Nuys about ten miles from his studio . . . Kay Kayser's singer, Ginny Simms, made a big hit at RKO during production of "That's Right, You're Wrong," and may get a contract out of her performance . . . Alice Faye wears a brunette wig in "Hollywood Cavalcade," but wasn't even trying a bit to look like Hedy Lamarr or Joan Bennett . . . Edna Best did not attend the preview of "Intermezzo" because previews make her nervous . . . Baby Leroy is now seven years old and called "Lonnie," and is coming back to pictures very soon?

# Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

says

**"RED, CHAPPED HANDS  
SPOIL A LOT OF FUN!"**

HERE COMES HONEY WITH THE NEW CLUB MEMBER — AND ME LOOKING LIKE THIS! OH, DEAR...

HOW ABOUT JOINING US FOR LUNCH TODAY, ETHEL?

OH — ER — MAYBE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN — MAYBE? OF COURSE, YOU'RE COMING... WHY, ETHEL, WHAT'S WRONG? HAVE YOU HURT YOUR HAND?

NO — NO, HONEY — IT'S JUST THAT I'M SO ASHAMED OF MY HANDS

LOOK! AREN'T THEY THE REDDEST, ROUGHEST HANDS YOU EVER SAW!

THEY WON'T BE AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH THEM — HERE, USE HINDS

ISN'T IT A WONDERFUL HAND LOTION — SO CREAMY AND SOOTHING

IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY, ETHEL — AND EXTRA-SOOTHENING

HONESTLY, MY HANDS LOOK SMOOTHER ALREADY — I'LL BE READY FOR LUNCH IN A JIFFY —

MIND IF I TRY YOUR HINDS?

HELP YOURSELF. WE'LL ALL HAVE LOVELIER HANDS — THANKS TO HINDS

### NICER-LOOKING HANDS...in a jiffy!

**I**MAGINE! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps chapped hands look smoother, feel softer! Extra-creamy, extra-softening—Hinds brings soothing comfort. Tones down redness... smooths away rough chapping. Now contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes.

**NEW! Hinds Hand Cream — In Jars. 10¢, 39¢.**

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# HINDS FOR HANDS

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**

Columbia Network — Coast to Coast  
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

IN NEW  
**SANTA CLAUS  
PACKAGE**

Hinds big gift size — in holiday red, with fat Santas all over it. Looks gay, looks impressive.

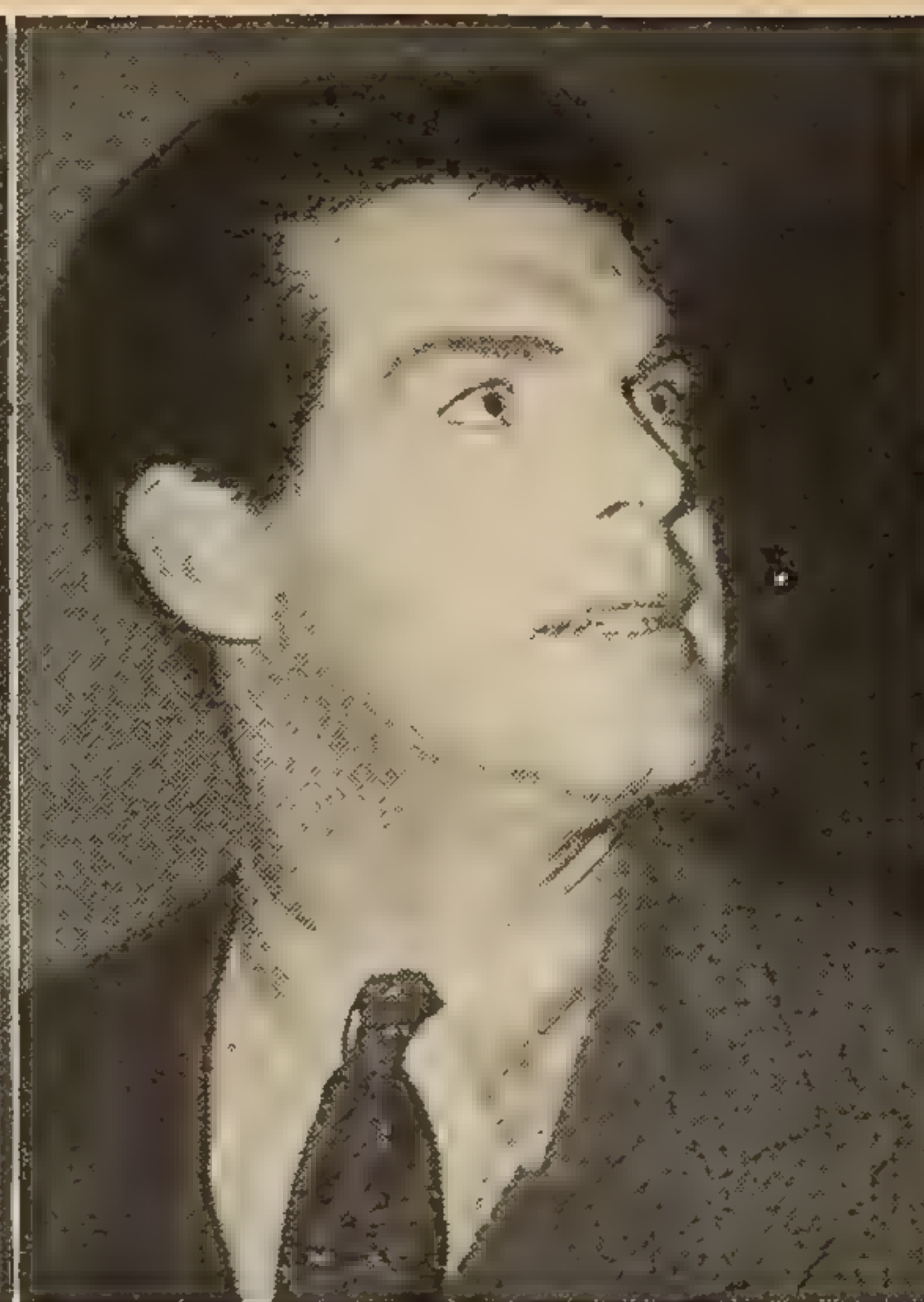




EDDIE ROBINSON



IRENE DUNNE



FRED MACMURRAY



JEANETTE MACDONALD

### RAFT'S "ROMANCE"

George Raft says he knows Norma Shearer "only slightly." When an interviewer added some random thoughts on that romance to her story, Raft blue-penciled every reference to Norma. "Miss Shearer would be annoyed to read anything like this," he said, "and I don't like it either." Certain it is that Raft has given up any ideas of domesticity in the near future, for he's put his beautiful new home in Coldwater Canyon up for sale—and at a sacrifice price. Says he's anxious to get back into bachelor quarters again and not have to worry about anything except what time Mack (the Killer) Gray gets home at night or who's going to win at the fights.

### GARGANTUA SCARED?

When the circus came to town, Joe E. Brown and his small daughters, Mary, Elizabeth and Kathryn, were right up there in the front row. Since Milt Taylor, the clown, is a friend of Joe E.'s, he arranged for the giant gorilla, Gargantua, to be brought up for inspection. He gazed at Joe E. for twenty seconds, then turned and ran away, dragging his trainer after him. "No comment," said Brown when pressed for an explanation.

### LORETTA'S TREAT

Loretta Young, looking very beauteous, came to the Victor Hugo the other evening with Jimmy Stewart. When it came time to pay the check, Jimmy went frantically through all his pockets while the waiter stood by eyeing him disapprovingly. Loretta finally noticed his embarrassment and slipped her evening bag under the table to Jimmy. From it the embarrassed Stewart fished out the necessary money and the two departed in a hurry.

### GUN GAL, MAY

May Robson is getting gayer and giddier roles assigned her every day. Now in "Granny Get Your Gun" she plays a Calamity Jane character, completely equipped with two guns on each hip and a cow-girl outfit. Jimmy Cagney, visiting the set, told her she really ought to learn to shoot those guns. "And I will," said Miss Robson at once, "if you'll teach me!" Jimmy was delighted, so

that gal you see getting marksmanship lessons every noon outside Stage 2 at Warner's is 75-year-old May Robson.

### ANN'S PRETTY DRESSY

For her role in "A Call on the President," Ann Sothorn has to wear one of those floozy costumes which have fallen to her lot in recent pictures—a very ornate hat and a be-ribboned dress. In addition, a ratty red fox scarf was handed her from the wardrobe department. "Look here," Ann said to the director, "I don't mind this dress and hat, really. But this red fox—couldn't I just leave it in a corner for the day?"

### LEW'S "LUNCH"

A strange sight is Lew Ayres arriving on the set every day clutching a brown paper bag. The paper bag holds all his make-up equipment from shaving soap to greasepaint. Lew admits he has several make-up boxes at home which have been given him by co-workers. "But I feel like a sissy carrying one of those things," he explained. "This way people only think I'm bringing my lunch."

### SH-H-H, FURRINERS!

On the tremendous set built for the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," Director Dieterle was giving instructions to the five hundred extras. It was a difficult scene, calling for the mob to break up and run in several directions. The director issued orders from the raised platform on which he stood. After three unsuccessful rehearsals, Dieterle grabbed his megaphone and yelled, "Vot's de matter? Can't anyone understand de English?"

### FINE FARE FOR GARBO

Whether it's love or not, we wouldn't know. But certainly Greta Garbo and Dr. Gaylord Hauser have a wonderful time together. The other day they came into Jones' Health Store on the Boulevard, bubbling with good spirits, in spite of rain dripping from their hats and coats. Garbo's outfit consisted of a green slicker, navy slacks, brown galoshes and what was left of a broad-brimmed straw hat. They seated themselves at the bar and ordered a glass of cucumber juice apiece. After that, Dr. Hauser helped Greta select a pound of dried figs and they went merrily on their way.

### SPENCE IS JUDY'S FAN

Spencer Tracy asked for his first autograph the other day. He met Judy Garland coming out of the studio commissary and said, "Look, Judy, after 'Babes in Arms,' I would certainly appreciate your autograph." Judy gulped, blushed and then managed to say, "Thanks, Mr. Tracy. Gee, thanks." Then she took a deep breath and said, "May I send it to you tomorrow? Right now, even my 'X' would be wobbly."

### TEMPER, TEMPER, MARLENE!

After seeing some unretouched pictures of herself in a national magazine, Marlene Dietrich stormed into the studio's head office. "So all right, so I'm the new Dietrich!" she cried. "I give interviews. I work overtime. I exude sweetness and light every moment I'm on the set. And then you release pictures that make me look as new as something that's kicked around a bargain basement." So all right, from now on la Dietrich gets to okay every picture taken and things are beginning to seem like the good old days again.

### MICKEY'S NOT IMPRESSED

The other evening Mickey Rooney decided to step out into high society, so went calling on a Pasadena deb. Her home turned out to be an imposing mansion and an equally imposing butler let him in. Obviously, the butler wasn't impressed with the caller, nor was the deb's father who advanced across the huge hallway to greet Mickey. But it takes more than a sour expression to get a Rooney down. Mickey shook the pater's hand and then said, "I wonder, gentlemen, if you could tell me what picture is being premiered here tonight?" No doubt about it, Mickey rates just about tops on Judy Garland's preferred list. The other evening, Clark Gable was telling Mickey what a wonderful girl Judy is and Mickey nodded agreement. "She's a swell kid, all right," he said. "But," he added, "just a kid, Gable."

### THE RETORT SNAPPY

Cary Grant is an amiable guy around the studio, but there is one rule which he has  
(Continued on page 81)





Merry Christmas  
from  
Virginia Weidler & Toto







Happy Holidays  
- Jane Bryan







Season's Greetings  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

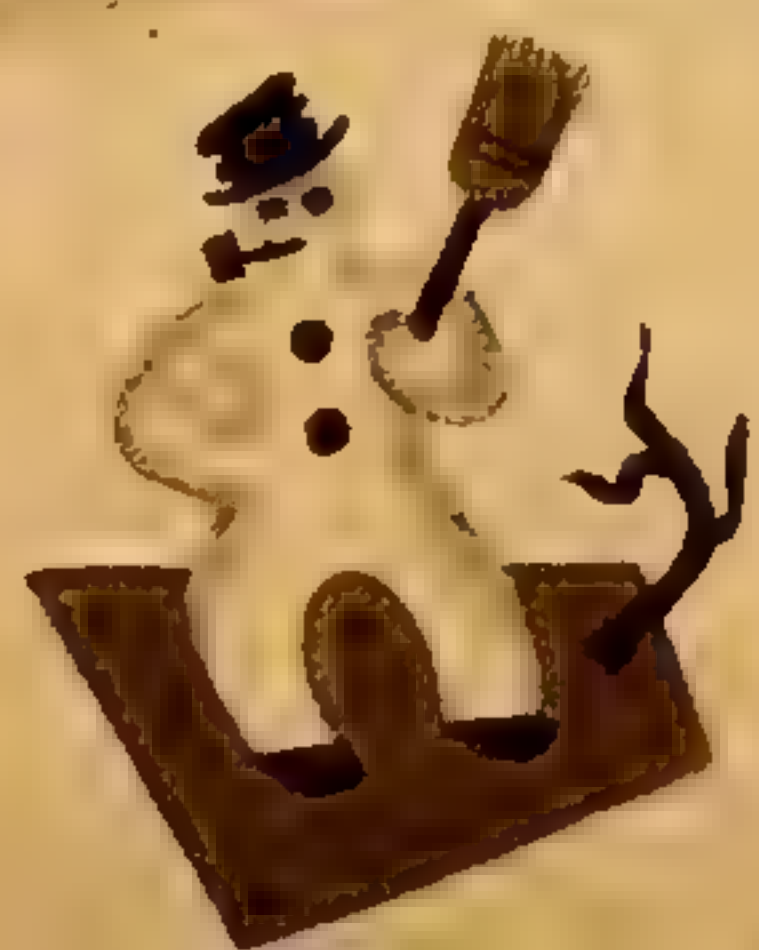






Yuletide Greetings  
Joel McCrea





Joyous  
Christmas  
Ann Sothern





HOLLYWOOD'S MOST beautiful blonde-with-brains definitely is not through with marriage—just with the one in which she's now involved.

The reasons attributed to Madeleine Carroll's deferment of her European divorcement from Captain Philip Astley are only part of the story. It's true that when the fascinating golden girl of the cinema took a rain check on the action that would dissolve her matrimonial contract with the important Britisher, she was influenced by the fact that this estranged spouse has once again donned a uniform for war duties.

But Madeleine's lily white knuckles have gently, if quietly, been rapping at a higher tribunal than the Paris divorce courts. Her secret purpose is an annulment from the Englishman she married several years ago in Italy. She wants a dissolution from Rome that will permit her, within her own religious convictions, to marry again and have children. There have been no babies in this mixed marriage of hers from which she hopes the church will free her.

Changing one's mind is a feminine prerogative, one to which the beau-

BY JULIA SHAWELL



Madeleine with little Carolyn Lee in "Honeymoon in Bali," her latest screen success.

# MADELEINE CARROLL WANTS CHILDREN!



Madeleine and Captain Philip Astley were married in a little Italian village seven years ago. It was indeed a love match.



"I trust that some day I shall have the children that are every woman's right," says Madeleine Carroll confidently.

teous Miss Carroll may some day resort. If all else fails, she may yet content herself with a civil divorce. But such a procedure will be a compromise with her present plans. And it will be one of the few times in her life when Madeleine Carroll has not gotten what she wanted.

"How can one think of divorce when the world is again at war and my husband has been called back to service?" is the way Miss Carroll was quoted by newspaper men on her return from Europe not long ago. Madeleine was quoted correctly, and she meant it, too. But she didn't tell all. Nor was the intimation that she might pick up the broken threads of her marriage true.

Retracing her steps, fitting pieces of anything into a mended pattern, is not a habit with Madeleine Carroll. The first time she said, "My marriage to Philip is over," she meant it. Though now she confides, "My mother was heartbroken, my friends were shocked at the idea that I would become a divorced woman. Divorce is against my convictions and I have been given the hope that what I may some day be able to secure is an

annulment. This will permit me to marry again and have children in a second marriage. When I have been freed, I certainly trust that some day I shall again be a wife and have the little ones that are every woman's right. That's why I originally bought the house outside Paris. It was my hope to see my own youngsters living there. Only I didn't know how soon it would be filled to overflowing." When France entered the war, Miss Carroll turned her chateau over to French nuns and had two hundred boys and girls established there.

"Certainly being a wife in Hollywood and having a husband in London is not conducive to a happy marriage," Miss Carroll suggested when she admitted she plans her freedom. But there was the added intimation that it wasn't only the separation of an ocean and a continent that made the bonds strain.

Even as Miss Carroll spoke of her hope for a religious annulment, she had with her a cable from Philip in which he addressed her as "darling" and in which he reassured her that he would look after her mother who is living outside the City of London.

"Some people say that you could get any man you wanted," was casually suggested to Madeleine. And that seemed no overstatement as she sat gracefully in the black crepe dress which made her lovely blonde hair softer and lighter, her large eyes a deeper blue. Madeleine's slender hands went up in a deprecating gesture.

"If that were only true!" She smiled ruefully, as though remembering. "There have been some I wanted, who didn't want me—some I couldn't get," she explained.

And she further admits that she has no chosen successor to the Britisher with whom she has come to the end of a marriage that started so beautifully and promisingly in a small Italian village one warm sunny day. Just now, "he" is merely a vague somebody with whom she'll want to spend the rest of her life, and who, as she says, will want her.

In the meantime, Madeleine is back in Hollywood making money, which she also admits is her only reason for being in the movie citadel at all.

"There was a period while I was in France this (Continued on page 57)

Here is a star who realizes that fame and fortune do not insure happiness



**W**HEN producers say their prayers at night they ask for a guy like Robert Preston.

"Dear Lord," they implore, devoutly tilting their anxious eyes heavenward, "please, please, send us a young muscle man with a beautiful mug! Give us a modern Gable who can plant a kiss with his phiz and a shiner with his fist. And, Lord—send him special delivery!"

Today when big Bob Preston swings his wide shoulders and Greek statue's torso across the Paramount lot, these producers hit him, buzzing like horse flies. They grab him by his open collar, snatch him by his crisp, curly locks or even tackle him around his husky ankles. "Bob," they pant, "say—can you ride a bucking horse? Look, Bob, can you ski? Can you swim like a fish, box, play football, pitch curves, tame gorillas, wrestle alligators, break a bucking bronco?"

To most of these startling interrogations, Robert Preston says, "Yes." When he says "No," the producers bark, "Well, learn!" and then fly into a free-for-all scuffle over who gets Bob next.

He's straight from heaven, this Preston party, the answer to a producer's prayer. He's handsome, hot and heroic and he's headed for the top of the he-man heap in one short hop, skip and jump. Paramount has already co-starred him with Gary Cooper and again with Dorothy Lamour, and he'll solo soon. All of which stacks up with Bob as very pleasant indeed, but a little screwy. He can't forget that only a few months ago he was standing in the chilly reception room outside this same studio's talent department looking back in and trying to keep himself from wrecking the joint.

In his burning ears rang the curt brush-off of the casting office. "We're hunting for romantic types. We can't use any truck drivers or gorillas!"

The cords in Bob's sturdy neck tightened like strings on a bull fiddle and his fists knotted. But his manager eased him out, still shaking.

So it's still a little strange for Robert Preston Meservy suddenly to find himself the fair-haired Harry at the same studio whose bum's rush still wrinkles the seat of his pants. But then, a great many things about Hollywood and the business of being a movie star seem slightly bizarre to an honest, straight-punching hard guy from across the tracks, like Bob.

For instance, they told him to sprout a beard for his new picture, "Typhoon," and after he'd raised a daisy, thick and curly, they shot the last of the picture first, or something, and shaved it right off the first day. So Bob had to wear a tickly spinach piece the rest of the picture.

Later on, they hired a double to swim across Catalina's bay for Bob. But the double couldn't make it, so Bob had to splash in and double for the double.

When Hollywood had a pre-season spell of icy weather, they put Bob to work indoors on a steamy jungle

set. When the hottest heat wave in history followed, they went outdoors and whipped up a howling typhoon with wind machines. And when California promptly came through next with a real typhoon of its own—well, Bob points out disgustedly—the picture was over.

On the personal side, it also baffles Bob why he should have money problems now that he has a little geetus in the bank, when he never had any such trouble while he was broke. Also, why everybody should get all worked up whenever he steps out with a dame, like Dottie Lamour, for an ice cream soda. But those are common first season Hollywood complaints.

What really stuns and depresses Robert Preston is that in "Typhoon," Paramount has dressed up a two-fisted tough guy like himself in a sarong to match Dottie's famous hip piece and exposed his shame to the world. "A skirt," he moans. "Baby blue, with flowers—and in Technicolor! What will the guys over in Lincoln Heights say to that?"

You see Lincoln Heights is one of the most hard cooked neighborhoods in Los Angeles and it is also Robert Preston's home bailiwick. What the guys and gals think of him there is what really counts in his young life. And up to the time he started running around in baby blue tea towels, Bob was known as a strictly right gee, a Jo who could dish it out and take it too, which is the way worth is measured in Lincoln Heights, instead of by how much fan mail comes in a week or by what the studio cashier hands out in a sealed envelope. Bob had spent a good many scrappy seasons punching out his reputation. In fact, ever since he was two years old.

That was when the Meservys ducked out of Newton Heights, Massachusetts, where Bob was born, and hit the trail west. The trek was supposed to be for Grandpa Meservy's health, but it turned out mostly in grandson Bob's favor. The southern California sun and the outdoor life was all Bob needed to sprout into a young

giant with a gladiator's body. He battled the Pacific's rolling surf, hiked through the mountains and sparred and wrestled in the neighborhood gyms.

A few years ago—very few, for Bob is only twenty-one today—all the movies meant to Robert Preston was a place to take your best girl on Saturday night when you had a half-buck in your pocket. The thing that counted in his husky young life was what sports writers sometimes call the squared circle. He wanted to be a prizefighter. That's a common ambition in Lincoln Heights where the young rooster who cannot punch his way out of a wet paper sack, as the saying goes, might as well tag along behind a cop.

BOB COULD handle his dukes ever since he was hefty enough to hold them up in front of him. He got plenty of practice, too, starting at an age when most small fry are hanging for dear life to their mama's apron strings. Pretty soon there were few scrappers in the Heights who cared about brushing chips off his wide shoulders. Then Bob took his knuckles into the local sporting clubs and semi-pro gyms where young cauliflower artists blossomed. You can find his name on plenty of the old semi-pro program cards, Bob Meservy vs. Wildcat So-and-So, Bob Meservy vs. The Tequila Kid, vs. Pancho the Filipino Puncher, and so on. The point is, Bob threw plenty good leather, and it's just possible that you might be reading about him today on the sport pages instead of right here if there hadn't been a dusky schoolmate of his at Lincoln High named Kenneth Washington.

On his Saturday afternoon Bob likes to sit in the grandstand now and watch Kenny, an All-American halfback at the University of California at Los Angeles, do his stuff on the gridiron. But all Bob saw the night they tangled in the smoky fog of a sports writer's benefit fight was a hail of leather attached to Kenny's hamlike fists. Pretty soon every square inch of Bob's golden hide was

# HEAVENLY HARD GUY

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



This Preston party is the answer to a producer's prayer! He's handsome, hot and heroic! Yes, the tops!

either rosy red or black and blue, and when it was all over his jaws were so sore he couldn't chew the fried chicken that was supposed to be his reward for the mauling. Sucking a gizzard gingerly, Bob Meservy decided then and there his talents needed a rerouting if he ever expected to end up anywhere besides in a hospital.

Setting one's sights for a dramatic career, of course, is not quite as simple and direct as socking straight away for a prizefighter's belt. Bob Meservy would probably never have had a look-in at a studio if it hadn't been for Tyrone Power's mother, Patia, which only goes to show how very tricky are the dipsy-dooos of fate around Hollywood.

At that time Bob was sixteen, but not so sweet. He was still punching his way through Lincoln High School, playing center on the football team, first base on the baseball nine and relaxing between contests in school amateur dramatics class. He was careful to keep this sideline from his rough and tumble playmates, though, lest they shout "Woo-woo!"

Then it was that Patia Power decided to get up a travelling stock company in Hollywood. She held try-outs, somebody pushed Bob forward and the next thing he knew he was signed up for a road tour. The sixteen-year-old high school punk was so darned manly he'd up and won the part of "Julius Caesar" in Shakespeare's play, although a score of middle-aged actors competed against him in the try-outs.

Well, that started it off—and from then when the acting bug really bored in until Paramount called him a "truck driver," Bob had little use for anything else but trying to get an acting break. He dropped boxing and he dropped football, and sometimes he dropped eating, too. Because, after Bob graduated from high school he was strictly on his own. He worked at anything he could get for his cakes and coffee while he learned the ABC's of the acting dodge at the Pasadena (Continued on page 75)



It depresses Bob that in "Typhoon" he is dressed in a sarong to match Dorothy Lamour's famous hip piece.



A great many things about being a star seem bizarre to an honest lad from across the tracks, like Bob.



**I**T MAY take a long time, but I think I'll live it down! At least I'll do my best."

The "oomph" girl appellation was what Ann Sheridan was meaning and she'd like to find out who really concocted that tag line for her. "I suspect a couple of people on the lot but they look so innocent when I mention my suspicions that so far I haven't settled the final blame on any individual. Needless to say, I wasn't present at the naming ceremonies," is the way the gorgeous redhead explains it.

Miss Garbo may have obligingly lived up to the hermitage tradition about her, Clara Bow may have enjoyed her career as the "It" girl, but Ann Sheridan wants to be known as the actress whose ability rates her feminine leads with such stars as Cagney, Garfield, O'Brien and Raft. And if she has the oomph, "it" or whatever cognomen is given to sex appeal, she'd rather the public discovered it for themselves, and only as an incidental acquisition.

Ann Sheridan is "Annie" to everybody who knows her. Everybody, whether she knows them or not, is "honey" to Annie. She may like it or not, but Oomph Girl she is to her public and, when she meets them en masse, her most critical superior can't complain that Annie doesn't cooperate.

"Honey, I've got to go downstairs for a few minutes," Miss Sheridan apologized as, careful of her artfully arranged red tresses, she wriggled her slender figure into a seductive white chiffon gown, shot with silver. "Downstairs" was the stage of the New York Strand Theatre on which Annie appeared several times daily for two weeks and sang blue songs to a musical background by Ted Weems' orchestra.

The Oomph Girl they had made her and oomphish-plus she would be when she walked to the footlights. On her arm from wrist to elbow she fastened glittering baubles that came out of a cardboard box. Her scarlet-nailed toes slipped stockingless into fragile silver sandals.

Annie reached for a tiny bottle in the top drawer of her dressing table. Carefully she measured the drops and injected them into her nostrils. No precious vial of rare perfume was this. Ann Sheridan may have oomph—but she also has sinus trouble. It was on a rampage all the time she was making her personal appearances in the east. And as though little hammers doing an anvil chorus continuously in her head weren't enough to add to understandable stage fright, she contracted a cold in the environs of Broadway that sent her naturally husky voice down an octave or two.

"This time does it!" she exclaimed fearfully as the knock on the dressing-room door warned her to go to the wings. Even a healthy contralto throat can't take more than its quota of incessant coughing, and

there wasn't a working moment of Miss Sheridan's stage weeks in Manhattan that she wasn't afraid her voice would crack into huge gaps of discordant sounds.

She bit her lips in vexation at the avalanche of her woes—and ate most of her thickly applied lipstick. So she had another sip of black coffee, repaired the damage to make-up and then made for the stage.

A sigh of relief attended her return. One more show over, and the voice hadn't completely deserted her. Annie slipped out of her oomph gown and reached for a simple taupe street dress. The Sheridan figure doesn't need any artifices to accentuate outlines. She's as thin as she could get and still have curves. She may have been born with the rudiments of the form divine but Miss Sheridan believes in giving Nature some help. The remnants of her luncheon were significant evidence that the up-and-coming glamor gal of the screen does not regularly feast on caviar and guinea hen under glass. One soft-boiled egg had left its yellow pattern in the cup; most of the toast remained.

MISS SHERIDAN certainly looked beautiful sans girdle or uplift—or anything except tailored silk step-ins that she was wearing.

"I'm counting an awful lot on what 'Years Without Days' will do for me as an actress," Annie commented, wistful hope in her voice as she reached for her stockings. The picture is a remake of 'Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing' and she appears with John Garfield. "No emphasis on oomph in this one," she added with a laugh. Although this actress makes you believe she knows as well as anyone that the quality that has been lavished on her for publicity doesn't depend on cloth of gold and overly-long false eyelashes. Her next picture, "And It All Came True," will find her again opposite Garfield and with George Raft also emoting.

For a girl who came to the screen by way of an international beauty contest, Ann Sheridan has certainly worked long and hard for recognition as an actress—six unsatisfactory Hollywood years, in fact. She wants to act and let who will inherit the oomph throne. "Too much to live up to," expresses her feelings about the whole thing.

Oomph Girl she became by the simple process of looking that way and seeming to fit the characterization more than any of her glamorous sisters on the west coast. But the road that led to leading roles in Class A pictures was too long and difficult to be called Oomph Boulevard as far as Miss Sheridan is concerned. It bumped along too many periods of extra jobs, detoured into the field of too many horse operas and stock work and (Continued on page 70)





# *THEY MADE HER WHAT SHE IS TODAY*

So Ann Sheridan hopes they're satisfied! As for herself—she'd rather act than "oomph" any time

BY BETTY COLFAX



# WE, THE CAGNEYS

Scratch a Cagney, and you'll find a fund of devotion to other Cagneys

BY CAROLINE

S. HOYT

Love and esteem for each other is the tie that binds the Cagneys. Here is Jimmy with his wife. They've been married twelve years.







Here is part of the Cagney family—Bill, Mrs. Cagney, Jean and Jimmy. Ed and Harry are the other two boys. They make their homes in New York.

**JIMMY CAGNEY** once attended a gay gathering, where supper was served at small tables. The masculine element predominated, so he sat at a table with two other men and a woman. The lady was charming, but depressed. The gentlemen tried to rally her, without success.

Suddenly she said, "I just got back from England the other day. I made an unpleasant discovery. I've lost my son."

She told them the story—how the boy had been away at an English school for four years, how she'd suddenly been seized by an overwhelming longing to see him. She'd flown to New York, caught a boat the next day, landed at Southampton, wired her son and driven up to the school gate just as classes were being dismissed. The boy was standing at the gate, talking to some friends. Her impulse was to leap out and fling her arms around him. His impulse apparently didn't match hers. "Be with you in a minute," he called, and went on talking to his mates.

"I realized then he was gone from me," she said. "Can you understand why?"

The other two men propounded theories. Jimmy was silent. The lady was undeniably distressed, yet she seemed to be getting a kind of melancholy pleasure from the discussion of her woes. At length she turned to Cagney.

"You haven't said a word. What do you think?"

"Ever have any trouble?" he inquired abruptly.

"What do you mean?"

"Two of you ever fight for anything together?"

"We've never had to."

"That's your trouble then. If you'd had to stand with your back to the wall—together—there would have been a tie that nobody could break."

It's the tie that binds the Cagneys or, at any rate, one of its firmest strands. Love and esteem for each other are closely twisted in with it. Scratch a Cagney, and you'll find a fund of devotion to the other Cagneys, all the deeper for being inarticulate. It finds expression in action rather than words.

An exception may be noted in the case of Jean. The boys aren't shy about showing their feeling for her. She's the only girl. The three eldest were in their teens when she was born. Their father had died a few months earlier. She was, and is, their darling.

Their mother was the presiding genius of the family, a woman of will and spirit, with a passion for learning.

Once in her own life she had come to a parting of the ways. She'd been offered a scholarship to go on with her studies but, being in love, she had married instead. Though she never regretted the step, she resolved that her own brood should take advantage of the opportunities she'd missed, whatever privations they might have to suffer in the process.

"With my mother," chuckles Cagney, "education was a mania. She stood on the platform of you-get-an-education-or-else. It was a lot easier to study than to face her wrath. She had a will of steel."

You can drive a child to study, but you can't make him learn. Luckily for Mrs. Cagney, her children, as they grew older, proved to be her children in more than flesh and blood.

**WHEN HARRY** lost his appendix at twelve, he made up his mind to be a doctor, and never veered from that decision. Majoring in languages, Eddie copped medal after medal through high school and college. He thought he might be a teacher of languages, but the temptation of working with his brother sent him on through pre-med. Now they're both practicing physicians on Long Island.

During his last year at high school, Jimmy hopped bells at the Friars' Club from five in the evening till three in the morning, rose at 7:30, got to school at 8:20, went home, did his homework, cleaned up, ate and departed for work. He'd do his physics as he rode up and down in the Friars' elevator. That schedule taxed even his stamina. As soon as he could find a job at shorter hours, he took it.

The boys all went to work at fourteen, because they couldn't get their working papers sooner. They worked after school and during summer vacations. They waited on tables, juggled packages, stacked books. Whatever they earned went into the common treasury as a matter of course. They didn't feel sorry for themselves. "In our neighborhood," says Jimmy, "it was either that or not eat."

Neither did their mother ever indicate that she felt sorry for them. She loved her children with wisdom, not with sentimentality. Necessity was the taskmaster. The boys could have earned more if she'd taken them out of school, but she probably would have preferred to see them go hungry, and certainly she'd have been glad to go hungry for them. She knew she was giving them the only possibility of escape into (Continued on page 53)



## Loretta Young may once have been a gentle drifter, but today she's a stubborn individualist if ever there was one

WHEN YOU talk to Loretta Young now, you hold forth futilely if you try to give her unasked-for advice. She will listen politely enough. But as soon as you're out of sight, she'll put your advice out of mind. She is, for better or worse, definitely allergic to hints on how she ought to conduct her life.

"I don't pay any attention to those leisurely souls who assure me everything will be all right if I merely sit tight. For my experience has taught me you can't let anything slide. Things don't work out. They don't straighten themselves out until you decide exactly what you want and how you want it and then do something about it.

"It's just reaching for an alibi to be elegantly and lazily fatalistic. When I'm informed confidently that my desires will materialize as the night follows the day, I smile sweetly and say, 'You'll excuse me, won't you?' and retreat."

Loretta calmly looked up at me over a plate of hot Texas tamales. As modern as her home is Colonial, she doesn't hesitate to serve tamales, with bread and butter and orange juice, instead of Tom Collinses, at the cocktail hour.

"So the undecorated truth about me is," she said candidly, "that I'd rather be wrong than ruled! I can't believe a thing until it happens to me, personally. I may look fragile and easily-swayed, but don't let appearances delude you. Never judge any woman just by her face and figure. She's apt to have been up to some crafty monkey-business there!

"I am, underneath, a stubborn individualist if ever there was one. I suppose I'm a rebel—a rebel, certainly, against a lot of fine, foolish old theories I'm continually meeting. The common-sense moves you must make may work for everyone else, although I doubt it, but that's no proof

they're going to satisfy me. Furthermore, they don't."

She smiled blandly, firmness in her blue eyes. "Every woman should have some rebellion in her make-up. As it is, too many of my sex are taken in by too much advice that nine times out of ten is emphatically not the solution to their particular cases at all. A weak sister deserves being bossed around, however, because she's deliberately let herself in for it!"

"You have changed," I broke in. "You were always a 'Victim of Fate,' lovable but unlucky in love, the movie star that Destiny was down on. They always sigh when they mention your name. They always say, 'Poor Loretta, isn't it a shame she can't find happiness!' But from the way you sound today you aren't the tragic, gentle drifter any more."

"No, I'm not a gentle drifter; I never was one!" Loretta retorted, buttering herself another slice of bread and turning down the late afternoon radio music a trifle. "I've never been 'a tragic character.' I don't consider myself unlucky in love, either. Victim of Fate, my foot! Destiny hasn't had me in its mysterious grip. What's more, I don't think I have to grab a husband to find out what happiness really means!

"It's true I am not hard-boiled, as all determined young career women have to be, according to what 'they' say. I know I don't have to be. Furthermore, I know that I'd be seriously limiting myself if I were. I know from my own experience. I'm too headstrong to accept all the suggestions of others, and I'm too fond of action to learn from books, so I rely on my own memories. I know that a career woman has to be nice about her nerve, that graciousness—which is a quiet tongue and a courteous pair of ears beneath the coiffure—is well worth cultivating. I know that if I'm charming I may get what I want, that if I were crude or too open with demands, I'd only be laughed at.

"I'm not idly philosophizing. Remember I started in the movies at thirteen. One day, when I got beyond being scared to death every time I entered a studio, I blew up.

Loretta steps out with Jimmy Stewart. Have you ever wondered why attractive Miss Y. is still playing the field? She tells you.

BY BEN MADDOX

SHE'S A

Rebel!





Very explosively! I'd been yelled at unfairly, so I was going to do that nasty man one better. I proceeded to weep myself into a state of hysterics violent enough to turn the most temperamental prima donna green. Production had to stop for three whole days because of me. I sat home in injured dignity until I'd forced an apology. It was a great waste of effort. They weren't impressed," she recalled. "They were pained by my pettiness.

"I rebel against the constantly repeated advice that every smart girl must put on an act. I've discovered that tricks are not necessary for a career or to interest a man. Sincerity's the only rule I heed. The minute your sincerity is questioned, you lose whatever edge you have. It's important in a job. When I'm dissatisfied with some studio detail, I telephone whoever's responsible and complain as intelligently as I can. Sometimes I'm still dissatisfied, but at least I'm sure of what's blocked me. Socially, I trust to good manners and instinct instead of tricks. If you find your intuition is usually right, don't pooh-pooh it.

"You can bet I'm a rebel against other women's advice" (Continued on page 73)

Loretta Young is also free-lancing, professionally. Her latest is "Eternally Yours" with David Niven.







THIS  
STAR STUFF  
pleases some players,  
makes others squawk,  
but doesn't fool Bill



DEAR MR. POWELL:

You are my favorite actress. I enjoyed you in 'The Good Earth.' Please send me one of your pictures. Yours truly, Mydalia Mynch. P. S. A big one."

"And that," said Bill, with relish, "is an exact transcription of a fan letter recently handed me by my secretary, a twinkle discreetly drowning in her eyes. "This business of being a star," Bill continued, "has its prankish moments. A star goes to New York, let us say. He arrives at the Grand Central Station. It is somehow bruited about that a movie star is about to de-train, dark glasses, Afghan hound and all. Dr. Alexis Carrel, perhaps, is coming in by the same train. The crowds mob the movie star. Dr. Carrel passes by unnoticed and, if the rush for the movie star hasn't been too strenuous, unharmed. On such occasions, the most immodest star feels a rabid desire to get somewhere.

"When a star appears personally, he always feels a little guilty, I think. I do. Because the people who pay you the compliment of tearing you limb from limb do not know at all what you yourself are really like. They don't know the Bill Powell I know—the fellow who sits up all night and sleeps all morning. So," said Bill, "I'm taking the bows for the characters I play. I must try to take them, as the Thin Man would take them. The sixteen-year-old girl who says, 'Oh, Mister Powell, I think you're wunnerful!' doesn't think I am wunnerful at all. She thinks that Nick Charles is wonderful. She has far more poise than Bill Powell has, but she doesn't know that. She doesn't know that Bill Powell is skulking behind the shadow of Nick Charles. But I know it. And it's business acumen on the part of the star to remember this. It prevents the ego from becoming rampant.

"We do stand so much for wish-fulfillment, don't we?" Bill said. "That realization, too, is part of the business of stardom. And it's not a thought to be taken lightly. We carry the flag of adventure, romance, glamor, of everything that people would like to have in their own lives.

"You know, I have the feeling that we are story-book heroes come to life on the screen. I put myself back in the days when I read 'Robin Hood' and 'The Rover Boys.' I know how I would have felt had Robin Hood come to life and I'd asked him for his autograph and he'd refused.

Something in me—a belief in gallantry and graciousness—would have been hurt. Therefore, and in so far as it is consistent with good sense and good taste, I try to play ball with the people who might be hurt if the Thin Man were to say 'No.'"

We were talking, Bill and I, in the garden patio of his Bel Air home. Bill, a well man now, had remarked how strange it is that, when one is ill, all the activities and problems that matter so much ordinarily seem to recede to some distant horizon of indifference and one views them with detached perspective. It was so that we fell to talking about this business of being a star.

"For that matter," smiled Bill, giving me his profile, "why am I a star? I can't answer that one. But it's fairly obvious," amusement tweaked up one eyebrow, "that physiognomy is not the answer.

I HAVE a better perspective on why other stars are stars than I have on my own status. I can say that I know one man who is a star because he is a free-lance which means that he chooses what pictures he will make, and makes so few that the public never has enough of him. But that is only a technical explanation, so to speak. It doesn't at all explain what qualities in this man earned him this enviable status. I can tell you of another young chap who is a star because he is young, handsome and presumably gifted. But you can tell me of other young men you know who are as young, handsome and as potentially gifted as my young man and yet they are not stars. We'd both be right and the question would be unanswered.

"If stardom could be defined, if it were implicit in the raw personality of the player, stars would be getting \$11.00 a week, because the market would be glutted, stardom would become a wholesale proposition, the ranks swollen as the extra ranks are swollen today—and the price per capita would drop accordingly."

There was a slight pause while Mr. P. finished a glass of grape juice. Then he said, "Well, I can only give you my answer for what it is worth. I say that a star becomes a star when he portrays a sympathetic character—and not before. Let his beauty bloom, his talents flourish as they will, he is a light under a bushel until he mounts or is thrown into the vehicle which transports him to the



At last, William Powell is to make his long-awaited return to the screen in "Another Thin Man" with Myrna Loy and Asta.



Milky Way. I really think that's what makes a star."

"How did that work out in your own case?" I asked him.

Bill sighed a little, said, "Since you ask and if I may be pardoned for talking about myself, you remember that I went along for years, playing heavies, the villain of the piece. During all that time the public's 'care' for me was certainly not remarkable. Then I made 'Interference,' with Clive Brook and Evelyn Brent. It was my first talking picture and instantly my status changed. There was that sympathetic reaction and instantly, my fan mail increased to such an extent that it required secretarial handling where, before this, I had been able to run through it over my cup of morning coffee. It was just because I had played a sympathetic character, you see, a raffish fellow with a heart of gold. But, and this makes my point, my success in the picture was not due to any newly-minted quality in me. I had not changed. True, it was a talkie and perhaps," said Bill, with a Thin-Mannish smile, "the beautiful clean heart that's in me came out in the voice. But seriously, what happened was that I played a character with universal appeal and in the shoes of that character I took my first step toward stardom, a step for which I deserve very little credit."

"And the next step?" I prompted.

"That was when I made 'The Thin Man.' I read that script, I remember, when I was staying at Dave Selznick's place at Lake Arrowhead. And I leapt to my feet when I finished it, waved it over my head and cried out 'Gentlemen, I give you a script!'

"But," said Bill, "in between 'Interference' and 'The Thin Man' I did a few acrobatic leaps into the wire of public favor and several slips backward into that oblivion from which so few stars return. I played Rothschild in 'The Street of Chance' and Bill Fallon in 'For the Defense.' They were steps upwards, they were characters with popular appeal. I played 'Philo Vance' and earned the label 'suave.' During this period my graph was going up.

Then I tailed off during the making of 'Ladies Man' which might have done to my career the disastrous thing that 'Butterfly Man' did to the career of the late Lew Cody. You can't force that type of man down the throat of the American public. He was not a sympathetic char-

acter and repercussions of an unsympathetic nature duly followed. I signed a contract with Warner Brothers and during my time there made only one memorable picture, 'One Way Passage' with Kay Francis. Again, and simultaneously, my stock began to rise because a man finding his great love as they travel to their deaths is a sympathetic character.

"But of the doldrums into which I sank during a subsequent unfruitful period, I emerged into 'Manhattan Melodrama.' The graph took a little heavenward spurt. Then came 'The Thin Man'—the second, as 'Interference' was the first, of the solid treads of the stairs which lead to this thing called stardom.

"It sounds a little boorish, a little boastful to say that 'The Thin Man' made me an established star. Besides, there is no such thing. If your pictures are good, you live. If your pictures are bad, you die. It is said that it takes two bad pictures to kill a star. I should say that the number of bad pictures it takes

depends upon the resiliency of the individual corpse. But certainly there is nothing so dead as a dead star. Certainly a star who is rumored to be 'slipping' becomes a definite detriment to a picture. Word gets about that he is 'poison at the Box Office' and the epitaph is written.

"The smart star," said Bill, "as any other smart businessman, realizes his assets for what they are worth and does everything he can to enhance their value. For instance, Philo Vance, Nick Charles, the gentlemen's gentleman I played in 'My Man Godfrey,' and in 'The Baroness and the Butler' had, in common, certain qualities of urbanity, of taking life in their stride. Recognizing this I observed that, when men seem to be sure of themselves, when they have poise, they command our liking. Very well, then, these characters I've played most successfully must command liking, I figured, because they have poise. But what is poise? It was up to me to find out. Poise indicated, I concluded, clear thinking. People with poise are people who think straight, who are not all cluttered up and clacking about like ducks. Poise comes from having really digested life.

"The perspective of many stars as to what they can and cannot do is not always good. And (Continued on page 79)

BY GLADYS HALL





With the exception of an acquaintanceship with Helen Parrish, Deanna Durbin's friends are not on the screen. Why?



At one time, Ilona Massey shared a house with Hedy Lamarr. Now they scarcely ever meet. They see to that!

# DO THEY DISLIKE

Well, maybe they don't, but just the same you can place a bet

DO HOLLYWOOD actresses dislike each other?

Well, now, I dunno. Loving Sweetness and Light as I do, I would like to say, "What an idiotic question! Of course they don't!" I would then like to prove my point by telling cosy little folk-tales of the girl-talks that go on between Norma Shearer and Myrna Loy, the get-togethers enjoyed by Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne and the chummy way in which Hedy Lamarr and Carole Lombard exchange recipes.

I'd like to declare that the girls are just every bit as palsy-walsy as the boys. I'd like to think of a femme friendship to equal the comradeship which exists between Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien; a mutual Mademoiselle-admiration to compare with the duck-shooting and calf-roping sorties enjoyed by Clark Gable and Bob Taylor; a couple of gals who really and warmly like each other as Tyrone Power and Don Ameche do. But skitter around in my memory as I will, I can't find enough palsy-walsies among the femme stars to make me one good, round sentence.

On the embarrassing contrary, I am reminded of how Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, two youngsters working on the same lot, never even have lemonade together; of how Hedy Lamarr and Ilona Massey shared a house together when,

novices, they first came to Hollywood and now, when they meet, a cool "h'do" is the closest they come to intimacy. I think of how Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland began together in the same studio, once made a short subject together, are so near of an age, should have so much in common and yet never meet at all. Deanna's friends, indeed, are girls who are not on the screen at all.

Well, maybe Hollywood actresses don't hate each other, but you can lay it across the board that there are no female Damon and Pythias among 'em, either.

On the other hand, I don't believe that there are many mortal enemies among 'em, either. I suspect that much of this "feud" business we hear about is the bunk. I don't believe that Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins feuded, or even fenced, when they were making "The Old Maid." But then, again, neither did they put their blonde heads together over a folksy cup o' tea. And now they say that Dottie Lamour and Patricia Morison, both sultry, both sarongy, both on the same lot and eligible for the same parts, are feuding something fierce!

And even though I do question the actuality of many of these reported feuds, it's really almost a





BY

MARY

PARKES

Nancy Kelly lunches in the same commissary as Brenda Joyce, but never with her. Is this due to jealousy?

Sigrid Gurie has girl friends in Paris, Brussels and London, but none in Hollywood. She can't understand it.

# EACH OTHER?

that there are no female Damon and Pythiases among 'em!

pleasure to believe in them since they seem somehow warmer, more alive, more human than the sort of embalmed ecstasy with which these belles greet each other in public, ignore each other's existence in private. It's weird and wonderful, for instance, to go into the Cafe de Paris on the Fox lot and see Nancy Kelly and Brenda Joyce lunching alone, at separate tables. My gosh, wouldn't you think they'd have so much to talk about they'd hold up production while they gossiped? Equally weird and wonderful is to go into the companionable Green Room on the Warner lot and watch Brenda Marshall seated, solitary, against one wall and Jane Bryan, also lunching solo, against the other wall. What I mean is, if these gals were calling each other bad names it would seem healthier, more normal.

It was comparative-newcomer Brenda Marshall, in fact, who crystallized this dark question, "Do Hollywood Actresses Hate Each Other?" for me when she said, rather wistfully, "I would love to know Jane Bryan. I'd love to have lunch with her, or ask her to my dressing-room for tea afternoons. We are doing the same kind of work. We should have so much in common. Oh, no, it isn't jealousy, I'm sure. We're such entirely different types, it couldn't be that! I don't know what it is. I just know that we should be friends and yet we have never said anything to each other but 'Good morning' or 'How are you?' It seems so queer.

"It wasn't like this in the theatre. In every other line of work, I think, girls get together, compare notes and discuss their problems. Only in Hollywood, it seems, girls don't have any girl friends. I don't understand it, unless . . ." Brenda considered the question, "it may be that it's all so big, we're afraid of it. We sort of instinctively shrink into our little cocoons and stay there. We may be just plain afraid."

"Maybe," I said. I thought, I don't really understand it either. Brenda's solution might do for the youngsters. It would hardly explain the frigid friendliness between more mature, experienced stars. But solutions apart, I also realized that Brenda had put the finger on one of the most puzzling phenomena in phenomenal Hollywood.

For Hollywood stars—feminine gender—are not friends.

Hollywood stars, feminine gender, are friendly. Which is not the same thing at all. They do give it all the "How are you, darlings" and "My dear, you look divine," as ever were. That's the gruesome part of it. If they were avowed enemies, it would be understandable. But no, most of them are excessively complimentary about each other. Though it is to be noted, too, that most every one of them says, "Bette Davis is too marvelous!"

In the past year Ann Sheridan has said that to me, Nancy Kelly has said it and (Continued on page 63)



# HE HATES HIMSELF!



The sad tale of Alan Mowbray, who sits by and sees his pet aversion make good

HAVE YOU seen "The Llano Kid?" I asked first of all.

Alan Mowbray said, "I haven't even seen the 'Topper' pictures and I don't intend to."

"Why not? Most players can't wait to see themselves."

He said, "Because I don't like this fellow, Mowbray."

"Why not?"

He said, "I just don't, that's all. I don't like the Mowbray face. Now, it's not a stupid face—it's often been mistaken for a doctor's face—but I don't like it."

"If you saw it on the screen, you might think better of it," I suggested comfortingly.

"I have never seen it on the screen," Alan confessed. "When I was making 'Never Say Die' with Bob Hope and Martha Raye, I mentioned to Bob one day that I had never been to see any of the seventy-four pictures in which I have appeared in the past five years. Bob said, 'I don't get it. Do you hate the movies?' I told him, 'No, I hate Mowbray.'"

"If I ever should, accidentally, get a gander at my face on the screen and find myself thinking well of it, I would know that it was only a Mowbray mirage. I am too canny to be fooled. I know that we are photographed under the most favorable circumstances, by those magnificent cameramen who play around with lights as does the Almighty with the Aurora Borealis. I know all about soft focus and turning the best profile. I know all about the beautiful sets created to make alley cats look like Persians. No, I wouldn't be fooled. Not while I still have to shave my face every morning!

"I never see the stills. I never look at rushes. I don't like myself for being a softie this way, but there it is. And life is much simpler, much happier, the way I live it. My instinct of self-preservation is pulled up around me like an old lady's woolly 'fascinator.'"

"I have sat in evil-smelling projection rooms, bearing my fellow artistes company, watching them squirm, every man of them, as they watched their screenings. I have heard them wondering woefully how they can tuck up that extra inch of chin. I have heard them beating their fists futilely against their heads, crying out, 'Absalom, Absalom, can't we take *that* shot out!'"

"I don't like Mowbray as an actor, and I will not allow his shadow to torment me. That's why I've taken up writing. Two plays of mine, 'Dinner Is Served' and 'In the Spirit,' are now being translated into the French, and . . ."

Patricia Mowbray, aged about nine, came into the room at this point. She said, "Father, where is my big eraser?"

"I ate it," said Father.

Patricia, having accepted this remarkable statement without surprise, withdrew.

I asked, "Well, do you like yourself as a father?"

"No, but I amuse myself in that role. I amuse the children, too. Enormously. Patricia used to call me Alan. She now calls me Father. It's not because she has any more respect for me than she ever had, but simply be-

BY FAITH SERVICE

cause she is growing up and has heard some little Miss Fancy-pants call her old man 'Father.'

When Lorayne and I go out in the evening, I always say to the children, 'Going to be good while we are out?' When they say 'Yes'—as what else would they say, poor darlings—I ask, 'Why? Don't you feel well?'

"I am the kind of father who remembers the funny things the kiddies say, not the naughty things they do. When Pat was about three she said to me one day, 'Alan, I want you to buy me a bersire.' I said, 'Why? What for?' She replied, 'To hold my lungs up.'"

"Now, if I find myself indulging in a fatherly speech, I need a 'bersire' to hold *my* lungs up lest they collapse from my laughing.

"I think I am a little mad. And I don't like that. It's worriting.

"I talk too much, when I get enthusiastic. My habit of over-enthusiasm is sickening. I'm very cold-blooded about my talking too much, too. Even after the enthusiasm runs down and the faces of my listeners are blanks of boredom, I find myself perched on my own shoulder, still babbling. When some victim, more daring than the others, cries out, 'Heavens, will he ever shut up?' I hear it and feel the same, but I keep right on. It's a form of sadism. I like to torture people with my talky-talk. That's not nice, is it? Not likable of Mowbray!

"I haven't very good manners. The repulsive part of this is that I know better. My mother raised me right, bless her. But, for instance, I should have leapt up a couple of times in the past hour to hand you the cigarettes you've been groping for. I let you grope. I find myself thinking, 'You're just as healthy as I am! I played eighteen holes of golf this morning and I'm nearly dead!'"

I changed the subject out of shame for him, "Do you like yourself as a husband?"

"No. But you really should ask Mrs. Mowbray for my character references in this role. She probably wouldn't give me the kind that would get me another 'situation.' She'd tell you that I don't send orchids on our anniversaries and that, if I do remember to take her out to dinner on the commemorative night, she usually steps into a puddle because my hand doesn't meet her elbow at the right moment.

"I'm a non-conformist, I fear. I don't like Mowbray for this, either. It must be such fun to be regular. For instance, everyone in Hollywood is supposed to play polo. It's being done. It's awfully chic. But I don't play polo. I can't afford the ponies. Besides, come the Revolution and I'd rather have a cellar stocked with cans of spinach than with bales of hay.

"My social graces are also deplorably disgraceful. I admire Emily Post, but cannot follow her. I am crude. When I am invited out for dinner and my prospective hostess says, 'Will you come to dinner tomorrow night, formal?' I am liable to ask, 'Why?' Or perhaps she calls and I ask her what we will have to eat and, when she



Alan Mowbray's children are surprised at nothing their father does. For instance, there was the time little Patricia lost her favorite eraser.



"My social graces are deplorably disgraceful," says Alan. Once when he was on time and his hostess was late for a dinner party—well, let *him* tell you the story!



"I once gave a Christmas party in August," Mr. M. boasts in spite of himself. In case that seems a bit strange to you, let it be said there was a very good reason.

tells me, I have been known to cry out, 'Migod, not *that*!' I don't think this is one bit funny of me.

"Mostly I hate going out. If you eat in your own home you can say, 'The soufflé has prolapsis; give me a ham sandwich!' You might think that it would not be remarkable if I said that when I'm a guest. But I don't. I have my limitations. That's another thing I don't like about Mowbray—his limitations.

"But to get back to the subject of dining out—or in. In dining out there is too much regimentation. A butler invariably appears, smirking. Smirks sour my stomach. He hands around a tray of Martinis. Whether you like Martinis or not, there they are.

"I have an absolute phobia about dinner parties. But if I do accept an invitation to dine and the invitation says '7:30,' I am just naive enough to turn up at 7:30. And when Mrs. Mowbray and I appear at that time, the butler always looks startled and says (Continued on page 56)



"I talk too much. My enthusiasm is sickening," Alan says. So what does he do about it? Oh, yeah? You don't know Mowbray!



# THE NEW JOAN CRAWFORD

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"I'm not afraid to start all over again," says Joan. "I could still wash my clothes if I should have to. But I won't have to!"

JOAN CRAWFORD is standing at the threshold of a new career which will see her out of the glamor girl roles and into characterizations which call for the sincerity, the fire, the drama of which she is really capable.

"The Women" gave screen audiences their first glimpse of this new Joan. It convinced studio executives, who have too long seen her as a "Dancing Daughter," of the true worth of this actress.

Joan's career has ever been one of straightforward achievement. No side-roads have been hers. With her eyes on the stars, she forged ahead with but a single goal in view, dropping, with regret, but with finality, whatever has threatened to keep her from that goal. She is married to the movies, her philosophy is the movies.

The movies get you! The virus enters your blood. You've lived at the heart of a glittering kaleidoscope. Whatever else may be said of it, the life of the studios is never dull. Moreover, you've known adulation. Strangers have idolized you. Thousands have hung on the wonder of what you eat for breakfast. Girls in Australia have aped your hair-do and young men in Japan have bought a magazine because your picture's on the cover. Though you may be strong-minded enough to appraise all that at its proper value, you're more than human if you don't get a kick out of it. Giving it up is like giving up the color and bustle of a market place for a wayside stream. There are those for whom the wayside stream has its charms. Joan isn't one of them. Some movie queens can contemplate retirement, if not with shrieks of joy, at least

Joan has voluntarily stepped from the





Joan with Virginia Grey in a scene from "The Women." Miss C. insisted upon doing an unpleasant part.

Joan and Charles Martin during an "on" moment of their on-again-off-again romance, now nearly over.



without undue anguish. They have laid up other treasure for themselves. Colbert is happily married, Shearer has children, Janet Gaynor has a philosophy that would keep her content in the farthest Hebrides.

Joan has forged ahead with a single goal in view, dropping—with regret, no doubt, but with finality—whatever has threatened to keep her from that goal. She is married to the movies, her children are the movies, her philosophy is the movies.

"If I were a man," she says, "nobody would consider it strange that I should have a passion for my work. Well, this is the modern world, equality of the sexes, so why should it be considered strange in a woman? I'm not in this business just to draw a salary and get fan letters and give autographs. I'm in it because I would not be in anything else, and I'm going to stay in it, come the revolution or the deluge."

The question before the house is, "Can she?"

On her side, she has the kind of determination that won't be balked by a high stone wall with a spiked fence around it. Against her, she has the cry for new faces. On her side, she has the clear-sightedness to recognize that she's in a tough spot and to lay her plans accordingly. Against her, she has the encroaching years.

This last handicap is one that Joan won't acknowledge. "Who says," she inquires scornfully, "that anyone's through when she's past thirty? I'm at an age when people begin their careers."

True enough of careers that exclude the stage and screen. True even of character actors. But Joan started as a glamor girl. How many glamor girls do you know who have gone on through the golden thirties to emerge with their footing secure and their acting reputations enhanced. You can name several on the stage—Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, Fay Bainter. On the screen, I can think of none.

Joan remains unmoved. "The fact that a thing has never been done doesn't prove that it can't be."

The situation holds one important element that's doubtful, the element of fan loyalty. Joan counts on it. From her point of view, she has reason to count on it. The stream of fan letters hasn't abated very much. She clings gratefully to these people who have clung to her through the years. They don't always praise, but their criticism is kindly, spurred by their interest in her. "You shouldn't have played that part," they write. Or, "I'm ashamed of you, Joan. You could have done better."

Yet what of the new generation of movie-goers who didn't know Joan in the brave days of "Betty Lynton," and have pledged their allegiance to fresh young faces like Deanna Durbin's, to the casual school of acting represented by a comparative newcomer like Rosalind Russell?

After "Ice Follies," which brought no cheer to Joan, she went to New York. Crowds hailed her as she left the train, milled about the hotel, stopped traffic as she went back and forth. Joan was moved, her heart lifted. In spite of "Ice Follies," then, in spite of "The Bride Wore Red," they still liked her, they still wished her well and meant it.

It's a valid interpretation—one that you or I would doubtless have made in her place. But how many were motivated by a yearning to express their personal warmth, and how many by the mob mania to view a celebrity? Would it have mattered much what the name was, so long as they could go home to tell their gaping friends that they'd seen Joan Crawford or Mussolini or Ferdinand the Bull? We don't know. We're just asking, in an effort to arrive at a just estimate of the situation.

THE ANSWER, as always, rests with the box office. For the last couple of years, that answer has been snarled in a tangle of statements and counterstatements. There was the brazen ad of the Independent Theatre Owners' Association, which staggered Hollywood by coming right out in the open and proclaiming Miss Crawford, Miss Dietrich, Miss Hepburn to be box office poison. It was followed by a crash of denial and a torrent of defense from the adherents and sponsors of these ladies. Part of the reaction was emotional. But front offices have never been suspected of allowing emotion to befog their commercial sense. Joan was upset. Naturally. "Forget it," said her bosses.

You may wonder whether they were trying to soothe the susceptibilities of one of their stars, stalling for time in order to size matters up at their leisure.

But the studio's faith in her didn't mean that the battle had been won. The poison ad brought a series of articles in its wake. "Is Joan Crawford Slipping?" "Can Joan Crawford Act?" "Are Joan Crawford's Screen Days Numbered?" They made her unhappy, but they also made her fighting mad. And they crystallized a conviction that she'd held for some time.

She was sitting at her (Continued on page 72)

ranked of the Glamor Girls to try to recoup her former cinematic standing





## LET'S GO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH CAROL CARTER

GET OUT your gift lists, girls. Your local chain, drug and department stores are simply bulging with smart new Christmas ideas. For example: **a.** Among Colgate's attractive new gift packages is this combination of Cashmere Bouquet face powder, lotion, talc, soap and cream, all for 50c. **b.** One of Max Factor's Christmasy red boxes is this special make-up set containing face powder, rouge, True-color lipstick, Normalizing cleansing cream and Liquid Brillox, complete for \$3.55. **c.** Lady Esther's pretty peach and blue box contains Four-purpose face cream, lipstick and face powder—\$1.65. **d.** Hind's Honey and Almond Cream looks ever so festive in a new cellophane covered red box, all for \$1.00. **e.** This Kurlash Metropole set contains complete and de-luxe eye make-up in either a wine or blue leatherette case with removable washable lining. A beauty for \$4.95. **f.** Woodbury's huge shaving bowl and after shave lotion in a good looking box should please any man on your list. It's just \$1.25. **g.** Palmolive boxes five products: shave cream, brushless shave, dental cream, after-shave lotion and talc for men, yours for 50c. **h.** One of Richard Hudnut's beautiful gift packages contains perfume, sachet and toilet water in any one of four delightful scents for \$3.00. **i.** Jergen's little blue box contains their famous lotion with a bottle each of eau de cologne and toilet water—25c. **j.** The Duke and the

Duchess in cunning glass domed packages are irresistible's piece de resistance at 25c each. **k.** Djer Kiss has sculptured a perfect love of a girl's head, scented, tinted and boxed in blue, for \$1.00. **l.** Hudnut's delightful dusting powders in metal boxes of heavenly pastel colors and designs are \$1.00. **m.** Volupte's gold evening bag with a garnet clasp is a beauty for \$5.00. **n.** Tangee face powder, cream and cake rouge and famous lip stick are boxed in blue velour, at \$1.75. **o.** Cheramy's youthful April Showers scent, lovely in talc and toilet water for just \$1.00. **p.** Hudnut's exquisite jeweled gold compacts, are beautifully boxed. Oblong, \$3.50; oval, \$5.00. **q.** Cutex simulated leather Club Kit is awfully good looking for \$2.50. Happy shopping!

Patricia Morison is ready for Christmas.





# MERRY MOMENTS



The West Side Tennis Club went gay recently and gave a costume party. Dixie and Bing Crosby were among the guests. Bing is getting as slim as a juvenile!

Look left and guess! Believe it or not, the gent with the sequin jacket, silk topper and flowing moustache is none other than usually shy Jean Arthur.

Of course, Richard Greene and Virginia Field came together. They're about as inseparable as the pork and beans Dick has on his plate. It looks like love.



Here are Bob and Betty Montgomery, glad to be back from Europe and gladder still to be partying with Hollywood pals.





Claire Trevor looks radiant, doesn't she? In fact, she drew the most raves at the party. Incidentally, you'll be seeing her in "Allegheny Uprising" very soon.



What? Phyllis Brooks parked on Cesar Romero's lap? Yet if Cary Grant doesn't mind, who are we to make a fuss? However, Brooksie better think up a good one!



How do you like Annabella's newest evening gown? She brought it from Paris, when she and Tyrone were visiting there. Notice her champagne tastes!





The Arleen Whe-  
lan - Alexander  
D'Arcy combina-  
tion is strictly a  
big romance.  
They're an attrac-  
tive couple.  
Those who claim  
to be in the know  
predict marriage.



Roger Pryor is  
some snappy  
gent. Note the  
spit curl, eye-  
brows and mous-  
tache, and rib-  
bon around his  
neck. His wife,  
Ann Sothern, is  
certainly pretty.

Sally Eilers and  
her director hub-  
by, Harry Joe  
Brown. With a  
filled plate in  
each hand, our  
Sal evidently  
sees something  
else she should  
have taken.



The Cossack is  
George Murphy,  
who was in charge  
of the party. It  
looks as if Phyllis  
Brooks might be  
explaining the  
situation that  
arose on page 44  
to Cary.

Hedy Lamarr is  
quarreling with  
her studio. Guess  
what she wants?  
You're right—  
money. Noting  
the amount of  
cracked ice she's  
sporting, she's  
doing all right.



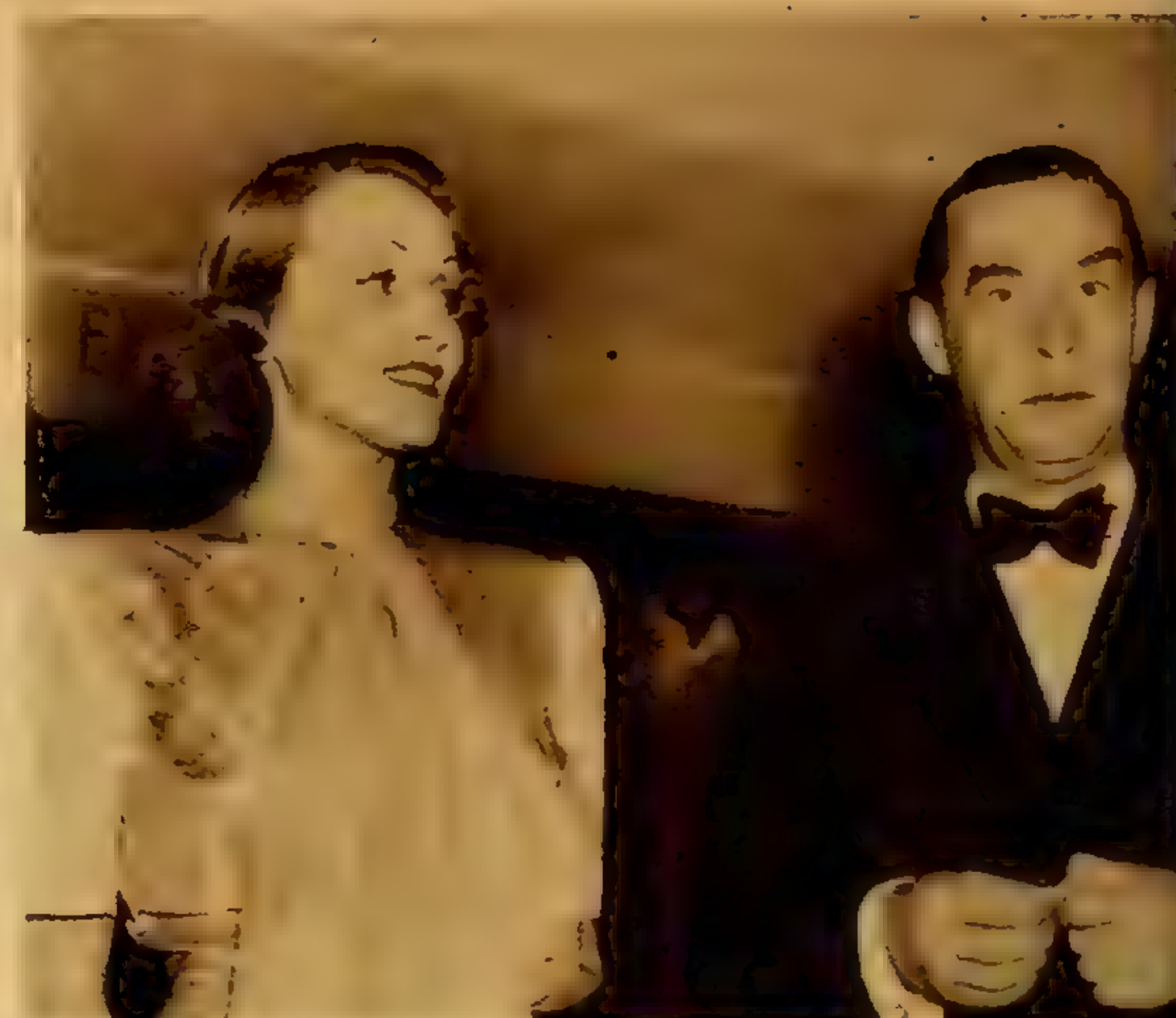
Now, Randy, be  
your age! Ran-  
dolph Scott, usu-  
ally the purveyor  
of dignity, cer-  
tainly got into  
the spirit of  
things. His steed  
should belong to  
Shirley Temple.



Our cameraman catches  
the stars at play and  
records their goings-on  
in his own candid way



The small fry go dancing, too—Bonita Granville and Buddy Pepper at Hugo's.



Marlene Dietrich and Erich Remarque, the writer, at a recent premiere.



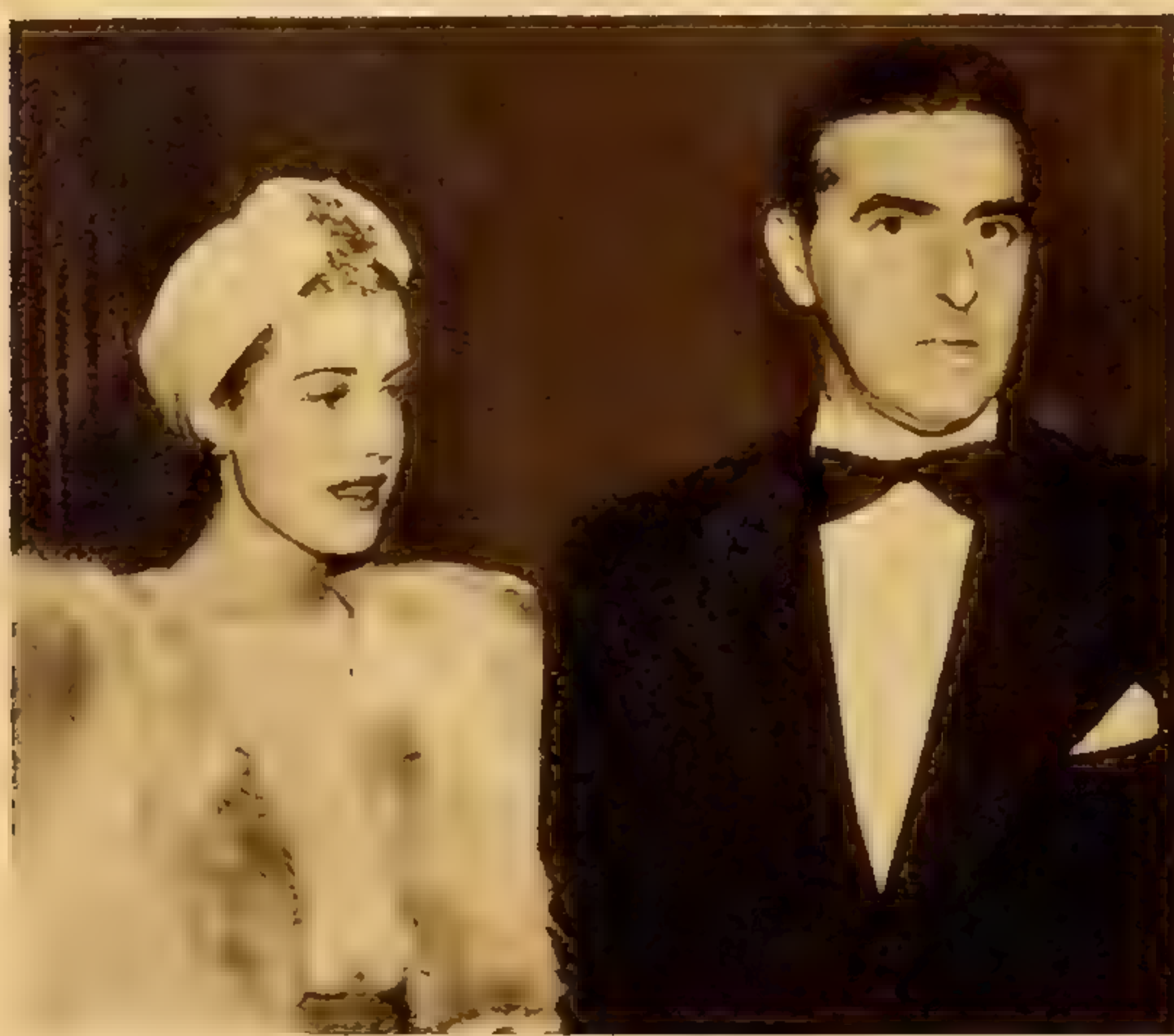
Aw, come on, Bob Hope. Shirley Ross wouldn't kid you, now would she?



The case still holds good. Jeffrey Lynn and Doris Carson attend a premiere.



Lee Russell and Herbert Marshall look mighty happy as they dine at the Troc.



This is a romance of long-standing—Anita Louise and Buddy Adler.



Mary Astor and her hubby enjoy a dance at the Trocadero.



Irene Hervey and Jeanette MacDonald are snapped when they don't know it.



Two attractive young things, Ann Rutherford and Rand Brooks, step out.



The Douglas Fairbanks, Seniors, come forth and give the Cinema City a treat.



"What, no mustard?" ask Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund of Rosemary Lane.





Cary Grant, Virginia Bruce and Hubby J. Walter Ruben in an off-guard moment.



Perc Westmore, make-up man, and his wife, Gloria Dickson, at the Troc.



We'd smile, too, if we could dance with Fred Astaire. The lucky lady is his wife.



No fair! Lana Turner, Joan Crawford and Ann Rutherford spied the camera.



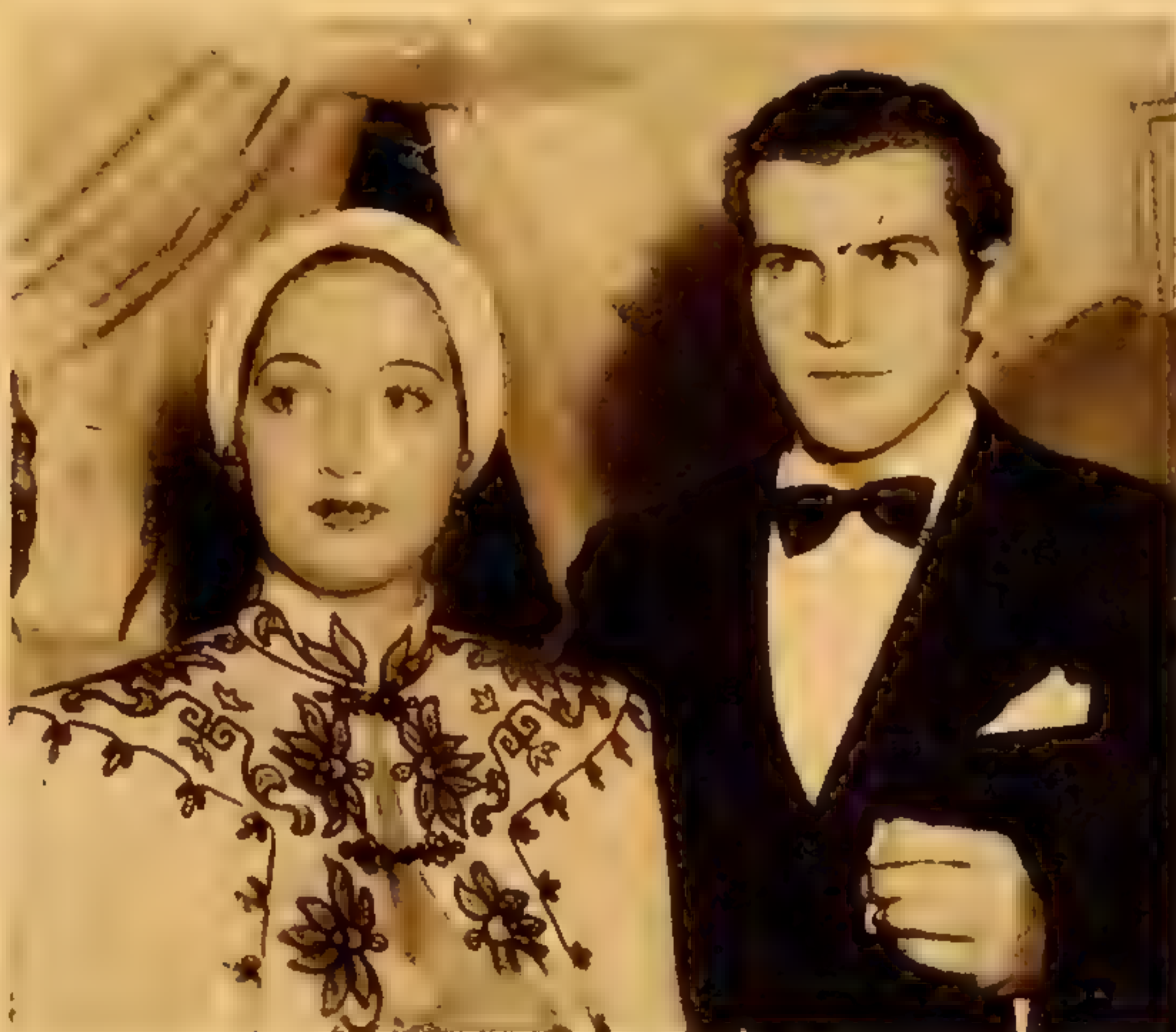
Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland look pensive as they leave a preview.



George Cukor, the director, and Olivia de Havilland have an intermission visit.



What a combination of pep—Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper!



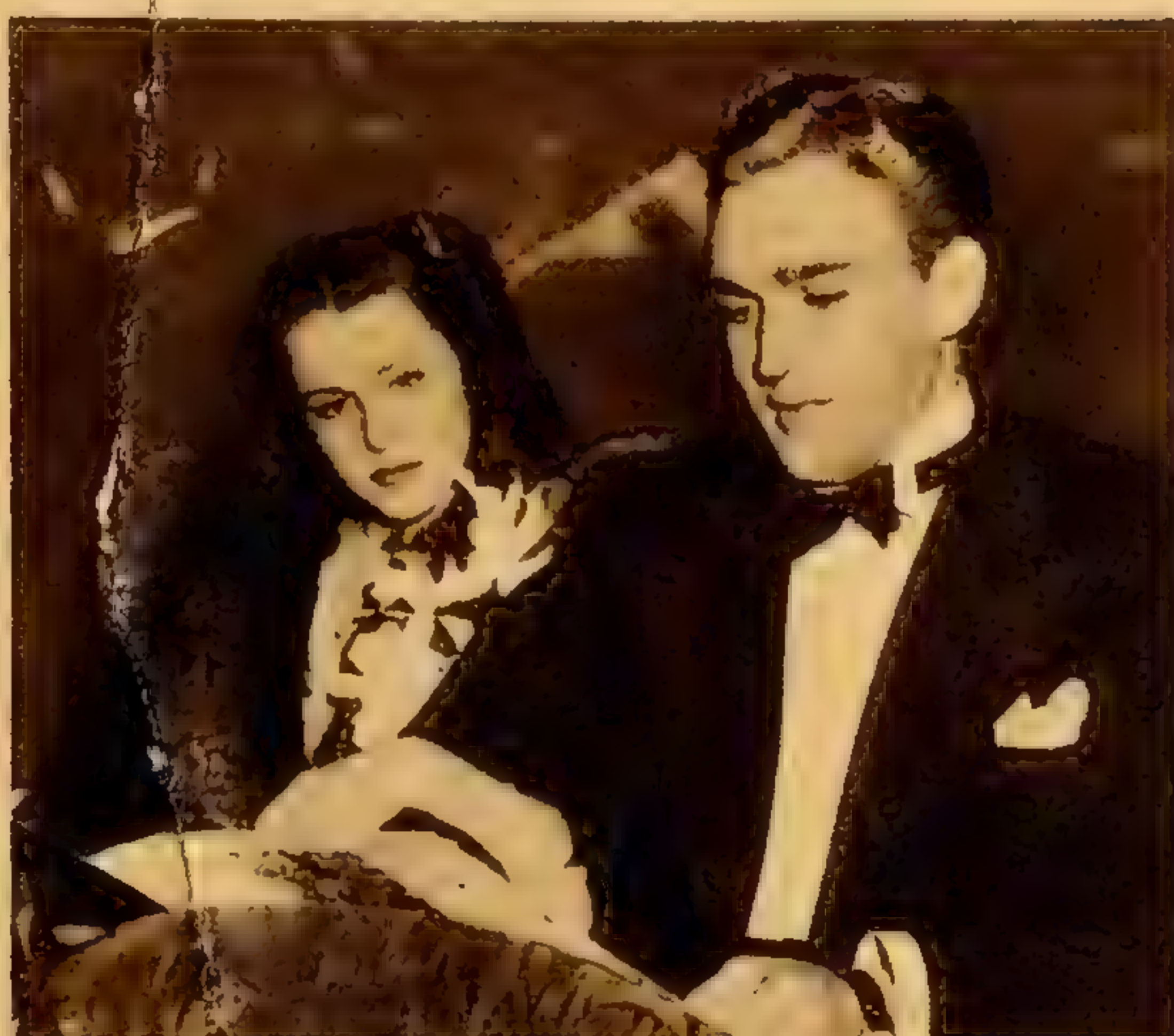
Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston. We can't keep track of her, either!



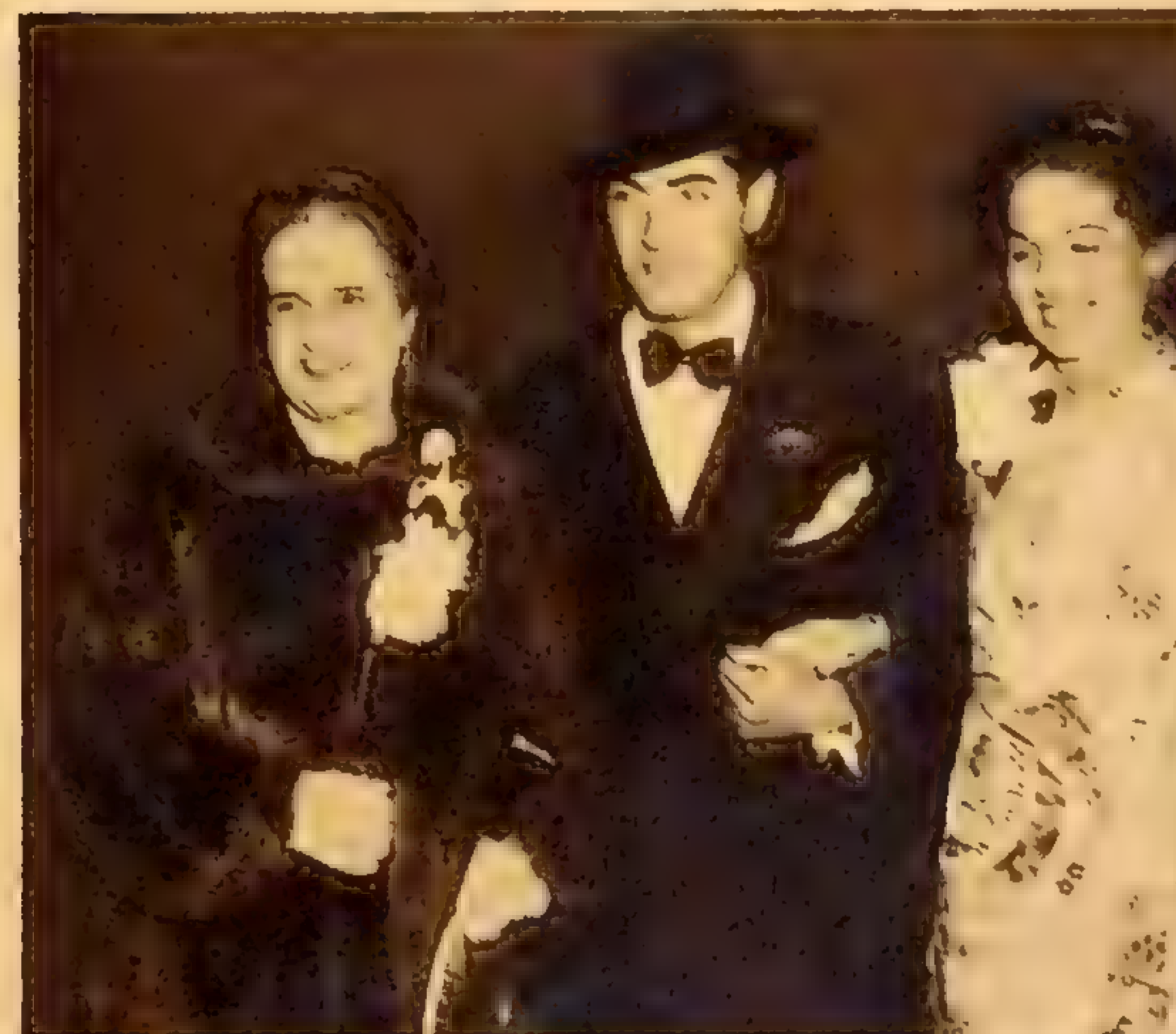
Reggie Gardiner and a lady with some mighty big orchids—Wendy Barrie.



Edward Robinson chats with Gracie and George Burns. Gracie *can* listen, y'know.



This is Helen Parrish and her heart-throb from Virginia, Forrest Tucker.



Tyrone Power may be married, but he still plays escort to his mother and sister.





Carole Lombard

# For Xmas

My old man -  
 Outboard motor - \$375 -  
 Fishing Tackle - 125 -  
 Set of pipes - 100 -  
 Knives -  
 Books -  
 Fieldie - my Secty - how I  
 miss him -  
 Ring and bracelet - 500 -  
 Mother -  
 Weekend bag - 125 -  
 Jewelry - bracelet \$150 -  
 Bob and Bob -  
 Table Lamp - 125 -

Alice Marble -  
 ? Perfume -

Studio prop boys - 50 -  
 Watches - 160 -

Maid -

Gloves - 4 -  
 Hose - 6 -  
 Handkerchiefs - 5 -  
 Check - 50 -

Wassure -

Bag - 10 -  
 Bath - 25 -

Barbara - \$2400 -  
 Roadster - 750 -  
 Bracelet Charm - 100 -  
 Negligee -

Shirley - 25 -  
 Books -  
 Model Train -  
 Toy car & country - 500 -  
 suit -

Marion & Zeppo Marx - 550 -  
 Barbears outfit -

Bob & Betty Young - 175 -  
 Crystal decanter -  
 (gold inlay Swedish glass) -

Carole & Gable - 150 -  
 Hunting dogs - \$4650



Robert Taylor



Bette Davis

Ray Russell -  
 Perfume - 27 -

June Perry -  
 Cashmere sweater -  
 Hand knit -  
 \$25 - 30 x 1 -

(SIC) -

Carol & 500 t. \$150 -  
 Silver tea service - 500 -

mother RUSSIAN -  
 caracul coat has  
 been dreaming of -  
 \$2,500 -

"HAM" wallet -  
 cigarette case &  
 (in libelation) 66 -

Bonnie - a 16 -  
 \$265 -  
 34 -

Ann Sheridan Perfume 25 -  
 Rosalind R. " 25 -  
 Sonja Henie " 25 -  
 Lora Turner " 25 -  
 Loretta Young " 125 -



# MERRY XMAS!



Alice Faye

Sony

Evening suit 25.  
Studio 250  
Cigarette case 150  
Gift clubs 300.  
fur coat 1500?  
250

Anna

Brother Bill 2 suits

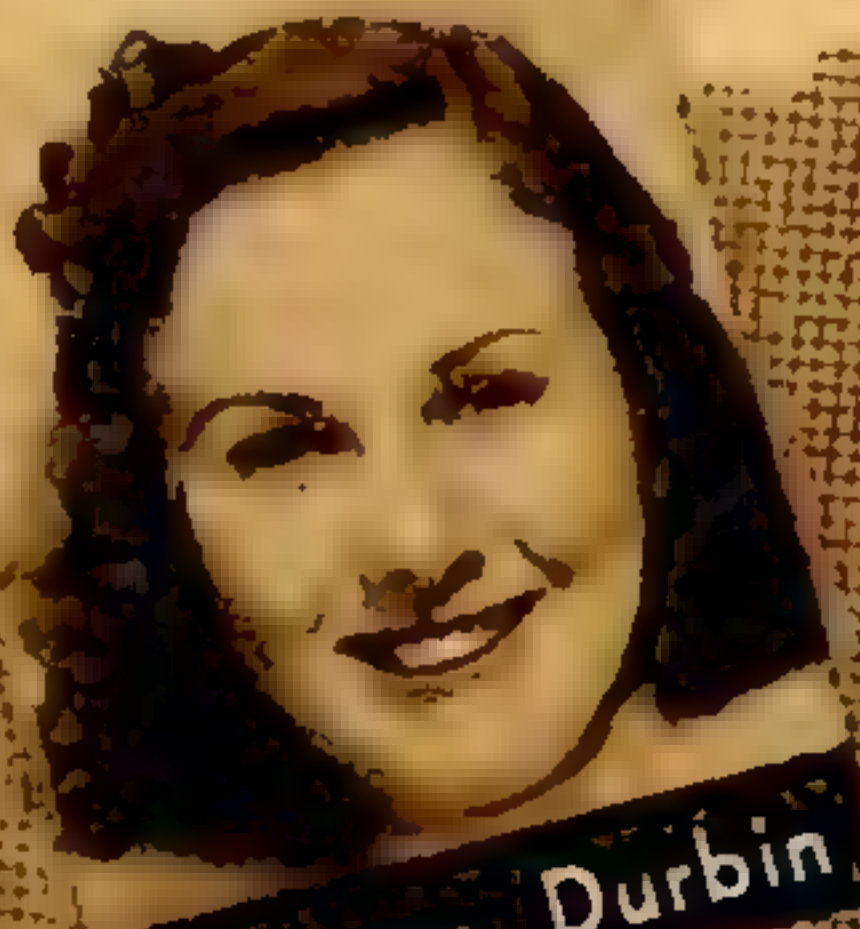
stand Helen Macklowe  
Valley cuff links  
Annabelle Cockburn



Richard Greene

Mother Fox Scarf 500.00  
Virginia Griebel  
Bracelet 200.00  
Shirley Temple Rookes 5.50

Picture Luggage 150-  
Green  
Afternoon & evening wear 50-  
Black & Blue - mainly 75-  
Dinner Dress - 800-  
Kind?  
Chair - 200-  
Smoking Jacket 50-  
Magazine subscriptions (mainly photography magazines) 20-  
Hy Sweeten - (Be sure to have margarine V.P. - (Patch) - preferably solid fat? 150-  
Helen Farrell - 60-  
and purse to match 30-  
Gloria Jean - a puppy 50-  
Paul's mother's d. handkerchief white do forget to initials



Deanna Durbin



Cesar Romero

25.  
25.  
25/5  
Joan C.  
150  
125  
175

Sis  
E  
For  
Wraith





George Brent, Ginger Rogers and Edith Fellows appeared on a radio program together recently and, strange as it may seem, the littlest member made the biggest hit.



Merle Oberon, who recently married Alexander Korda, arrives in the U. S. A. She's going to free-lance these days, for her contract with Samuel Goldwyn has been cancelled by mutual agreement.



Here is Rosalind Russell, the gal who walked off with "The Women," with Richard Halliday at the premiere of "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex."



Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.



Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.



## Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary



A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.



Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

### —but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

#### QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:

Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

#### ANSWER:

"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

#### QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:

Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

#### ANSWER:

"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

#### QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:

When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

#### ANSWER:

"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

#### QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:

When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

#### ANSWER:

"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."



Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.



Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

SEND FOR TRIAL  
BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CV-A, Clinton, Conn.  
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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BY GEORGE BENJAMIN  
 Rosalind Russell, gay and  
 witty, has at last come into  
 her own once more!

A wisecracker remarked, "Roz Russell is the only female on the camera coast smart enough to know there's a war."



Paulette Goddard, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Norma Shearer and Mary Boland in "The Women."

## THE RETURN OF ROZ

WHEN ROSALIND RUSSELL appeared in "The President Vanishes" some time ago, critics and public alike predicted stardom for her. Here indeed was a new personality, a lady who actually looked like one; a young woman who boasted wit and ability, good taste and intelligence; in short, a reel revelation.

After the gripping story which marked Miss Russell's cinematic debut, she fell heir to a lot of cinema stuff that should never have rated celluloid recording. Consequently, Rosalind began to topple.

At about that time, Myrna Loy was having trouble with the studio. In order to punish the perfect picture wife, the studio decided to groom Roz Russell to step into Myrna's dainty cinema slippers.

Now, nobody has ever succeeded at being a "second Myrna Loy" or a second any one else. And Miss R. proved to be no exception to the rule. Two strikes were immediately put on her when she was forced to try. It all made Roz as sick as it did Myrna and the fans of each, and, the only reason we cite the experience is to account for the slump the star suffered. It actually forced her to make a detour on the always rocky road to fame.

However, Roz Russell is nothing if not a good sport. She didn't take time out to complain. She took what she got and hoped for the best. She trusted that she'd get a break before her name was written on the roll of oblivion.

And so, it was not the usual gay Russell who left for England over a year ago to make "The Citadel." It was a young woman who felt she was in training for the cinema ash heap. But—the picture turned out a success and Roz

made a personal hit. And, since nothing succeeds like success, our heroine was once more a candidate for stardom.

The happiest movie event that could have occurred to her was that of being cast as the catty femme in "The Women." The role, to be sure, was meaty, but the actress made the utmost of it. When you left the theatre, you found yourself not remembering the other players, but having a very vivid and amusing recollection of a gal named Russell.

Off the screen, Roz is gay to the point of being giddy. She reminds you for all the world of the character Carole Lombard essayed in "My Man Godfrey." There's never a dull moment when she's around and, as she says herself, "No one can get a word in edgewise when I'm in the room." Which is no understatement, either.

Roz has a Connecticut background, a good education, a sense of humor and theatrical training. Besides, she makes a fine appearance and a more than agreeable impression. She is the delight of every cast in which she appears, for everyone knows that to have Roz in a picture is to insure plenty of laughs between scenes. She is very well informed and practically has the answer before the question is asked.

Roz is a vegetarian. She can't stand meat and has spent quite a sizable fortune trying to tempt herself in this direction. Everything from psychoanalysis to hunger has been tried, but to no avail. Her most embarrassing moment occurs when she's been invited to dinner, can't eat meat and her hostess goes into a routine of apologies and insists that they get together something in place of it for her—but immediately. "If they'd (Continued on page 73)



## WE, THE CAGNEYS

(Continued from page 31)

a freer life and her faith was repaid.

Jim scorns the idea that any sympathy was called for. "We had a swell time—piano, dancing, friends in. My mother liked to laugh, still does. She was never serious long, except in a crisis. Worked harder than all the rest of us put together, stirred up the tastiest food. Don't ask me on what. We were rarely at meals together, always running in at different hours from work. There's a job for a mother—over the sink and the stove the live long day—and never a complaint out of her."

It wasn't their minds alone that she wanted trained. Neighborhood squabbles were settled with fists. So were Cagney squabbles. Even little Bill knew that. Bill was Jim's special charge. Jim saw to it that his younger brother wasn't knocked down either by speeding taxis or local bullies. One day Harry thought it would be funny to waken Jim out of a sound sleep with a headlock. Seven-year-old Bill sent him a haymaker that stopped him for a minute.

JIM recalls with a chortle his mother's face when one or the other came in from a battle.

"No son of hers could let himself be beaten. You might look like a buzz-saw, she wouldn't croon over you. 'Did you win?' 'No?' 'How big was he?' 'All right, go out and fight him again.'"

Her sense of fairness was incorruptible. She admired a stout heart, wherever it was housed. Any boy who gave her sons a run for their money was sure to get a bid from Mrs. Cagney. "Bring him up to the house. I'd like to meet that lad."

Ed, at eleven, had been critically ill with cerebral meningitis. Still wan, he was out on the street one day, bouncing a ball against the side of the house. Along came a gang that infested the neighborhood. They raided fruit stands, they pried money from the fists of kids who walked along swinging milk pails. Their leader was a young hopeful of fifteen whom we'll call Bailey. His henchmen picked up cigarette butts and dropped them carefully into a cigar box. Every so often Bailey would yell, "Hey, gimme a butt."

He spied Ed, struck his hand with a rolled-up newspaper, and the ball dropped out. Taking careful aim, he bounced the ball against Ed's chin. Mrs. Cagney's son put up a lusty defense, but he was the weaker by four years and a lengthy illness. Jim found him sitting on the curbstone, rocking his tender brain back and forth. By his private grapevine he sent out word that he wanted Bailey.

The bell rang as he was eating his dinner. "Jim there? Joey's fighting Bailey at 77th and First."

"See you later," said Jim, and was gone.

At the arena, he tapped Joey on the shoulder. "Okay with you if I take your place?"

It's a battle still cherished in local annals. They fought from seven to ten for three nights running, with a crowd to watch and a referee to guard them. "Where are the parents of these boys?" cried one indignant citizen. "Isn't it awful?" a woman beside him clucked sympathetically, and craned her neck for a better view. That was Mrs. Cagney.

On the third night, Jim threw his knuckles out of gear. He thrust his fist at the referee, who forced them back into place. It happened a second time. "Fix it," said Jim. But the referee shook his head. "I'm fixing nothing, Red. That's a doctor's job." The fight was pronounced

a draw and Jim came home from the hospital with his hand in splints.

Small wonder that Mrs. Cagney refuses to be impressed by her son's screen misadventures. He phoned her from Hollywood not to see "Public Enemy," with its gruesome fade-out. Her heart being none too strong, the doctor had warned her against unnecessary strain. "Better stay away from it, Mom. May be too much excitement."

"What kind of excitement?"

He told her.

"So what?" she scoffed. "I never was one to be scared by boogyboos, and you can't start me now."

There was also in the old days the affair of the prunes. Mrs. Cagney was on neighborly terms with her tradesmen, but she happened into a shop whose manager was new. "I'll take some of those prunes."

As he weighed them, she inspected them more closely. "On second thought, I don't want them."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They're not good."

With more loyalty than good sense, the manager resented the slur on his prunes. It ended by his calling her a liar.

She was crying when she got home. Harry was there, Jim was there, Ed was there, Bill was there. "She ordinarily would have been mad," says Jim, "or she'd been laughing over what she said to him. She'd never have cried, if she'd been feeling well. It was that I couldn't take. I walked out of the house up the street and into the store."

The defender of prunes found himself faced by a young red head, quiet enough except for blue eyes that blazed.

"Did you just call my mother a liar?"

"Who's your mother?"

"Lady who was in here about some prunes."

THE man opened his mouth—and kept it open. He was gazing past Jim's head toward the window. Jim turned to look. Standing outside were Harry and Ed and Bill. They weren't saying anything, they were just looking, and they looked quite agreeable. Still, the storekeeper started stammering apologies. A grin twitched at Jim's lips.

"Stick around a while," he said, "and you'll find out we keep civil tongues in these parts."

The other all but burst into tears as he joined his brothers and the four marched off together.

Of them all, only Jean escaped the worst rigors of the struggle. By the time she had grown into conscious life, her brothers were able to take care of her. It was fun to have a baby in the family, and that baby a girl. Jim would get down on the floor and read the funnies to her, and sing her the silly vaudeville songs he picked up.

Though she wasn't trained in the same hard school, she's made of the same sturdy fibre. She and her mother have spent recent summers in Hollywood, but they didn't go out west to live till Jean had completed her college course in New York. Her mother refused to have it interrupted. She was graduated with high honors, and made Phi Beta Kappa. For a while she thought she would study medicine, but her doctor brothers talked her out of that.

It wasn't only because Jim and Bill were there that the Cagney women folk settled in California. After all, Harry

and Ed were in the east. But for one thing, the climate was better suited to Mrs. Cagney's health. For another, the movies were interested in Jean and she in them. That her brother was an actor had nothing to do with it. A scout had seen her picture in a magazine among those of other honor students. The studio sent for her and suggested a test.

She talked it over with Jim and Bill. They thought it was fine, if that was what she wanted. She decided that she wasn't ready for a test. She was overweight and she needed experience.

SHE tackled the job in as thoroughgoing a manner as if her bread and butter depended on it. Her self-respect did. She doesn't take it for granted that things should be handed to her, either as an actress or a Cagney.

"Listen, darling," said Jim, "you're working too hard. Take a boat and go to Honolulu."

"I've had enough done for me, Jim. I've got to try to do the rest myself."

Several studios bid for her when the test was made. She signed with Paramount and has been cast in a picture called "All Women Have Secrets."

The Cagneys keep their pride in her below the bursting point. "But think of the poor guy that marries her, whew!" Jim's brows mount to a quizzical peak. "He'd better be a very nice fellow. Hey? Don't you think?" Recalling the prunes, you think he'd better.

Bill has always been the business man of the tribe. He was with an advertising house when the market went to perdition, and Jim suggested he come out to Hollywood to manage his affairs. Or, as he put it at the time, "I used to do the worrying for you, now you do the worrying for me."

Bill is now a producer at Warners. Jim had nothing to do with that, either. It's a tribute to his brother's skill and fair dealing. The studio felt it would like to have some of its other players handled as Cagney had been handled.

Bill appeared in Jim's dressing-room one day to discuss a picture which had just been bought for him. He got up and fidgeted. Then he said, "I've told you about your deal. Now I'll tell you about mine. They've just made me a producer."

"Good!" said Jim, and almost crushed the small bones of his brother's hand in his grip.

They play no favorites, but Jim goes so far as to say that, "When Bill and Harry and I get together, the fellow we like is Eddie. His wisdom, his tolerance, his humor, his slant on things. Time and time again Bill and I will be sitting here, talking about him, and I'll reach for the phone and call New York."

"How are you, Eddie?" Jim will say.

"All right. How are you?"

"Fine. Thought I'd like to hear your voice."

"Good to hear yours, Jim. How's everyone?"

Then they'll ring off.

Mrs. Cagney likes Hollywood. Her sons say she's very busy running up and down Hollywood Boulevard, looking into windows. She's a movie fan. She's also a Woolworth fan. "I had a great time at the five-and-ten," she'll say, or, "I saw a great movie."

She'd like Hollywood better if Harry and Ed were there. So would the rest of the Cagneys and I don't blame them.



# A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Write a letter and win one of the ten prizes given each month! It's as easy as pie!



## War Pictures

When the grim war broke out in Europe, Hollywood producers immediately began a search for war stories, stories of soldiers, submarines, warships and bloodshed. Even former war pictures, such as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the "The Road Back," are being reissued.

Is Hollywood doing the right thing? How will the world accept war pictures? Take the war-torn countries of Germany, Poland, France and England. Haven't they seen enough real fighting and bloodshed without seeing an imitation upon a movie screen?

And what about the United States? Motion pictures have a wide, far-reaching influence upon the people and there is a possibility that war pictures may arouse their feeling in favor of entering the war.

It would be better for the United States and all other nations to skip the war pictures. Why should one sit through the grim, sombre tragedies of war stories when there are so many other gayer, romantic stories to enjoy? Isn't it much better to see Judy Garland being carried away to the colorful land of Oz than to see Lew Ayres killed by a machine gun? —Anthony Perry, Mountain View, Cal.

## "The Wizard of Oz"

"The Wizard of Oz" disappointed me greatly. The characters were much as I had always pictured them; the music, tuneful; the color, lovely; but the story was almost entirely different from the Oz books I read and reread as a child.

I realize that many people are seeing and living the picture, but for the most part they are people who have never read the books that made L. Frank Baum famous. I feel that they would have been even more delighted if Oz had ruled the land and lived in the Emerald Palace, if Dorothy's visits to Oz had not been just a dream, if Aunt Em and Uncle Henry had been transported there to spend their old age, and if all had not returned to drabness in the end.

There is plenty of adventure in the books to provide excitement, without setting a bunch of script-writers to work making up a story of their own. If a story is good enough to achieve undying fame, doesn't it stand to reason that people want to see it brought to life minus Hollywood improvements? —Margaret Connell, Des Moines, Iowa.

## Encore

Just recently I have noticed that many of our great pictures of a few years ago are being shown at local theatre houses.

I, for one, am glad to see these pictures come back. They've been memorable pictures like "San Francisco," "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Rose Marie." Sure, I saw them the second time and found them just as entertaining as I did the first time. Considering the number of pictures the average person sees, even a great picture can be easily forgotten.

So continue to let these great pictures of the past live again for us.—Kathryn Smith, Memphis, Tenn.



## Sleeping Time

I saw "Miracles For Sale" last night. When producers begin to think Robert Young is so handsome that we women don't care what kind of story we see just so he flits around before our eyes, they had better guess again.

I enjoy sleight of hand tricks on the stage where my common sense tells me if my eye were quick enough I would see how the trick was done, but when they just turn the machine off while someone does the magic work for our Bob I get fed up quickly.

If they must make plays for morons, why don't they label them as such? Then, if the second feature is worth seeing, they might do us a favor and say, "Sleeping time, 45 minutes." —Elsie Williams, Junction City, Oregon.

## Absolutely Distractin'

How can I keep my mind on Latin When Hedy Lamarr is dressed in satin?

When Richard Greene is flashing a smile Who cares who settled on the Nile?

When John Payne is singing a lullabye Who cares what equals "x" or "y"?

When Shirley Temple shows her dimple Venus de Milo seems sort of simple.

When Edward G. Robinson does his stuff Brutus doesn't seem half so tough.

When Leslie Howard gets dramatic Catiline seems like so much static.

—Rhoda Krueger, Newark, N. J.



## Lamour's Hair

This is a vote in favor of a hair cut for Dorothy Lamour, before her career bogs down in a tangle of sarongs. Without doubt, her hair is beautiful—as a museum piece—but as equipment for a modern actress, it is just excess baggage. It's evident she can act, but you would never know it from the parts they give her because of her hair. The wig department at the studio could fit her out for an occasional long-hair role, so why does she hesitate?

I would like to see her get some modern roles where the attention would center on her acting and singing. I would like to see her in roles where she portrays ordinary stenographers or sales girls and dramatizes the problems that appeal to us because they are our own. But she will never do it while she has that over-supply of hair.

She could make a great career for herself if she would only pick up the shears and snip, snip, snip her long locks off! —Eleanor Mouldry, Oakland, Calif.

Fans, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "flop," that star you are simply crazy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Hollywood styles, miscast roles, scene stealers — what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning Cinemaland? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten \$1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keep it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



## Bill Holden

When I walked out of the theatre after seeing "Golden Boy," my mind was in such a crazy whirl that I scarcely knew what was going on about me. The reason—William Holden.

Without ever having appeared in films, this boy co-starred with screen-wise Barbara Stanwyck and such ace-veterans as Adolphe Menjou and Joseph Calleia, and rendered one of the most brilliant performances I have ever seen.

The talent scouts and directors who have been looking for new faces and new talent have really done themselves justice by giving to the movie fans this natural, dynamic personality, Bill Holden.

He's the 1939 Wonder Boy. With looks that would make any heart stand still and acting ability that holds you spell-bound, Bill Holden has leapt to the top rung of the ladder of success.—Nell McGuinness, Dallas, Texas.

## We Women

We women should view with alarm  
That serious challenge to charm  
That movie that's batty  
Makes us fatty and chatty  
"The Women" is doing us harm!

There's a movement I'd like to advance,  
"Let's kick Clare Booth in the pants."  
I'd like to repay  
That gal for her play  
Which robs all us femmes of romance!  
—Jean Brown, Tucson, Arizona.

## Easy on the Eyes

Just between the two of us, I am wondering if the producers are wise to the fact that in the sepia colored pictures, they've got something.

After "The Adventures of Marco Polo" was shown here, I heard much comment that not the least delightful feature of that picture was lack of the eye-strain found in the black and whites. It was so soft and easy to look at. Now that "Golden Boy" has come and gone, I am hearing the same thing when I discuss the latest pictures with my friends. To those of us whose eyesight isn't as good as it was twenty years ago, such pictures are very welcome.

Also, to me there is a beauty in sepia's soft tones that enhances the attractiveness of any pictures and lends a delight to scenes of natural beauty far beyond mere light and shadow.—Mrs. Mildred M. Sanborn, Portland, Maine.

## True Artistry

What naturalness Bette Davis portrays in every film! It's naturalism resulting from diligent study of technique, a passionate love of her work, plus an inner beauty and understanding of each character portrayed.

Is there a theatre-goer who does not forget, for a time, the woman Bette Davis and live the situations created and portrayed by her?

As far as versatility is concerned, her ability to fit herself into every role assigned to her is unquestionable. There are actresses who can play nothing but straight parts, despicable parts, character parts, but Bette can do anything on the screen.

If she isn't living in the memories of the majority a half century from now, I shall have no faith in true artistry.—Louise Scott, New Haven, Conn.

*Lady Esther says*

"Think of It—a Cream Nail Polish that

**LASTS 7 LONG DAYS!"**



**Try all 12 Smart Shades of  
My New 7-Day Nail Polish  
With My "Magic Fingertips."  
Send For Them Free!**

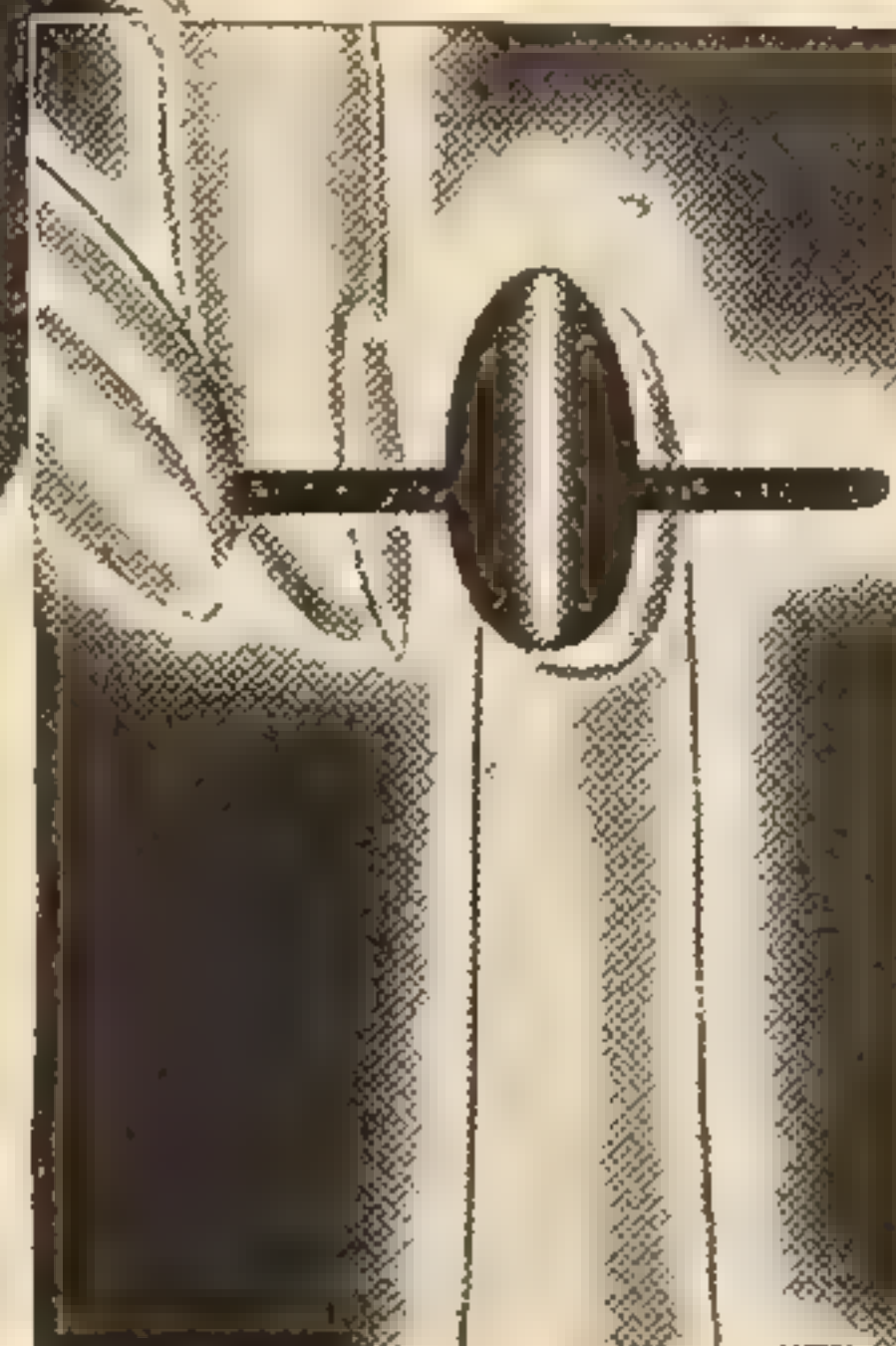
**N**O LONGER need you put up with nail polish that loses its lustre... that chips and peels... after one or two days on your fingertips. My new 7-Day Cream Nail Polish ends all that! For it gives your hands flattering beauty for 7 long days.

You'll be delighted with this rich cream nail polish. You'll be thrilled with its 12 glorious colors. You'll be amazed... when you see how its starry brilliance stays undimmed for one whole week. And *one* satiny coat is all you need!

### New Way to Pick Your Lucky Shade!

Never has there been an idea like Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips. Made of celluloid, they're shaped like the human nail—and each wears a sparkling shade of Lady Esther Nail Polish.

You simply hold these Magic Fingertips over your own nail... one at a time... with the slender side tabs. Quickly you'll find the shade that flatters you most—your hands, your costume colors. You save time, you save money. And best of all, *these 12 Magic Fingertips are yours free!*



### FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Let Lady Esther's 12 free Magic Fingertips show you the right color—the *correct color*—luckiest for you. For each wears one of the new, smart nail polish colors. Send for your 12 Magic Fingertips now!

*Lady Esther's*  
**7-DAY  
NAIL POLISH**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)  
LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (51)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



## HE HATES HIMSELF!

(Continued from page 39)

that Mrs. Muzzlepuss is upstairs dressing. So, invariably, Lorayne and I sit down, alone, on time, while our hostess is late. At such times I like Mowbray better than I like his hostess.

"One time in New York, some years ago when the blood ran high, I was invited for dinner at 7:30. I had gone to quite some pains to rent a Tux, those being the Park Bench Days in the Mowbray migration through Life. I arrived on the dot. For half an hour I sat in that big mausoleum, alone. I made quick sketches of the pattern in the rugs with my little crayons. I counted the roses on the wall paper. I tickled the toes of a couple of marble statues. Finally I arose, took off my coat, vest, shirt and trousers, rolled myself up in a white bear rug and went to sleep.

"When my hostess and ten guests appeared simultaneously, they were astounded. I rose with dignity, proceeded to dress again, and said, 'I was invited for 7:30. It's getting late now. I feel I must be getting home. I've had a lovely rest. Thank you so much.' And I went home.

"As far as my entertaining is concerned, I once gave a Christmas party in August. We hung up our stockings, had a Christmas tree, holly wreaths and plum pudding. One of the Ritz Brothers read "The Night Before Christmas" aloud. Why did I give a Christmas party in August? I wanted to—that's all.

"At another time, we gave a party to celebrate the release of General Chiang Kai Shek. It happened like this: Joe Lewis and I were sitting in the Trocadero late one afternoon. An acquaintance passed our table, stopped and said, 'Why are you two looking so glum?' I said, 'We are not glum. We are just resting our facial muscles between jokes.' Then I added, brightly, 'We are planning

a party. We are planning a party to celebrate the release of General Chiang Kai Shek.' I'd never thought of such a thing until that moment. Once I'd thought of it, it seemed an excellent reason for giving a party.

"The next night we had two hundred people at the house and celebrated the release of the Celestial Kingdom's great general. We had about ten thousand dollars' worth of floor show, too. Joe E. Brown, the Ritz Brothers, Hugh Herbert, Pat O'Brien—we all did our stuff. During the evening, we telephoned a rich planter friend of Joe's, in Cuba, and asked him if he would be co-host at the party. He said he would.

"I never give a formal party, with tents erected and gardenias upholstering the chairs and all. If I did, I'd kill myself laughing as I sat on a gardenia.

NOW, on the other hand, I do have some very admirable traits. I've a hell of a good disposition. I shout at the children now and then, but I tell myself it's nine per cent fun and one per cent annoyance. They seem to enjoy it.

"Also, I have perfect control over my so-called vices. If I say that I'll stop smoking on the morrow, I stop. I never 'taper off' on anything. If I go on the wagon, I go on it. I don't teeter on the running-board.

"I have a strange brand of conscientiousness, too. I never pay any attention to what parts I play until I start to play them. Any script with any old part from that of the butler in the 'Toppers' to some Baron Bigwiggie is okay by Mowbray. But once I start to work—how this little busy bee improves each shining hour!

"I am sensitive. I dislike this in me, too. I favor the Tarzan type. But, tough old war veteran that I am, thrice gassed,

five times wounded, I still suffer incredibly from "first night" nerves. When, recently, I was on the Crosby program on the air, I was scared stiff. One brain was doing the broadcast, the other brain was perched there saying, 'How do you know you're not really saying 'pffusik-shsy' or something?'

"I have no politics. Having a passion for men of violent prejudices and partisanship, I don't like Mowbray for this, either. But I definitely stay away from politics believing, as I do, that an actor, like a soldier, should have none. An actor's art should be international. For me, if I can give laughter that will ease things throughout the world, I never stop at color lines or at little lines on the shifting maps of empires. When, recently, I was asked to contribute toward an ambulance for one side of warring Spain, I said that I would do so, gladly, if I could also contribute toward an ambulance for the opposing side. An ambulance, I pointed out, is a humanitarian necessity. And a piece of hot lead hurts either side, just the same.

"Among my other virtues: I don't gamble. I don't get the faintest kick out of losing six months' salary on the turn of a roulette wheel. I don't allow people to gamble in my house. I'm not extravagant except with tobacco and brandy. I smoke expensive, imported cigarettes. When I buy brandy it's good brandy. When I can't afford either, I go without. I won't have anything I can't pay for cash. I don't like Mowbray for these 'virtues,' either. I admire the reckless spendthrift, the wastrel, the devil-may-care fellow who devours today like a glutton and thumbs his nose at tomorrow.

"So there you have Mowbray and all his virtues and vices. Do you wonder that I don't like the chap?" And Alan sighed deeply and looked *that* sad.

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

## ★★★ Babes in Arms

A rollicking musical that will keep your feet tapping and leave you humming a tune on the way out, "Babes In Arms" is worth anyone's money. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland take things into their hands from the opening sequence and see to it that you don't have a dull moment from then on. Judy's songs are excellent, delivered in the practically patented Garland manner. But it is Mickey who actually steals the show. The Rooney kid amazes with a display of versatility that will leave you gasping for breath. He sings, dances, fiddles, plays the piano and emotes with more gusto than seems humanly possible. You'll like his imitations, too. He does them on Gable, Lionel Barrymore and Franklin D. Roosevelt for good measure. Judy Garland gets one off on Mrs. Roosevelt which the lady, herself, will thoroughly enjoy.

The story is no great shakes, but with such a fun-loving crowd of youngsters to keep things pepped up, you probably won't mind. It concerns the trials and tribulations of ex-vaudevillians who find themselves without jobs and with no means of supporting their children. So

the children assume their own responsibilities and show that a good thing can be made of courage and willingness to work hard.

Charles Winninger, Guy Kibbee, Grace Hayes and Henry Hull contribute good performances among the older players, while June Preisser is the outstanding youngster, aside from Mickey and Judy. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

## ★★ Fast and Furious

This is the third of the series of pictures involving the tempestuous lives of those fun-loving people, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sloane. Only this time the Sloanes are Franchot Tone and Ann Sothorn. Nevertheless, the Sloanes continue their book detective work with the same gay abandon established in the former stories by Melvyn Douglas, Florence Rice, Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell.

Ann Sothorn is quite at home in her role of the teasing and high-spirited wife of Franchot Tone, who is also rather spirited but inclined to having a few sane moments. The Sloanes go off to the seashore for a vacation this time, but it doesn't take them long to get in-

involved in a bang-up murder mystery. In Joel Sloane's efforts to clear the name of a friend, he gets mixed up in a bathing beauty contest and a trio of roaming lions which provide some hilarious comedy scenes.

There's good supporting work turned in by Ruth Hussey, Lee Bowman, John Miljan, Mary Beth Hughes and Allyn Joslyn. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

## ★★ Flying Deuces

You'll laugh uproariously throughout this picture, then wonder why, when you leave the theatre. It's silly, yes, but the kind of entertainment that makes you forget your troubles.

Laurel and Hardy are still Laurel and Hardy, and their fans will report that this is their best picture to date. If there had been some sort of story, "Flying Deuces" would have hit the gong but the lack of continuity gives it the gong in many sequences.

The story opens with the two comedians vacationing in Paris. Hardy is madly in love with the inn-keeper's daughter who is none other than Jean (Continued on page 61)



## MADELEINE CARROLL WANTS CHILDREN

(Continued from page 25)

last time when I might never have come back to Hollywood," she confided. "That was before war was actually declared. But my mother pointed out that none of us knows what will happen in the next few years—how long the war will last, what will become of the money I have managed to save, how much we shall need. For I do have to take care of my family. I left enough money in London to see my mother through this next year and in the meantime I shall fill my life with enough work to use up all my vitality and to insure me financial independence, which has always been my most important goal."

When Madeleine Carroll speaks of her mother, she becomes quite another person than the actress who will say dictatorially, "I shall not take that role." She is different from the famous wife who admits, "This marriage of mine is finished." Her voice takes on a warmer note, her face a kindlier expression. Her mother is the most important thing in her life.

"I am continuously beset with anxiety when I think of her over there, so far away from me. I had hoped she would come to Hollywood this time. In fact, that was the plan when I took two reservations on the Normandie. My mother was to board the boat at Southampton, but she wouldn't come. She thought her place was with my father and she stayed in England."

Miss Carroll is afraid that when she speaks of her academic father she may

sound unfilial. She has a tremendous respect for his fine mind, his years given to educational work. But she has never felt close to him as she has to her mother. He was always, to her, the austere, unsentimental, aloof parent. Even in her adolescence when she was earning a meager income, her aim was to get enough money for a home she could share with her mother. She has made much more money than she ever dreamed, but never once has she had her mother living with her.

"My mother is a dear, warm-hearted French woman who has always believed her place is with her husband." And there she remained even when Madeleine could offer her luxuries. Perhaps it is this unassailable virtue of wifely fidelity which has caused the star's mother so much distress over the divorce reports. Because she is also devoted to her son-in-law and Philip, as Madeleine said, "loves my mother very much."

THE beautiful English girl is more earthy than she appears on the screen, not quite as young as the college boys' enthusiastic votes would indicate. Which does not mean that she is less lovely. She had an excellent education before she went on the world to wrest a living. At one time, she was a school teacher. Occasionally she was broke and jobless; more than once she was hungry. She has little interest in the social activities that engage the free time of so many of her Hollywood contemporaries. She is

well read and has an avid intelligent interest in what is happening outside her own glittering sphere. She knows the value of a dollar, for she gained her knowledge the hard way, and no Carroll earnings will ever be foolishly squandered.

"I feel sorry for anyone out of a job these days," she remarks with earnest fear in her voice. "I think financial security is a wonderful thing. When I speak of financial security I am thinking in terms of fifteen dollars a week guaranteed for the future. I often lived on far less than that and I'm sure I could do it again."

But no one knows her earning value better than Madeleine Carroll. And, she'll get it while she can.

"Safari" is Miss Carroll's first vehicle since her return from Europe. She went abroad after she made "Honeymoon in Bali" with Fred MacMurray. She hopes that during this war period she will be permitted to make light romantic pictures just to entertain people.

"It's strange how my feelings have changed about that," she says. "Before war was declared, I felt so keenly about problems over there. I wanted to make pictures like 'Nurse Cavell.' But when I saw how Paris reacted to the certainty that its sons were again to be sacrificed, I knew that what the world needs is a lighter touch in its film entertainment. And that's what I hope they'll let me contribute as my share."

(Continued on page 71)

## "PEPSI AND PETE" . . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



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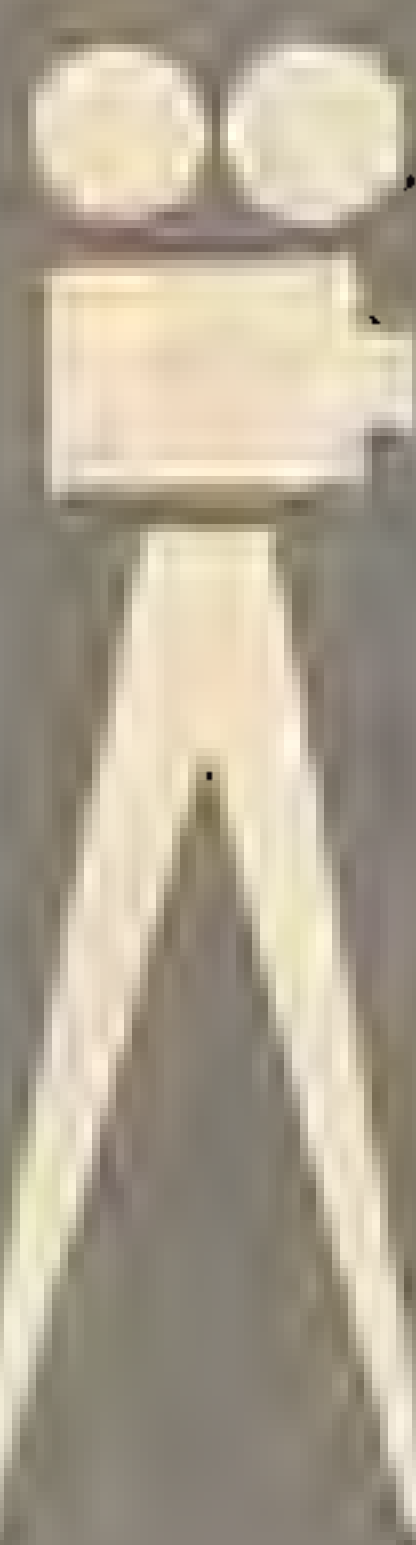
"I MAKE SURE IT'S  
WHOLESOME AND  
GRAND-TASTING"



FILLS YOUR GLASS TWICE



# MODERN SCREEN'S



## A pictorial resumé of the highlights of a most eventful movie

"Goodbye Mr. Chips" depicts the joys and disappointments of a shy, sincere gentleman. Robert Donat and Greer Garson make its characters live, and Sam Wood's direction is excellent.

"Dark Victory" is first and last a Bette Davis performance, the story serving as a background for the very high talents of its star. The story is sad with little to lighten its dramatic theme.

### HERE ARE THE OUTSTANDING CINEMATIC SUCCESSES CONSIDERED FROM BOTH



### YEAR'S LUCKIEST NEWCOMERS



**Gloria Jean**

Skyrocketing to stardom is a small matter when Producer Joe Pasternak, discoverer of Deanna Durbin, takes you in hand. Eleven-year-old Gloria Jean's experience with him proved that. She scored an immediate success in her first assignment, "The Underpup."



**William Holden**

This Pasadena College student was too modest to answer to Mamoulian's quest for the "Golden Boy." So, when studio officials were going through thousands of old tests, they came across Holden's. They immediately sent for him, and a contract followed.



**Brenda Marshall**

Beautiful, talented and just turned twenty-four—no wonder she is a screen find. Her work was first noticed in a Federal Theatre project, "On The Rocks." Warners screen-tested her and the result was a contract and starring role in the production, "Espionage Agent."



**Robert Preston**

It took three "B" pictures to break Robert Preston in. Then his big break in "Union Pacific" came along, followed shortly by an important role in "Beau Geste." He received his training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse and now is headed for stardom.



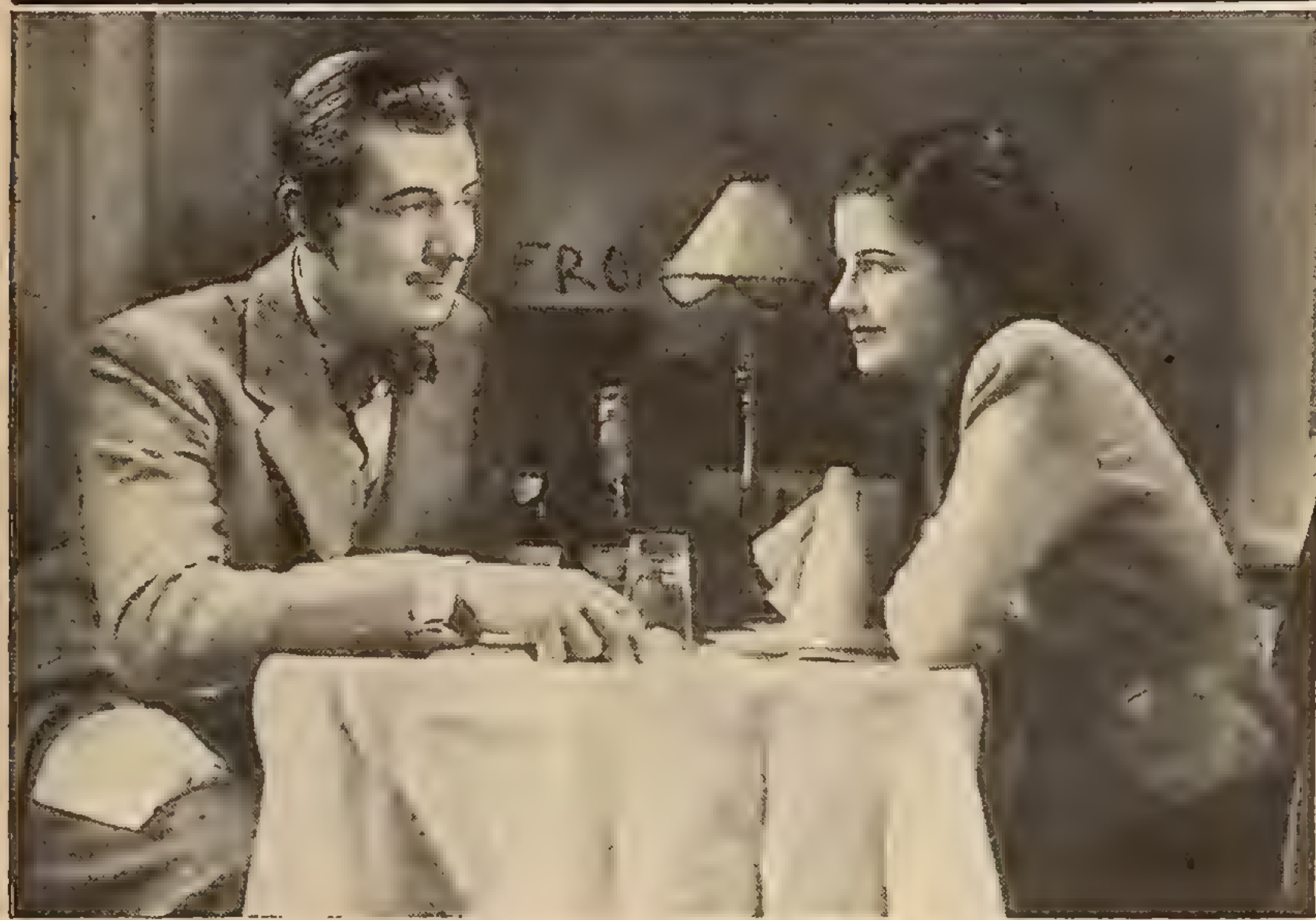
# REVIEW OF 1939

year, in which pictures, players and performances topped all reel records

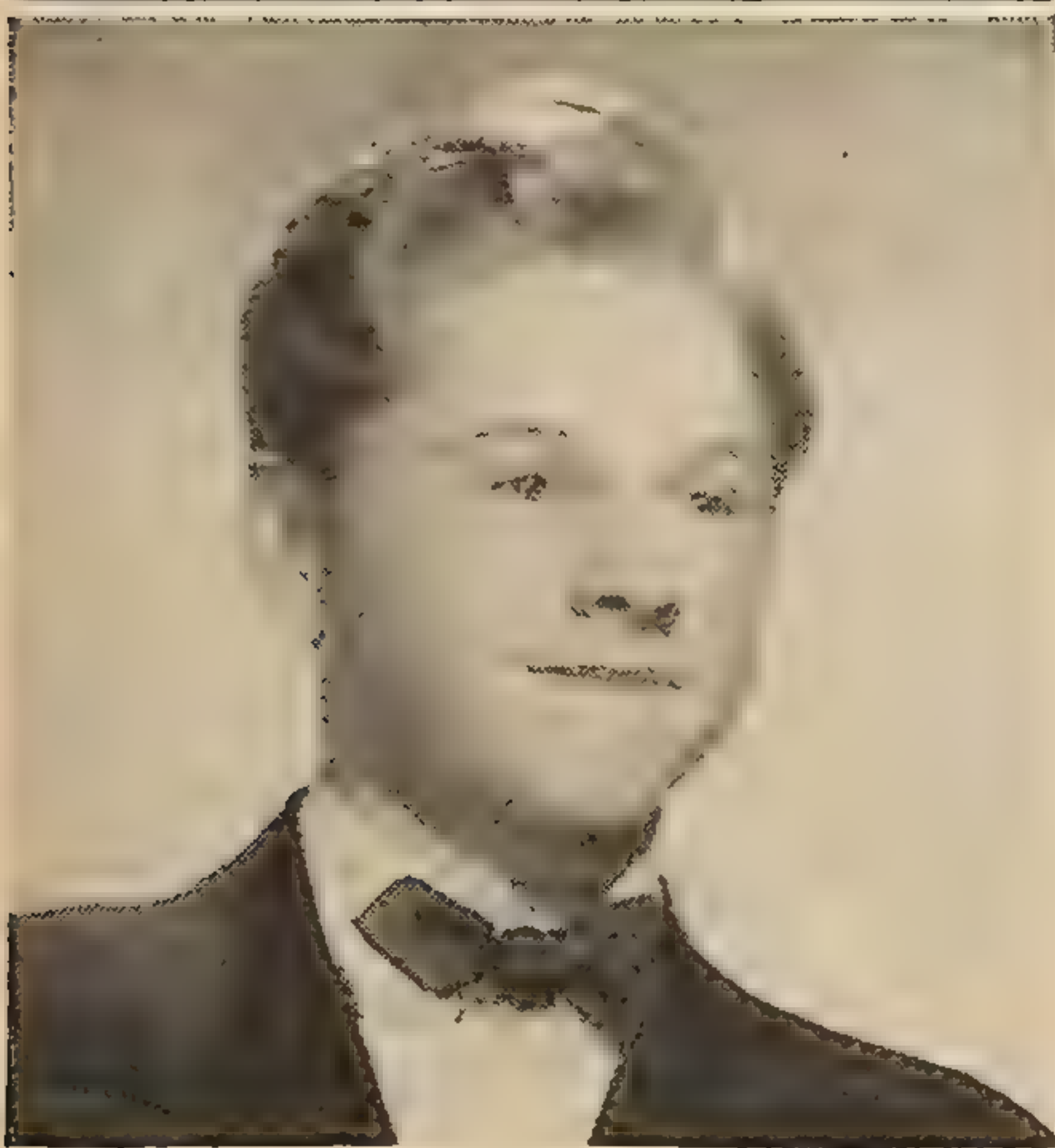
"The Lady Vanishes" with Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave is a gay spy mystery which unravels as a Trans-European train races along to the tune of Alfred Hitchcock's swell direction. Quiet character humor plays its role, too.

"The Old Maid" gives Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins an opportunity to share histrionic honors. It is a sombre story of unnatural suppressions which blight two lives for the sake of a third. George Brent's excellent as the "man in the case."

THE ARTISTIC AND BOX OFFICE POINTS OF VIEW! DO YOU AGREE WITH OUR SELECTIONS?



## TOP KID STAR



### Mickey Rooney

At eighteen, Mickey Rooney is still the typical American kid—snub nose, cocky grin, devil-may-care swagger and hair that won't stay put. He's a natural comic but can also handle emotional scenes with a veteran's finesse. Six or sixty, the fans love him!

"Pygmalion" is a pleasant and witty whimsy with Leslie Howard and introducing Wendy Hiller to American movie-goers. The acting is of superlative quality and Anthony Asquith's direction, excellent.



"Wuthering Heights" is a dramatic and artistic masterpiece with the ominous mood of the English moors haunting the tragic lovers, Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon, to the very end.





# MODERN SCREEN'S REVIEW OF 1939

## COME-BACKS



← For ages Ann Sothorn, left, was handicapped by inferior stories and meaningless roles. 1939 brought her a second chance in "Maisie." She made a come-back, such as is rarely seen in Hollywood. Dick Barthelmess, lower left, was absent from the screen for years. In "Only Angels Have Wings," he "came back," and showed his many fans he still has what it takes to make a role live.



Above right, Brian Aherne, → Bette Davis and Gilbert Roland in one of the scenes from "Juarez." Despite competition with expert actors like Bette and Paul Muni, Brian Aherne stole the show. Lower right, troupers Bing Crosby and Mischa Auer didn't have a chance when Baby Sandy Henville, playing the part of a boy, turned on her charm in "East Side of Heaven."

## SCENE STEALERS

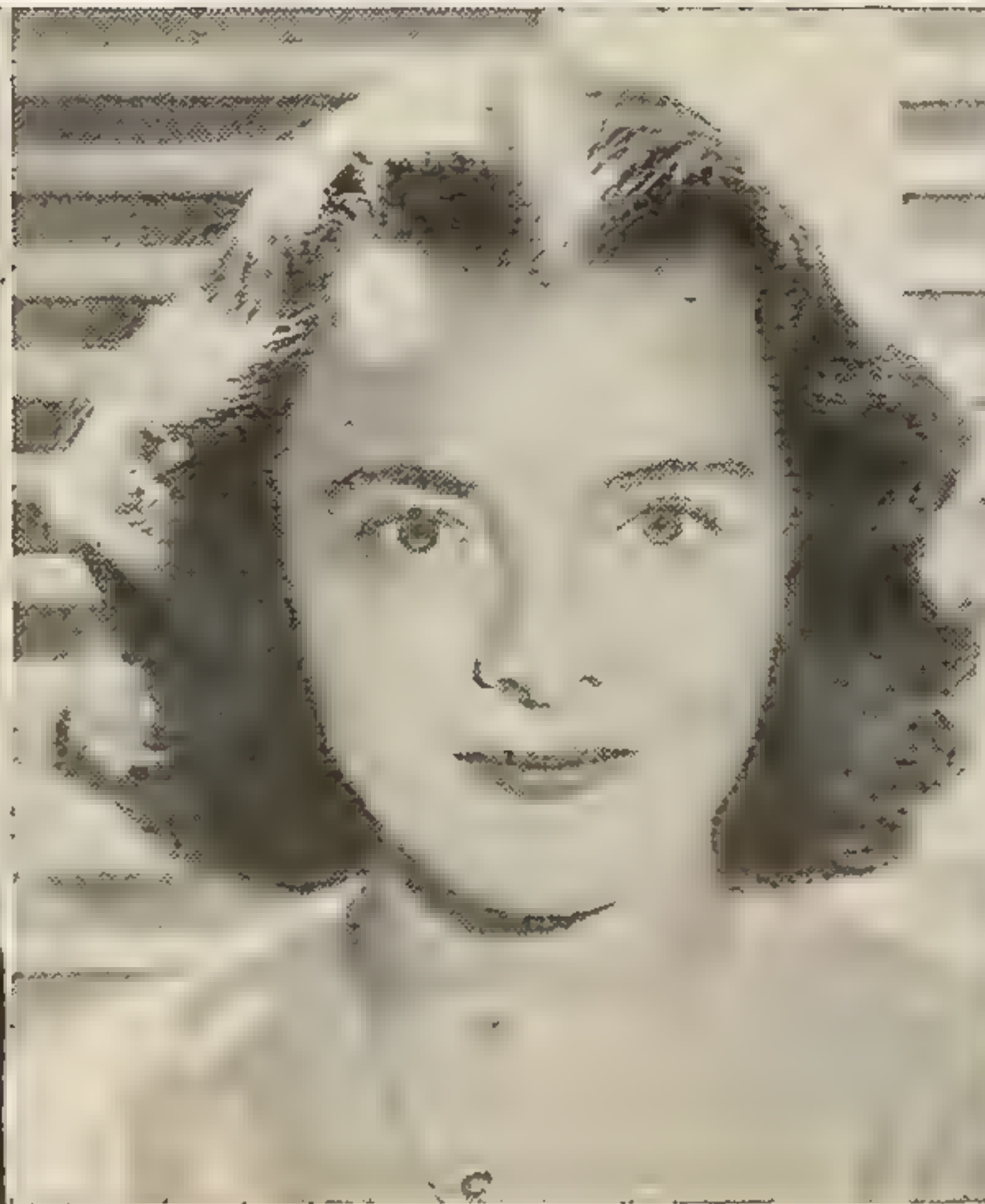


## AT LONG LAST—THIS YEAR BROUGHT THEM A BREAK



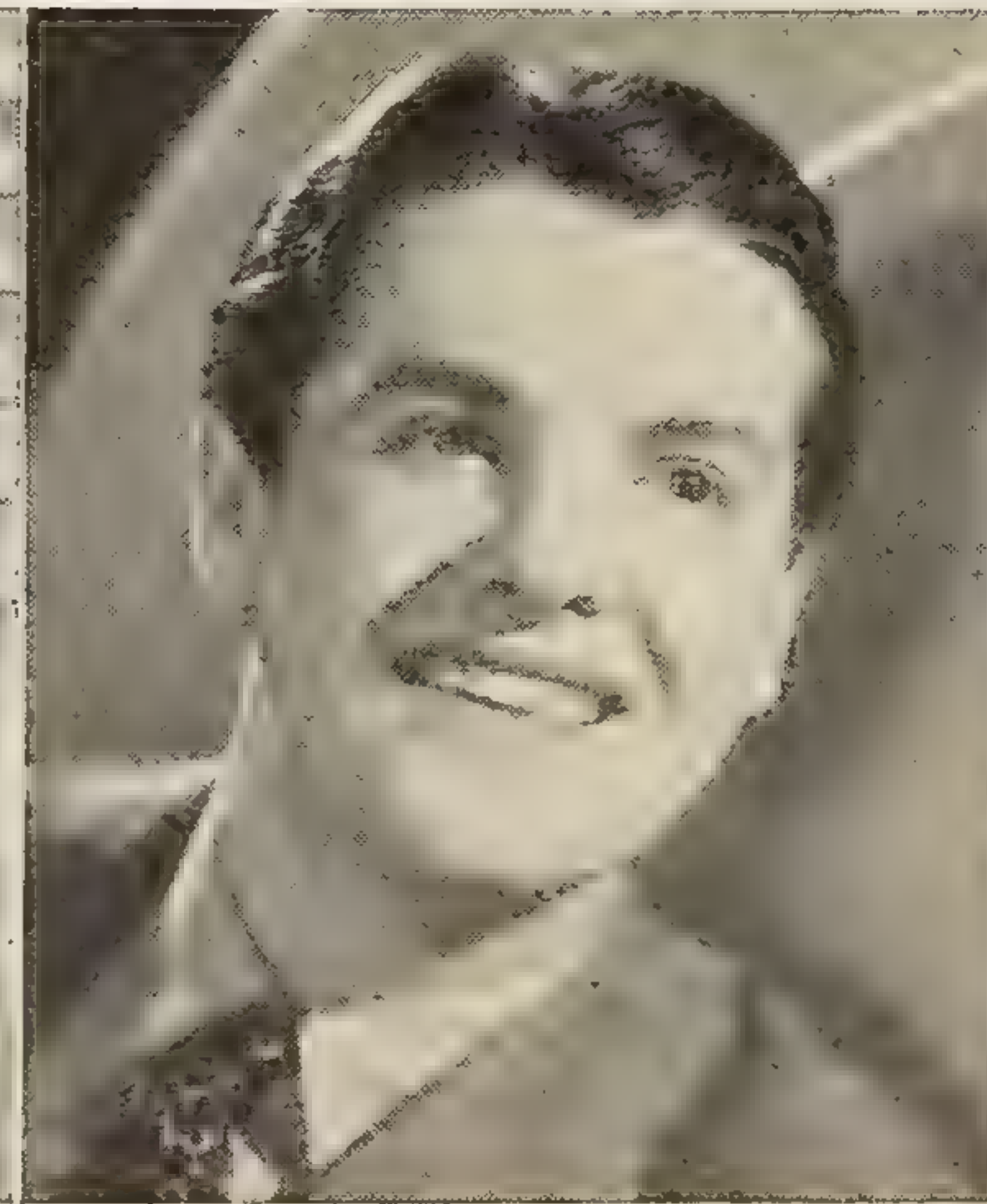
**John Wayne**

He has made over fifty pictures, most of them wild and woolly westerns of the eight-day "quickie" variety. This year brought John Wayne the chance to play the lead in the super-production, "Stagecoach." Overnight, he raised his status to that of a star.



**Jane Bryan**

Though this young lady has always turned in good performances, she has had no chance to show what she could do with heavy dramatics. Now she has the most envied role in Hollywood—that of Paul Muni's leading lady in his latest, "We Are Not Alone."



**Robert Cummings**

Having made a name for himself on the legitimate stage, Robert Cummings went to Movietown. Strangely enough, he had to hang around casting offices a mighty long time before he got his break. Finally, cast in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he clicked immediately.



**Ilona Massey**

You read so much about this singer from Budapest when she was first imported. After she made "Rosalie," Hollywood seemed to forget she existed. Now, after all this time, she blossoms forth in the starring role opposite Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika." (Con't on page 62)





# Got a COLD?

Be Wise . For the Distress of Colds . Take  
**Alka-Seltzer**

(Continued from page 56)

Parker. She tells him that she's already married, and the heartbroken Hardy decides to end it all in the Seine river. He's stopped by an officer of the Foreign Legion who assures him that joining the Legion is the best known way to forget a lost love. The officer is Reginald Gardiner who turns out to be Miss Parker's husband as the new recruits discover upon their arrival in Morocco. Complications provide some very funny comedy scenes that lift the picture from any suspicion of dullness. Directed by Edward Sutherland.—RKO.

## ★★ Jamaica Inn

If you're shopping for some blood-and-thunder melodrama, here's a bargain—if you can take it! Charles Laughton is starred in as gruesome and eerie a tale as has reached the screen in many a moon. It is the story of the bloodcurdling events that transpire in an old inn on the wild Cornish coast. A band of thieves and degenerates hide there, ready to carry out the foulest orders from their big boss—a wealthy squire in the county. Charles Laughton makes the role of the squire as repulsive a character as can be imagined. With a passion for beauty in his surroundings, he yet delights in dreaming up the ugliest of crimes for his band of desperadoes. Foremost among them is the wrecking of ships, carrying valuable cargo. The ships are given false directions when they near the rocky, dangerous Cornish coastline and after the inevitable wreck, all survivors are killed off and the loot brought back to the squire.

Into this charming group comes a lovely Irish lass. On a visit to her aunt, the wife of the chief cutthroat at Jamaica Inn, she falls into the clutches of the maniacal squire and his chums. Needless to say, there's not a dull moment until the fair heroine is rescued by the handsome hero. Maureen O'Hara, in her screen debut as the Irish girl, makes a distinctly favorable impression. Others in the cast who give commendable performances are Leslie Banks, Robert Newton and Marie Ney. But it's Mr. Laughton's picture, as usual, and he does a thoroughly convincing job of the despicable and loathsome squire. Not for the kiddies, we might add. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—Paramount.

## ★★ Disputed Passage

"Disputed Passage" starts out to be an excellent adaptation of the Lloyd C. Douglas novel depicting the intense struggle always involved between hu-



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man emotion and the cold world of science. The picture has the warmth of the novel until the closing scenes transport the story to China, and then the original story is completely lost.

However, the picture is worth seeing just to applaud the good work of both Akim Tamiroff and John Howard. Both actors turn in outstanding performances, giving their "doctor" characterizations the dignity of the profession and the qualities of human beings. Tamiroff is the older doctor who lost his bride-to-be when very young. He's grim and embittered, and bent on training young Howard to be the great scientist who will solve the problems which have been baffling modern-time medical men. He even goes so far as to break up Howard's romance when the young doctor falls in love with Dorothy Lamour, but learns that human emotions are too powerful—even for a cold man of science.

Dorothy Lamour is rather colorful as the Chinese-reared American girl who captures the young doctor's heart, but she's very inadequate in the dramatic scenes. Judith Barrett, William Collier, Sr., Victor Varconi and Keye Luke turn in good work in supporting roles. Directed by Frank Borzage.—Paramount.

## ★★ Dancing Co-ed

The old folks probably wouldn't even apply the term "entertainment" to this one, but the college crowd will undoubtedly think a line-up of Artie Shaw, Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, Richard Carlson and a gang of college cuties is guarantee enough for a good time.

Lana Turner is planted on a college campus, as the result of a Roscoe Karns brain-storm. Roscoe's one of those fast-talking publicity guys who gets a swell idea and lets someone else work it out. And it looks like Lana is really in for a beating on this one. Never having set foot on a campus in her life, she is installed in the school by faking exams, for the purpose of winning a nation-wide dance contest for co-eds. Dick Carlson, editor of the school paper, suspects the contest is slightly crooked, and things look black for the little Turner since she's fallen, but hard, for ye editor. Of course, it all works out beautifully. Lana gets her man and her pal, Ann Rutherford, wins the contest.

Artie Shaw and his boys are in there swinging it and Leon Errol, as Lana's father, is the highlight of the picture in a limited role. Dick Carlson is okay in his role while Ann Rutherford looks cute as ever. Lana Turner shows that old oomph and is adequate on the histrionics. The picture was directed by S. Sylvan Simon.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



# MODERN SCREEN'S REVIEW OF 1939

## BEST-DRESSED MALE STAR



← Adolphe Menjou, despite a few character roles of late, is still the symbol of the suave, sophisticated man-about-town. His title for sartorial elegance is uncontested.

Constance Bennett → is the epitome of perfect grooming. Her clothes are always the latest in fashion and worn with a natural poise that has won her this reputation for chic.

## BEST-DRESSED WOMAN STAR



## BEST CHARACTER PERFORMANCES



Marie Ouspenskaya

This distinguished little character lady has long been a great stage actress and recently has given movie-goers the treat of seeing her superb performances. The most memorable of them all is her charming portrayal of the Maharani in "The Rains Came."



Sam Jaffee

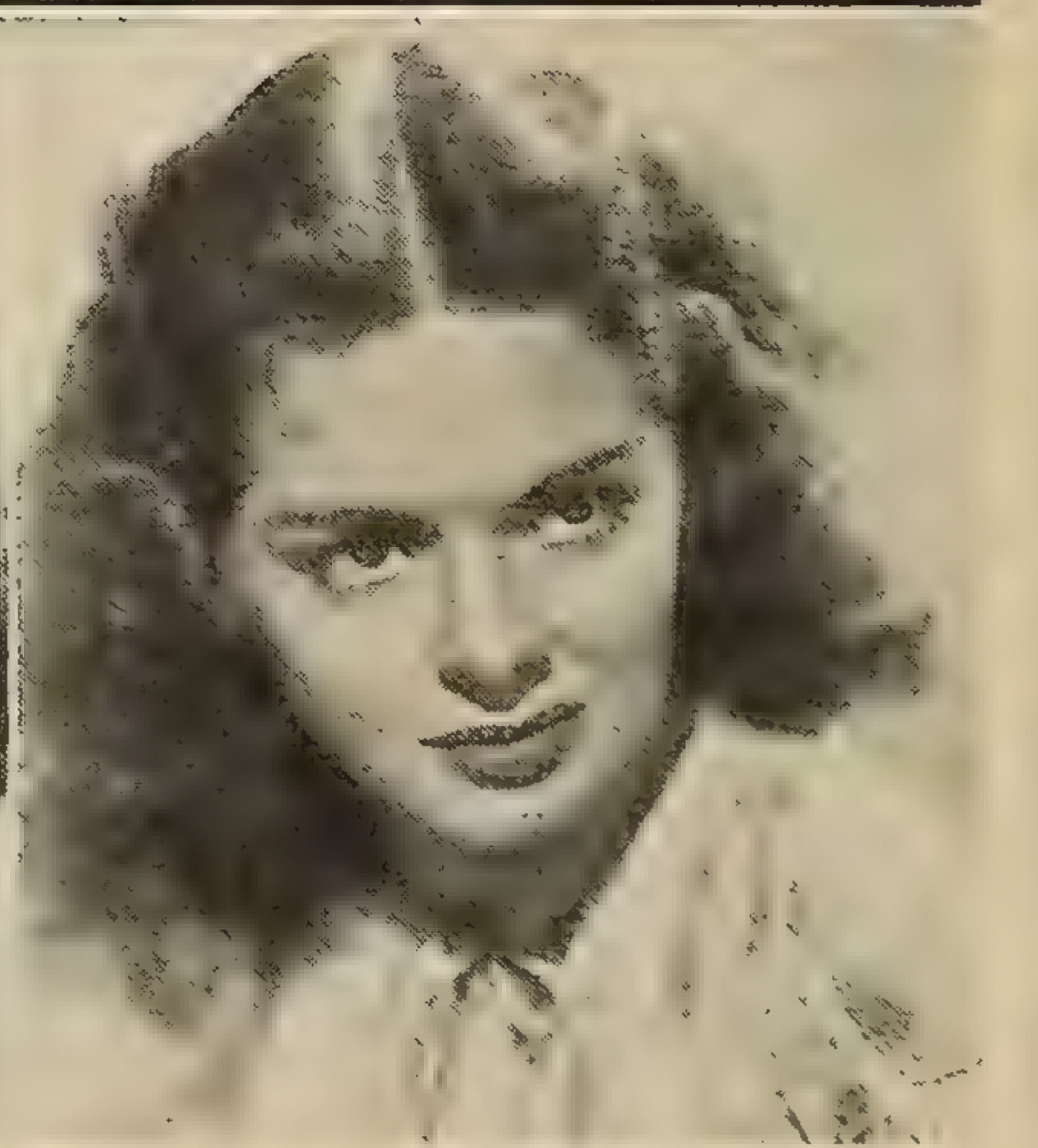
Another gem of character work was Sam Jaffee's native water-carrier in the screen version of Kipling's famous poem, "Gunga Din." He brought a simple, heart-felt sincerity to the role that made the British soldiers' feeling and respect for him credible in every way.

## THE YEAR'S DISAPPOINTMENTS



Hedy Lamarr

After "Algiers," the fans waited breathless for more of Hedy Lamarr. Her first starring film, "I Take This Woman" was shelved. Finally came "Lady of the Tropics" and, though her glamorous beauty was acknowledged, most of the fans found her wanting in talent.



Arleen Whelan

A big build-up was given Arleen Whelan when she was whisked from a manicurist's job to starring roles. The fans didn't blame her when she didn't fulfill their expectations immediately. But now they feel that she has had the time to improve and hasn't come through.



## DO THEY DISLIKE EACH OTHER?

(Continued from page 37)

so has Brenda Joyce. But not one has ever said, "Ann Sheridan is too marvelous" or "Nancy Kelly is too marvelous." Bette, you see, being in a class by herself, can't put their little noses out of joint. But apart from such straws tilting at windmills as this, they are friendly. They all behave mannerly, but never do they get together, let down their hair, indulge in any of the "an' I sez to him an' he sez to me" talk which joins their sisters in a warm and bosomy bond.

Sigrid Gurie said not long ago, "It's strange, I always had close girl friends in Oslo, where I grew up, in Paris, Brussels, London, where I went to school. But I have no girl friends at all here. I don't seem to click with the Hollywood girls. They don't seem to want to be friends with me."

ANOTHER possible answer to the question occurs to me. Paulette Goddard, wiser than twice her years, is said to have observed that Hollywood girls don't have girl friends because girl friends talk too much. And why, was Paulette's idea, employ publicists to protect you, only to spill your heart out to some "bosom friend" who—well, who isn't exactly employed to protect you. They daren't make too many confidences, most of these young women of the lime-light. Not because they have anything shameful to conceal, but merely because every word they say is liable to be magnified, or misquoted. And so, logically, if they can't make girlish confidences, why have girlish friends? Maybe we've got something there!

Answers to the question aside, the fact remains that such friends as the gelatin goddesses recruit are, almost without exception, from other walks of life. Did you ever think of that? Well, look. Barbara Stanwyck's best friend is her hairdresser. It was her hairdresser who was Barbara's only close confidante when she and Bob were a-courting. Myrna Loy's b.f. is her stand-in, Shirley. Shirley it was, and not Roz Russell or Norm Shearer or any of Myrna's fellow stars, who stood up with Myrna when she was married. Garbo's pal is Salka Viertel, the scenarist. Olivia de Havilland's boon companion is a young woman in the publicity department at her studio.

One famous star once said to me, "I always hire a cook for her intelligence rather than for her culinary skill because I have to have some woman in Hollywood to whom I can talk." They seem never to be best friends with anyone who can offer them competition. Can this be the answer? Or one of them?

Well, it might be, in some instances. I know for a fact that Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise would have been hard put to it to be friends when they first joined the Warner roster. For, never did a rich young part rear its head on that lot, but what both girls were "up" for it. The instinct of self-preservation alone would have prevented these damsels from making fudge together.

I should imagine that it would be such overcoming as angels are made of for Roz Russell and Myrna Loy to be buddies, what with everyone saying, when Roz first went on the lot, that she would "take Myrna's place" and what with the way Roz, being human, must often feel when Myrna still gets most of the juiciest picture plums. Undoubtedly, Greer Garson would have been invited around

more if she did not constitute so dire a dramatic threat to Norma Shearer, Virginia Bruce and Margaret Sullavan.

I've realized some of this, vaguely, for some time. But not until Brenda put it into words did I get down to actually pondering the imponderable. And then remembered facts came back to bless and burn some of which I have already mentioned. For instance, Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne are next door neighbors, Irene's rose garden abutting on Claudette's iris beds, their husbands are doctors, they are near enough of an age to be chummy, they are certainly in the same profession, meeting the same problems. Yet they're not chummy. Why?

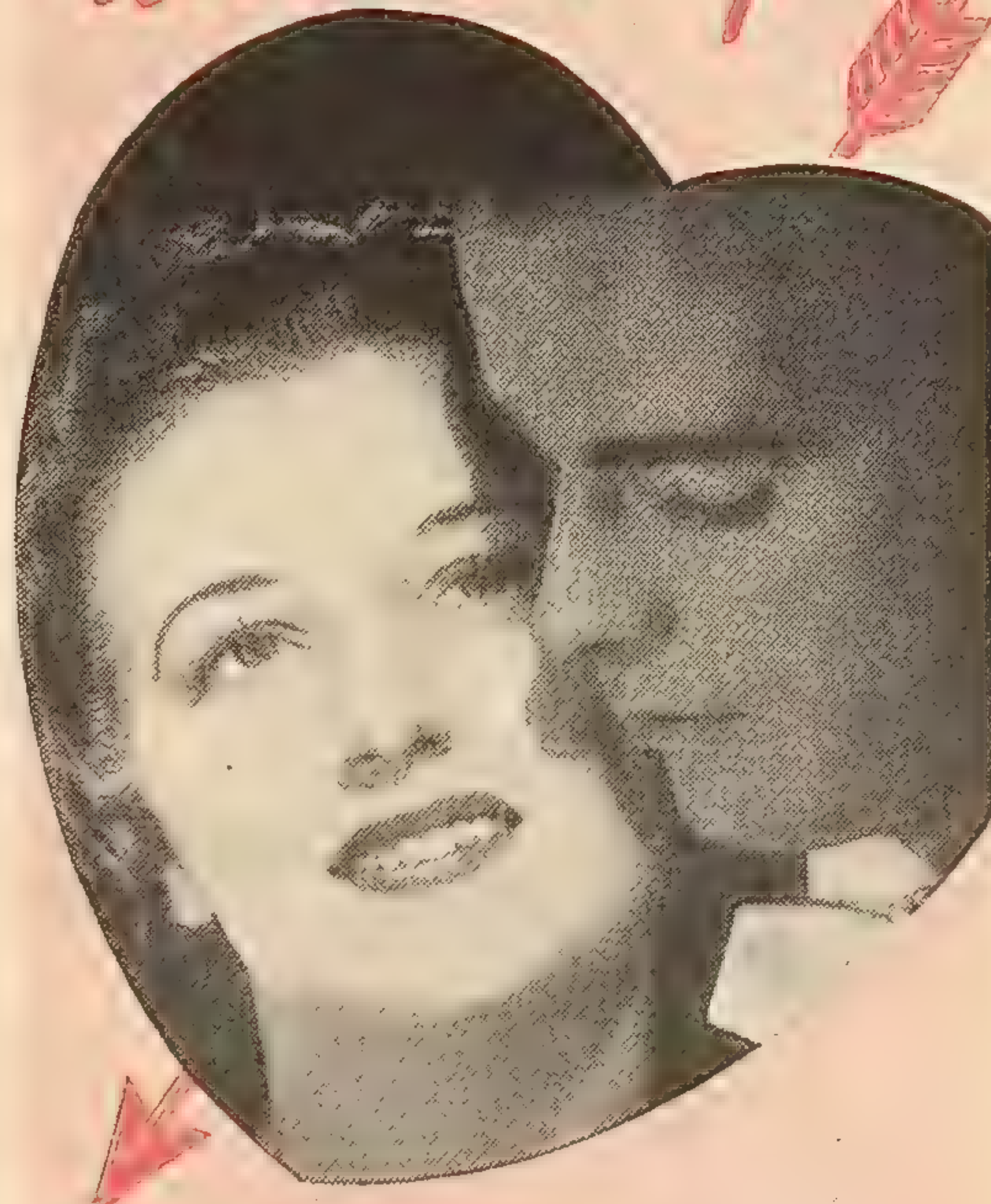
Well, Norma Shearer once said that the reasons stars do not get together more often is because the competition while they are working is so intense that when they leave the studio they want to relax, don't want competition of any kind. Which may explain the hyphen preserved by Claudette and Irene.

Roz Russell has frequently laughed about the "Nunnery" which is what the girls themselves call the women stars' dressing-room building on the Metro lot. I recall going there to lunch with Roz one day. A warm day, all of the doors were open and as I went up the stairs I was fascinated by the glimpses I caught of the stars—Hedy Lamarr, Margaret Sullavan, Norma Shearer and the others, each in her own cubicle, each eating from a tray, solitary and alone, like so many nuns of a strict religious order which keeps each individual incommunicado.

Roz told me that not once, to her knowledge, have any two of the girls ever got together for a cup of tea. Virginia Bruce told me that she thinks Hedy Lamarr and Roz Russell must be simply swell, but she wouldn't be really knowing because they might as well inhabit separate planets as the adjoining dressing-room suites which they do inhabit. Virginia also told me that never once has she been in the home of any

(Continued on page 69)

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ONLY DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK blesses your lips with all these three advantages . . . real advantages in the contest of charm! Have lips that look dewy-moist . . . lustrous as satin . . . smooth as a flower petal. Use DEWY-SHEEN—the lipstick that keeps lips looking glamorously moist and lustrous! 10c at ten-cent stores. Large size \$1 at drug and department stores. If unobtainable, send coupon.

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**Hide-it**  
HIDES BLEMISHES



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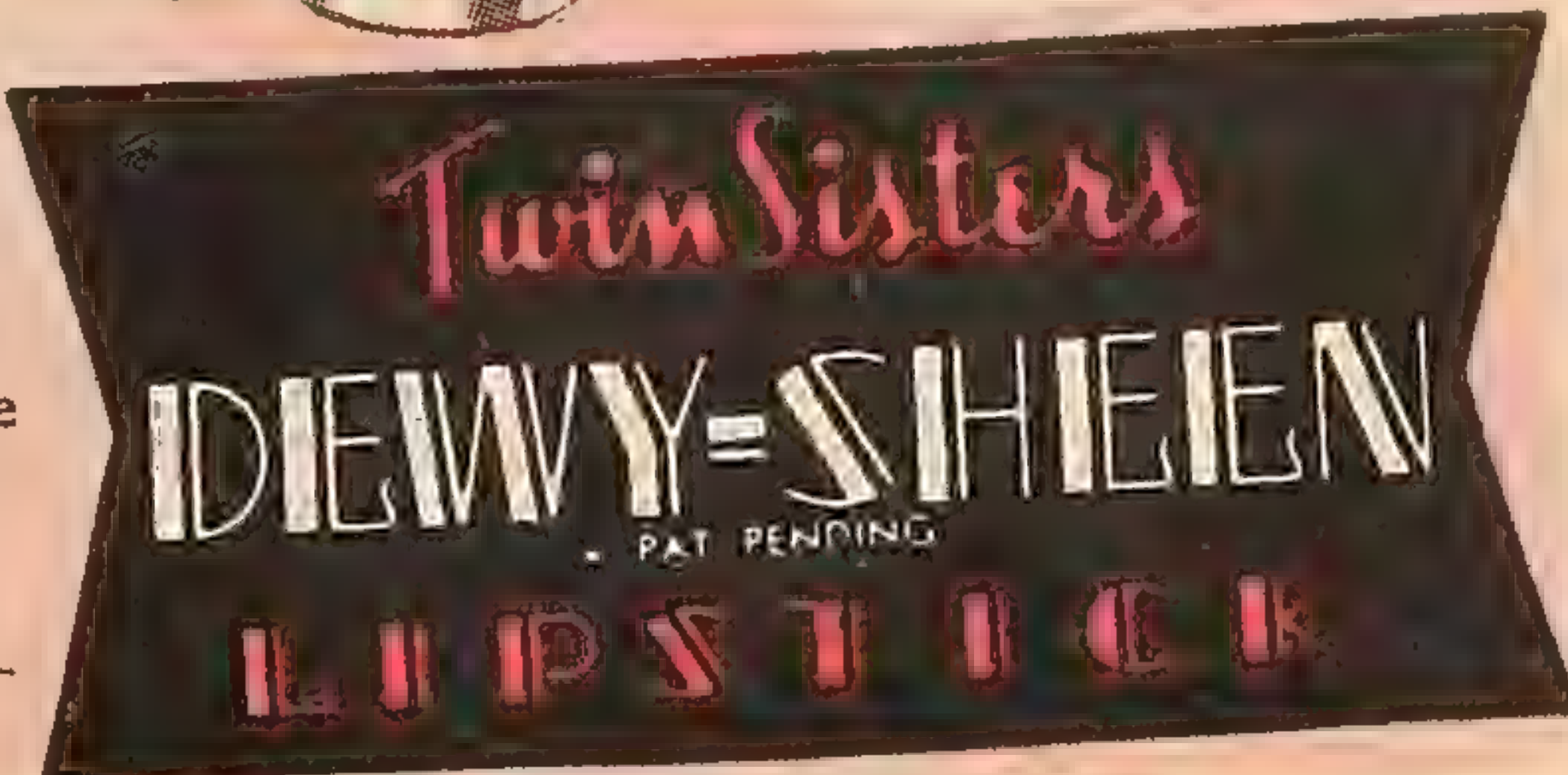
Clark-Millner Co., 450 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill. Send me DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK SET containing three different shades keyed to my type, for Morning, Afternoon and Evening wear. I enclose 10c to help cover cost (Canada 15c). Check Type:

☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn ☐ Light Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette

☐ Send HIDE-IT Shade:-----10c (Canada 15c)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_







# HORROR MEN

They should know—these men who have

SHALL I brew you a broth of horror? Shall I put into the caldron tremors and trepidations, palpitations and panic, to make you quake and quiver, shrink and shudder? Shall I make your flesh creep, your breath stop, your teeth chatter and your hair stand on end?

Then how can I better achieve this eerie, enjoyable end than by talking with the heart-quakes of Hollywood—than by asking the men who have “supped full with horrors,” Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Basil Rathbone, Lionel Atwill, to define horror for us, to tell us what horror means to them. They should know—these men who have given us “Dracula,” “Frankenstein” and “The Son of Frankenstein,” “The Hound of the Baskervilles,” “Doctor X,” “The Wax Museum” and “Murders in the Zoo.” They’ve played characters sinister and perverse, macabre and ghostly, drenched in horror and the clamminess thereof.

So I began with Basil Rathbone. I said, “What constitutes real horror to you?”

“War!” screamed Rathbone, instantly. And I mean he screamed the word at me, horribly, so that its echoes hung around the room we sat in. “Going into an attack, paralyzed with fear, knowing that if we had our own free will, not a living man of us would go! Every living man

BY

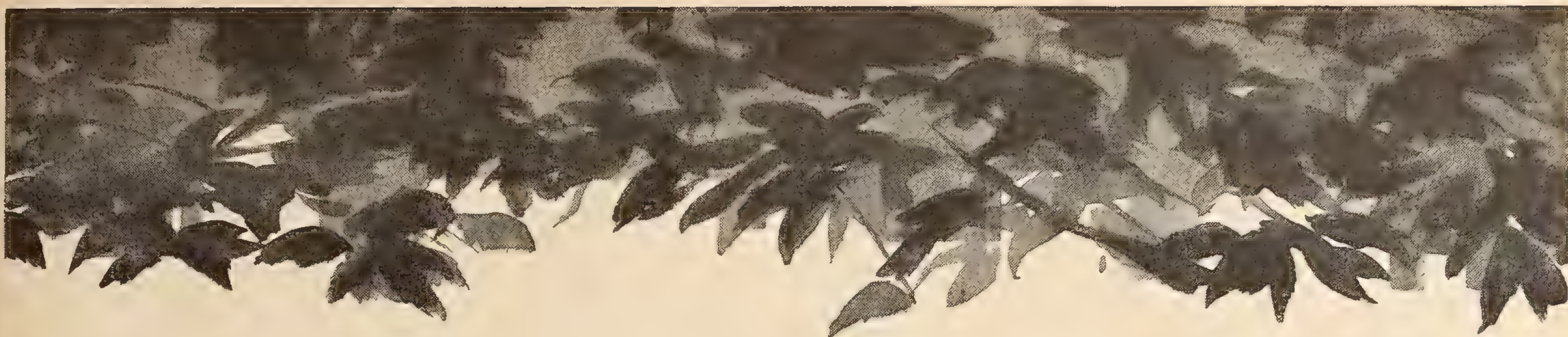
MARTHA

KERR



Have you ever wondered why people enjoy books and pictures that make their flesh creep and their blood run cold? Lionel Atwill explains it for you.





# TALK ABOUT HORROR

given us Dracula, Frankenstein and the rest of the sinister, hair-raising clan

of us would funk it. We go because we cease to be individuals. We become a mass machine. We are dominated by mass psychology. We become a composite Thing of arms, legs, heads and wills. We move into the attack only because it is the only way out. If we do not go into the attack, if we turn back one quivering inch, we are shot down like dogs—deserters. So we are forced to go forward, not because we are brave and gallant gentlemen, but because we are in a trap.

"War is a trap, a monstrous, gigantic, inconceivably barbarous trap. And there you have it. A trap is the most horrible thing in the world. Any kind of a trap. Because in a trap you are alone, crouched there with fear. There is Death screaming at you in front. There is Death sticking his tongue out at you from behind. You go over the top because it is the only way to get out. If there were any other way, a million voices would chorus, 'I can't face it! I can't face walking over the broken bodies of my comrades, over their spilled hearts and hopes and dreams. I can't and I won't.'"

"I never stuck a bayonet into a man in my life. If I had, I would have known such horror that I would have screamed aloud and the scream would have wakened me

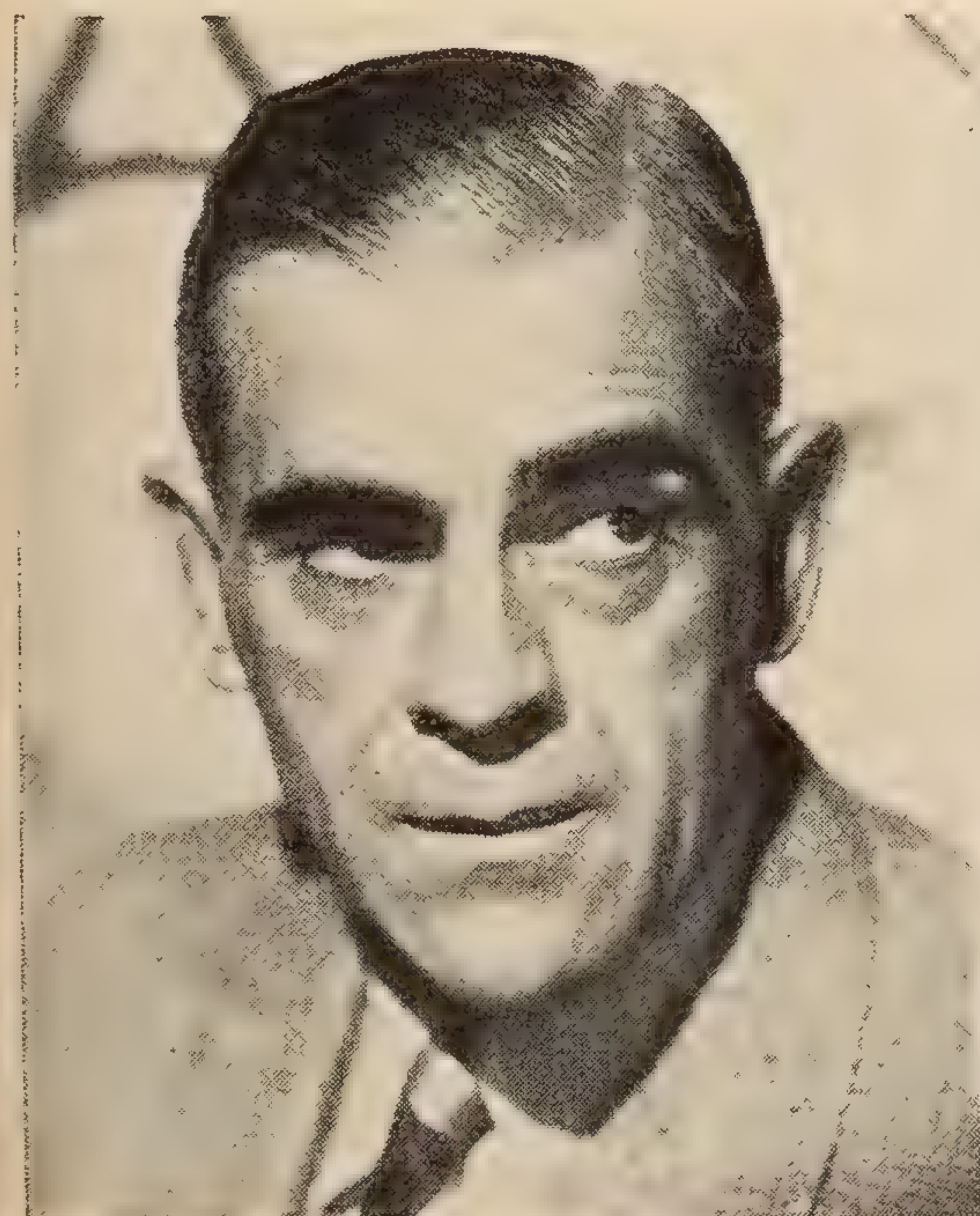
out of the mass murder psychosis which alone preserved my reason. I would then have become an individual and would have lost my mind. I would have spent the rest of my life cutting out paper soldiers, tearing them apart, like that poor chap glimpsed in "The Little Princess." How many of him I have seen—not in pictures for the kiddies!

"War, I say, that's horror! It is a trap. In the trap a man, no longer a man, lives with Death. There is no horror like it!"

Boris Karloff faced me across the narrow confines of his portable dressing-room on the set of "Enemy Agent." His face was seamed from eye to chin. When he walked, he walked with a limp. Out of his maimed face his heart and spirit looked out, seeming to be maimed also.

Perhaps, I thought, when one walks with horror most of one's working, waking hours, one becomes twin to horror. One speaks with horror's twisted tongue, reaches out with horror's gruesome gestures, limps as horror limps, maimed and mutilated.

Mr. Karloff does not think so. Mr. Karloff says, "No, living with the macabre, as I do—I prefer to call it the macabre, not 'horror'—does not (Continued on page 68)



What does it do to a man to spend most of his working hours scarred, seamed, crippled or misshapen? Boris Karloff, who has done it, tells you.



Basil Rathbone's ideas on the subject are based on the most terrifying experience he has lived through. Prepare to have your hair stand on end!



Bela Lugosi has caused more shudders and chills than any man on the stage or screen and yet there's nothing supernatural in what he knows as real horror.



# THEY RIDE THE PICTURE PLAINS



Gene Autry, first and foremost, is Public Cowboy No. 1.

Believe it or not, Roy Rogers at one time wanted to be a dentist.

**BY ROBERT  
MCILWAIN**

WHEN THE box office scores were tabulated last season, it was discovered that, as a group, the cowboys and their hoss operas were "way up thar" as a group. You, the paying public, saw to that and good judgment it showed, too. For, there's no one more colorful than a cow gent, with his broad sombrero, bright neckerchief and stout boots. He spells thrills and adventure and the camera cowboy adds romance and glamor to an already daring, reckless character.

Take Gene Autry, Public Cowboy No. 1, for instance. Everybody from six to sixty shows up when Mr. Autry rides the picture plains for, besides galloping along the celluloid like a movie madman, Gene can sing. In fact, he sang his way into the movies. Way back "when," the lad warbled to the cattle on his Pa's ranch in Oklahoma. Thankless job—singin' to cows, but later on when he joined a medicine show, he was in tune while he dispensed cure-alls and patent medicines to the gullible.

It was not until 1930 that Gene became a professional singer. He landed a job on the radio out in Tulsa and was billed as "Oklahoma's Yodeling Cowboy" and four years later he was brought to the camera coast and starred in a serial called, "The Phantom Empire." Needless to say, the picture clicked and Mr. A. was all set for film fame. Champion, his world-famous horse, is almost equally famous. In fact, little Princess Elizabeth said that the thrill of her young life would arrive the day she was permitted to have a ride on Champion.

**Yippee! There's no one more colorful and**





Tex Ritter deserted the legal profession to become an actor.



Bill Boyd is known to his fans as "Hopalong Cassidy."

Tex Ritter, Monogram's cowboy star, deserted the legal profession to become an actor of outdoor dramas. Tex hails from Panola City, Texas, and learned to ride almost as soon as he learned to walk. As a kid, he rode the range with the best of 'em. He also learned the songs of the west.

Like his camera contemporary, Gene Autry, radio discovered this handsome six-footer who could toss off a mean ballad. Later he had a fling at Broadway and in 1936, our Mr. Ritter crashed the movies in a thriller named "Song of the Gringo." Tex is a modest lad. He simply doesn't react to praise and the day that will be his biggest will be the one on which he becomes owner of a cattle ranch. Meanwhile, his tangible pet idea is White Flash, his horse.

Believe it or not, Roy Rogers at one time wanted to be a dentist! And, it was only because his family met reverses that he isn't filling and yanking molars today. In 1928 he simply had to get out of school and earn a living at anything that would give him a weekly salary. It happened to be carving out soles in a shoe shop. Roy, like the other camera cowhands, had a voice and so he sang as he worked. In came a customer, out went Roy. The man had heard the lad sing and sent him off packing to—again—the radio. He warbled on a program called "Sons of the Pioneers." The group later made a personal appearance tour and it was while he appeared in the cinema capital that Roy was signed to play in a short subject, "Radio Scout."

However, it was not until two years ago that Rogers' first real movie chance came. He was put into a picture with Gene Autry and later signed to a long-term contract. You know the rest. Roy goes in heavily for outdoor sports. Golf, baseball and hunting come first and then there are occasional fishing trips.

Let's consider Cowboy William Boyd. Bill's western trail was a long and hard one. But he tramped it and to fame. He was attending school in Tulsa when both his parents died and he was left to face the world alone. He set out for the Pacific coast but only got as far as Arizona when he found himself flat broke. And so, he took a

job in a sawmill. Little by little he saved enough to get to California and, when he arrived, became a movie extra. After several years of "bit" parts, Cecil B. DeMille gave him a real break, after which Bill became in demand at all the big studios.

Finally he was chosen for the role of Hoppy, in the "Hopalong Cassidy" series and now he's on easy street and very happy about it all. He's married to a pretty girl named Grace Bradley and they live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley far from the "tinsel town."

ANOTHER WHO'S tops with his fans is Cowboy Bob Steele who, from the time he was able to walk and recite, demonstrated his theatrical ability. Things started popping in Bob's life a scant two years after his birth in Portland, Oregon, on January 23rd, 1906. The little tot, scarcely old enough to play with his toes, made his stage debut at the age of two with his father and earned quite a reputation for himself. He then toured for Fanchon and Marco in a comedy sketch, and was billed with his father as the Murdock Brothers.

When he was fourteen years old, he began his screen career under the Pathé banner making "The Adventures of Bill and Bob" with his twin brother, and emerged with laurels equal to those bestowed upon stars. Some time later, he signed with the Film Booking offices and made numerous western pictures, establishing himself as a well-known "he-man" of the wide, open spaces. Since that time, Bob has been cast in about sixty productions for some of the big studios.

As might be expected when you look at Bob, he has starred in all forms of athletic prowess. He is mad about horses and is a good polo player, too. He likes to watch a polo match if he can't play in it, or a championship tennis match. Bob will tell you that he heartily dislikes strict formalities of any kind; cannot abide off-stage acting, and doesn't care for people who use four-syllable words when unnecessary.

And now you know a little better the men who ride the picture plains. A hard-working, unassuming, outdoor-loving lot—or, are we wrong?

thrilling than the camera cowboy and here are your five foremost favorites



## HORROR MEN TALK ABOUT HORROR

(Continued from page 65)

induce in me the morbidities you may suppose. Much of the "credit" for horror should go to the make-up men of pictures, the unsung heroes of much of our "beauty" as well as much of our disfigurement. Gordon Barr, my make-up man, who wrestles with the Monster as neither Frankenstein nor his son have ever had to do, is largely responsible for the chills and fever I have given the world.

"To play a murderer, one does not have to be a murderer. Playing the macabre, living much of my life, as I certainly do, scarred, seamed, crippled or misshapen, as the case may be, does, if it does anything, arouse my imagination to an abnormal pitch. You cannot play abnormalities, disfigurements, distortions and mutilations of the flesh and brain, and just pull them out of the air. If you play a man with a third ear growing out of his forehead, you've got to think him out. You've got to invent his background. You've got to figure out his reactions to a world not composed of men with third ears.

SO that playing the characters I play does make me, possibly, more imaginative, more thoughtful than I would be if I played perfectly normal men. It is like the difference between travelling a main highway, paved, lighted, policed, and travelling a dark and jungle trail, where morasses, leprous trees, hidden ravines may trip or trap the path-finder.

"And so, I have thought on horror. I have given thought to what horror would most chillingly harrow up my soul, make my flesh creep and my hair stand on end. I say that horror is most horrible when it occurs in absolutely normal circumstances. If, for instance, you found someone's head under the sink in the kitchen where, ordinarily, you'd find a turnip—that is horror!

"To be physically repulsive and revolting to your fellow men, to walk, a pariah, among all peoples through no fault of your own, must be a bitter horror. Such a seam as I wear now, across my face, so that looking at me this way you do not see it, but turning my face suddenly, at this angle, you do see it and are smitten with a kind of terror like sickness. The cruel hideousness of Frankenstein's monster stalking a world of normal people. Anything that does not evoke the beneficent balm of pity is horror. We do not pity horror which is what makes it horror.

"Another horror is stone deafness. I really consider stone deafness the most horrible thing that could happen to me. I have listened to many people say that to them total blindness would be the Ultima Thule of horror. But stone deafness harks back to what I meant when I said that sheer horror is that which brings no pity. Blindness manifests itself and automatically demands and gets attention and sympathy. Stone deafness does not manifest itself and induces impatience and annoyance.

"I have heard a man, suddenly struck stone deaf, describe his experience. First, he senses fiery wheels going round and round in his bursting head—the whole world turning upside down. Then the curtain of absolute silence. He finds himself living in a world of puppets, making senseless, witless gesturings in his stony silence. Have you ever noticed the difference in disposition between one who is totally blind and one who is

stone deaf? The blind are habitually sunny and gay and high of spirit and ready of laughter. Their pain is manifest and so is leavened and sweetened with constant attention, sweet sympathy and understanding. The deaf are liable to be petulant, morose, low of spirit, because their trouble is not sweetened with sympathy.

Mr. Karloff laughed a little. He was called to the set. He turned his seamed face toward me and we said goodbye. He said, "So you can say for me that horror in normal surroundings, and pain without pity is the real horror."

Bela Lugosi, famed Dracula of stage and screen, purveyor of more shudders, creeps and chills than any man on stage or screen, gave me his idea of horror. A more practical, everyday, utilitarian brand of horror than that expressed by Mr. Rathbone or Mr. Karloff.

Bela Lugosi said, "I have just emerged out of a period in my life, a period of such horror as neither rattling bones, ghosts that walk, vampires that arise out of their graves, Dracula himself, nor Frankenstein's monster could possibly give me. I have felt my spine melt to jelly as I read 'The Beetle,' 'Singers of Fear,' 'The Turn Of The Screw,' famed among horror stories, but I could read them on my death-bed now and laugh as I read, by comparison with the horror I have known.

"Horror, to me, comes not from the other world but from this one. I did not work for two years," said Mr. Lugosi with such stark simplicity that the very skeleton of Fear rattled its lean, bared bones. "During that time I had a son. My first child. Horror, to me, is what I lived through during those two years. Horror, to me, is sitting, as I sat, night and day, day and night, by the telephone, thinking, 'Now comes the call . . . now . . . now . . . now!' Horror, to me, is knowing that if the call did not come, there would not be food in the ice-box, nor light nor heat nor a place for my unborn baby to lay his head, nor a roof over the head of his mother. There is no agony like it.

"Horror, to me, is losing our home as we did. Our home into which I had put all of my savings. Horror, to me, is learning that you cannot influence your Destiny. Horror, to me, is the reptilian sting of the knowledge of my own stupidity, my own lack of foresight, my be-

lief that because I had always worked, I would always work.

"I sat by the phone until I grew to the chair. I haunted, as Dracula himself could not have haunted, agents, studios, casting offices, places where Lugosi might profitably be seen, be remembered. Horror, to me, is the moving picture of myself, an actor, struggling for another chance, a contract, a week's work, a day's work, a bit, an extra job. And knowing that the more I struggled, the more frantic and therefore the more obvious my squirmings and gaspings, the more I was defeating my own ends. For horror is knowing that you won't find anybody to give you a hand when you are down. A down-and-out actor is already a ghost haunting the corridors where once he walked a star.

"At long last, you come home one day, as I came home, and your wife tells you that the call has come and the gates are opened again!

"No, I am not afraid of the supernatural. I am afraid only of the horror I have just described. Now horror, to me, concerns my baby. Horror that an automobile may pass over him when he is old enough to run about at play. Horror that a hand may snatch him from where he sleeps. Fear, of course, fear is what I am trying to say. Fear is horror. Not fear for one's self—fear for those you love better than yourself. Fear lest through your failure they may go hungry, go cold, go homeless or be hurt. Fear for those I love—that is what horror means to me."

WHAT did Lionel Atwill have to say of Horror? Mr. Atwill, whose pictured eyes can be so cold, whose mouth can twist with a thin, sardonic smile which does indeed forebode the worst, said, "Paralysis would be the real horror to me. It would be pretty horrible to have an arm or a leg torn off. But you cannot feel horror without imagination and at the time of such a fatality the imagination is paralyzed, ceases to function. Pain stultifies conscious thought. Horror is more mental than physical. Therefore, when the mental processes are frozen by pain, horror is held at bay."

"But paralysis, the body inactive, the brain over-active—paralysis where there is no pain, where the body reduced to futility, the brain must grow preternaturally voracious and strong and fat on the inutile body. This, to me, constitutes horror.

"Fear of the unknown is the strongest of the human emotions. We do not fear what we know, but only what we do not know. And, perversely, we all love Fear. As all men love Death, denying it. The love of fear is why horror pictures are so overwhelmingly popular, why men and women devour murder mysteries. Any librarian will tell you that she cannot feed her customers horrors and murders fast enough. We all enjoy what I call the 'safe goose pimples' that seeing horror pictures and reading murder mysteries give us. For at such times we can pull ourselves together with a snap and say 'I am really safe in the theatre,' or 'I am really snug in bed with the night light going.'

"But paralysis," said Mr. Atwill, with a rare Atwillian shudder, "is my real symbol of horror."

Now, I have brewed you a broth of real horror. Can you take it?



The "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" gal, Mary Martin, makes her screen debut in "The Great Victor Herbert."



# DO THEY DISLIKE EACH OTHER?

(Continued from page 63)

one of her many fellow feminine players. Virginia's answer to the question is a kindly one, fair enough, too, as far as it goes. She says that the girls are not friends because they haven't time to be or rather their times-to-be don't coincide. In other words, when Hedy Lamarr is working, Virginia is not working; when Virginia is working, Hedy isn't and so on. Fair enough as far as it goes, but there *was* the day when I beheld each little star seated in her own little orbit. And there are those lone lunch hours "enjoyed" by Brenda Joyce and Linda, Brenda Marshall and Jane. No, Virginia, it isn't good enough.

So now you have it. Now you know as much as I do about whether Hollywood actresses hate each other or not. Under cross examination I would say that I don't think they hate each other. They are not enemies. They have few, if any, personal vendettas. They seldom, if ever, clash over the same man, because they seldom, if ever, come into close enough contact for such sparks to fly.

But on the other hand, I'd say that they don't love each other, either. I would say that they live, and let live, in a state of armed neutrality.

Brenda may have the answer to the question when she says it is all too big and they are afraid. Paulette may have the solution when she says that women talk too much and so they do not talk at all to each other. Intensive rivalry in a furiously competitive field may tell the story. But I am inclined to believe that a famed and brilliant male star found the answer when he said, "Women stars are never friends with other women stars because two highly charged bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time and survive!"

I vote for that solution. Imagine trying to keep up with a Loy, a Davis, a Garbo. Then imagine a Davis, a Loy, a Lombard keeping up with each other!



**PLEASE  
DON'T MAKE  
ME TAKE  
NASTY  
MEDICINE  
FOR MY COLD!**

## MOTHER! Constant Dosing is Liable to Upset a Delicate Stomach, Lower Resistance!

**E**XPERIENCED mothers know how often constant dosing upsets delicate little stomachs, thus reducing resistance when it is most needed.

Benefit by their experience. If your child has a miserable cold, head stuffed up, breathing passages irritated, and there is coughing, muscular soreness or tightness—do what 3 out of 5 American mothers do. Use the *external* poultice-and-vapor treatment—the home-approved treatment—specially developed for children—Vicks VapoRub.

Massage the throat, chest and back with Vicks VapoRub.

Notice how it starts to relieve distress.

**ACTS 2 WAYS AT ONCE.** VapoRub stimulates like an old-fashioned warming poultice. At the same time its pleasing medicinal vapors are breathed direct into the cold-irritated air passages.

For hours, this double poultice-and-vapor action continues. It invites refreshing sleep. Often, in the morning, most of the misery of the cold is gone. No wonder Vicks VapoRub is the approved treatment in 3 out of 5 homes all over America. *So Why Experiment?*



**VICKS  
VAPORUB**

*Ideal for Children . . .*

*Just as Good for Adults*



Torch-singer Ethel Merman will desert Hollywood for a while to appear in a sparkling Broadway musical, "Du Barry Was a Lady."



Phil Regan is another movie name that will be in the show. It's a Cole Porter number so we know it'll be first-class stuff.



Not satisfied with the parts the movie moguls hand her, Betty Grable, too, is going to try her luck with the "Du Barry" gang.



## THEY MADE HER WHAT SHE IS TODAY

(Continued from page 29)

Class B pictures for Miss Sheridan complacently giving credit to any such commodity as oomph.

"Paramount thought I was so good," Miss Sheridan remarked ironically, "they let me work out my contract in bit parts. And when I was free as the air of any contractual entanglements on that lot, it's strange how all the dozens of screen tests I took in every studio didn't impress executives. It looked for a long time as though I just wasn't movie material. Then I was signed by Warners and I had more months to renew associations among bit players and Class B actresses.

"But they came through just in time," Ann said, and in her voice was all the remembering of how long she'd been discouraged and how often it looked like she'd never get up into the featured ranks in such productions as have premieres.

"I sure waited long enough, honey," was the way she added up her term of obscure apprenticeship.

It was "Angels With Dirty Faces," in the lead opposite Jimmy Cagney, that really altered Annie's Hollywood record. Her strangely attractive eyes that change color light up enthusiastically when she mentions Mr. Cagney.

"He was grand to me while we made that one," she said. "I was so nervous about everything, especially when busloads of tourists peeped in through the door as we rehearsed. There was one scene where I had to slap Jimmy pretty hard and I think we went over that part dozens of times before they finally shot the scene. Anyhow, I spent all day slapping him and he had a headache by the time they thought I'd gotten it right."

"I don't mind your hitting me so much as long as we get the scene right," Jimmy would tell her.

And as Miss Sheridan added, "All through the picture he'd take me off to the side and help me rehearse my part until he felt I was doing as well as I was able to."

ANNIE doesn't live in Denton, Texas, any more. But her three sisters and her mother do. And are they proud of her! Especially the older sister who sent her picture into the Paramount "Search for Beauty" Contest seven years ago, a contest which Miss Sheridan won and which took her to Hollywood. Only she was Clara Lou Sheridan until she appeared in the picture.

As Clara Lou, Annie was one of the belles at Texas North State Teachers' College for the two years she attended, gleaning educational credits that would get her a teacher's job in Dallas.

One day, the school's most beautiful redhead was up in a dance studio where she and other students took lessons. Waiting her turn, she hummed a few bars of "Mood Indigo."

"Sing that through for me!" a stranger standing nearby ordered the self-conscious college girl. Obediently she went through the whole thing in her husky, engaging voice.

"You get the job!" the stranger announced portentously. "The job" proved to be soloist with a little orchestra that played all the college dances around Texas. Miss Sheridan held it until Paramount paid her fare to California.

It's nice to have a sister who thinks you're beautiful enough to enter a contest and who obligingly sends your por-

trait in, especially as you wouldn't think of doing it yourself. Most winners seem to have one. Anyhow, Miss Sheridan did. While Annie was busy crooning choruses with the college band, her older sister entered her in the Paramount beauty race and Miss Sheridan was chosen from the Texas entrants.

"There were thirty of us—all beauty contest winners from all over the world, brought to Hollywood for the 'Search for Beauty' picture," Ann recalls. "We were put up at the Roosevelt Hotel and every one of us believed we'd be stars in a few months. Only four of us were kept on after the film was completed. But the bits I was given for three years seemed to indicate they'd regretted their bargain in signing me. The roles were that bad.



Meet Ingrid Bergman, the excellent Swedish actress who made her debut in "Intermezzo!" She's in Sweden now, but we hope she returns to Hollywood soon.

"I was still so hopeful that when I finished at Paramount I thought it was merely a matter of testing at another studio to be signed up again."

Alas, Miss Sheridan had to learn the hard way. A year of what is called free-lancing, which may also break down into huge slices of payless vacations, followed for her.

"If you ask me what's the worst thing happened to me in Hollywood—that's it!" Annie admitted when alluding to the free-lancing era of her young movie life.

Then came the contract with Warners bringing more unimportant parts until somebody decided that not only was Ann Sheridan beautiful but she could act. So they teamed her with Cagney, which

was a break any girl would send up thanks for. Afterwards the glamorous Ann was loaned out for "Winter Carnival," a subject about which she is quite reticent—though privately opinionated. She just mentions in passing that it didn't turn out as she planned.

"Angels Wash Their Faces" was made after that, before the oomph girl title was bestowed on Annie. And the coronation made her what she is today. She hopes everybody's satisfied. Her fans are. It took several policemen to hold the hundreds of gaping admirers in check every time she emerged from the stage door around a Broadway corner.

Watching her move along gracefully, with a veil thrown carelessly over her curly red hair; her creamy skin as smooth as gardenia petals, her eyes sparkling and her voluptuous lips parted in a smile, it is easy to see why her bosses thought they had darn good material for an oomph girl. There's a vitalic essence of youth about her, in spite of her off-hand breeziness, which some of the older movie stars would give a lot to have. She's the sort of a girl who can look beautiful and wholesomely healthy even with a bad cold.

"Have you met little Gwennie?" is usually one of the questions Ann Sheridan asks during any prolonged conversation. There's an un-cinematic friendliness in her voice when she says it.

BACK in the girlhood days in Denton, Texas, Ann Sheridan had a chum. They played games together, told each other secrets, did their homework at one of the two houses. And later went to dances in their own group from the small town near Dallas. The other girl's name was Gwendolyn Woodford and her present address is Ann's English house in the Valley, miles beyond Hollywood.

Gwennie's official title is Secretary to Miss Sheridan but they're still inseparable friends, after sixteen years. Where Annie goes, Gwennie goes, also. She made the trip east with her famous chum, and fortunately likes the same things Ann does—dancing, especially the rhumba; swimming and, since the Sheridan pay checks became larger, shopping for new clothes. They're both dreaming about a vacation in Mexico City and they both have lots of beaux.

They used to live in a Monterey house but just before Ann started her personal appearance trip, they were moved into the English home on a hillside, a charming place that is built on the upgrade, like its owner's 1940 fortunes.

Annie goes in for simple tailored daytime clothes but splurges on her evening gowns which are eye-compelling creations along strictly glamorous lines.

When Miss Sheridan was reminded that the New York columnists had developed a ten-day habit of coupling her name romantically with Anatole Litvak, Annie laughed heartily.

"If it weren't Mr. Litvak, it would be somebody else," was all she would answer. Though a lot of bon vivants around Manhattan were loudly envious of the movie director who was, until not so long ago, married to Miriam Hopkins.

Annie can't remember her first beau, nor her first party. But, then, there were a lot of both in the Texas college years. And, if she hasn't been escorted nightly by dozens of Hollywood's famous men, it's been those occasions when Annie preferred to curl up with a good book.



## MADELEINE CARROLL WANTS CHILDREN

(Continued from page 57)

While she's working on a picture, the English star lives in her beach house at Santa Monica. She was born near the sea, not far from Birmingham, England. Her real name is O'Carroll and as such she was known when she was a student in Birmingham University. Even there, in her first years she fought for scholastic honors only because they would give her a better chance to make money. Teaching—or whatever job she could get—was to be her tool for financial independence. She won her bachelor of arts degree and obtained a teaching position in Brighton. But the director of a Birmingham Stock company offered her a place with his troupe and, while her father protested vehemently, she deserted the schoolmarm ranks.

When Madeleine finally determined on a theatrical career, she invaded London with less than ten dollars in her purse. She ate only when she was so hungry it was an absolute necessity and made her meager funds last until she got a job. She was on top of the world, she thought, when she made fifteen dollars a week in a small role touring the provinces with a company of "The Lash."

LATER, before success came, she got odd jobs modeling. She still remembers what it was like to walk miles of London streets because she didn't have tram fare. Her first film break came when she was given a part in a film drama called "Guns of Loos," and after that came almost a half year of idling and job-hunting again. The picture when released, did not cause a stir, nor did Miss Carroll wake up after its premiere to find herself famous. Eventually she did play in the "The First Born" which Myles Mander directed and which evoked her first fan mail. From then on, her workless months were ended. One season she had four of her pictures presented in London simultaneously.

It was while Miss Carroll was a rising star in London that she met the important Philip Astley who, like many another man in the British capital, fell head over heels in love with the new favorite. They were married in an Italian village with only the townspeople as witnesses and it looked auspiciously as though the marriage would be a lifetime thing. Only Miss Carroll came to Hollywood, Captain Philip Astley stayed in London and soon came the rumors that the separation was to be made permanent.

When, or if, an annulment comes, perhaps Miss Carroll may then have decided with whom she'll have a second try at marriage. But by then, she hopes she'll be through with acting and financially equipped to meet retirement and the future with no fear that ever again will she know what it is to go hungry.

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Please send me your up-to-date chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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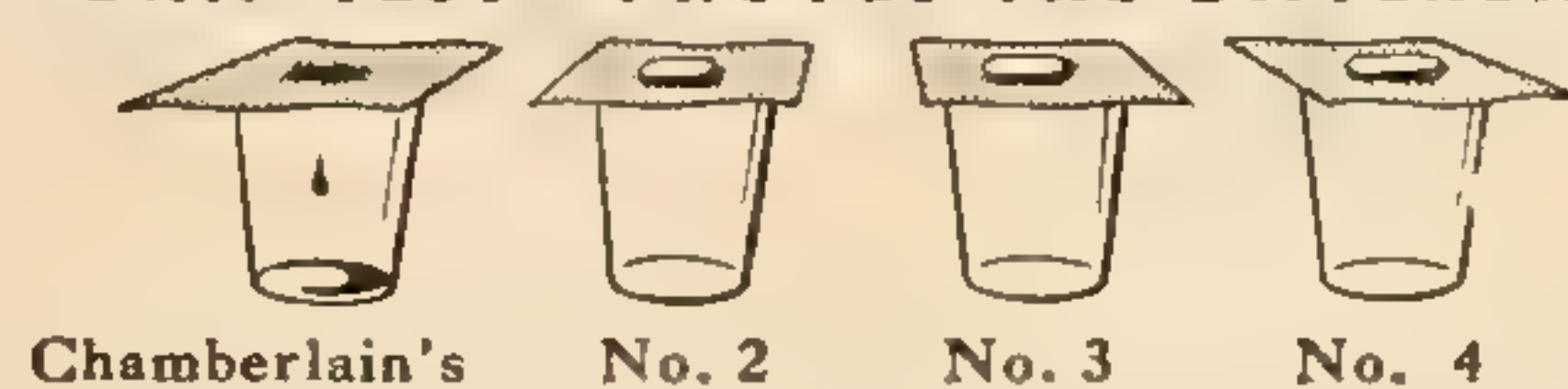
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Picture of a glamor girl in an off-guard moment. Marlene Dietrich is making her return to the screen in "Destry Rides Again," a western of all things. It looks as if the wide open spaces are a bit hard on the tootsies!





## THE NEW JOAN CRAWFORD

(Continued from page 41)

dressing table, applying false eyelashes with the dexterity of long years of practice. "Look at these," she snorted. "Glamor! I could have given them a title for their articles. 'Joan Crawford Is Through Being a Glamor Girl.' I'm so fed up with glamor that some day I'm going to walk down Hollywood Boulevard to a preview with my hair in kid curlers and no make-up on, and scare the daylights out of everybody."

It seems that she and the executive powers differed as to the kind of parts she ought to play. "Glamor girls," said the Powers. "No glamor girls," said Joan.

She puts her case this way, "I'm not ungrateful for what the studio has done for me. They taught me everything I know. They've done miracles with me. But I came here when I was a baby. They put me in rompers, which was all right then. Now I'm ready for a party dress. I want to be allowed to outgrow rags-to-riches pictures. I'm sick of fairy tales, and so are the people who go to see me. I wanted stories like 'Ethan Frome' and 'Dark Victory.' People have grown past the stage where they're satisfied to be fed on milk and water. Life's too full of heartbreak, especially now. We can't close our eyes to it any longer. Put it on the screen, and it not only helps you to solve your own problems, but it gives you courage to face your own tragedies. And from the purely selfish point of view," she added grimly, "it would give me a chance to answer the who-says-Joan-Crawford-can-act school."

But the first part she fought for was in a comedy called, "The Women." The studio thought she was crazy.

"Crystal's too small for you, Joan."

"It may be small, but it can be made outstanding."

"It's unsympathetic from start to finish. Not a redeeming feature in the gal."

"Look," said Joan. "I want a good picture, that's what I want, and I want it more than anything else. I can't seem to get a prestige picture on my own. All right then, I'll sneak in on somebody else's. May I go out to see Mr. Stromberg and ask for the part?"

They shrugged. "Sure. Go ahead."

They didn't take her seriously. She

was a star. Though every scene of Crystal's was unforgettably etched in acid, the role wasn't Crawford-size. True, they had used her once before with such names as Garbo and Barrymore. But that had been "Grand Hotel," an all-star picture. This was supposed to be a vehicle for Norma Shearer.

Suddenly, as news of "The Women" spread abroad—its novel theme, its brilliant lines, its fat roles—others began to clamor to get in on it. The studio soon began to wonder if they didn't have another all-star production on their hands. Or at any rate, triple-star. Maybe Joan was right.

Meantime, Joan was planted on the doorstep of the producer. She couldn't help a wry smile as she thought, "I feel as if I were on my first job. This is how I got my first job—by haunting producers' offices."

JOAN was cast as Crystal. Her exit line in the movie runs something like this: "There's a name for you ladies, but it isn't used in polite society—outside of a kennel." The name was appropriate to Crystal. Joan played her that way, hard as nails. She asked no sympathy for the character, and got none. "She has courage," said people who have never been Crawford enthusiasts, "even if it's the courage of desperation."

Whether the performance has helped her to regain lost ground, it's too soon to tell. The studio may have been right in its first reluctance to have her play it. The fans may not relish the sight of their Joan as a vulgar husband-thief. On the other hand, Bette Davis was launched into triumph by a Mildred as disagreeable as Joan's Crystal.

"I'm not afraid to start all over again from scratch," Joan said. "I'm not afraid of any parts but the sappy ones. So long as the bone has a scrap of meat attached, I'll grab it."

"I've never considered myself the great mogul. If you do, and then take a tumble, it's hard on you. I've had my eyes open to the danger of falling ever since I hit a spot high enough to fall from."

"I've tried not to take flattery seriously. There's plenty of it, as I don't have to tell you, on the way up—a little less on

the way down. I'm human. I'm pleased when people say nice things about me. But I don't swallow sugar wholesale. I eat what's good for me, discard the rest."

"So I have no delusions of grandeur about myself. I can still sweep and clean house. I can still wash my own clothes and stick them on the windowpane to dry, if I have to." The hand that held the lipstick dropped, and her lips tightened as she added, "But I won't have to."

"I'll fight like fury. I'll be in everybody's hair. Every time I hear someone has a good picture, I'll be in there asking for a part and yelling till I get it. One actress on this lot turned down 'Susan and God,' because she didn't want to play a mother. I'll play Wally Beery's grandmother if the old lady has fire."

"And whatever I play, it'll be with my whole heart, if it's just one line. The point isn't merely to pick up my pay check on Saturday. I'm not saying the money isn't important. I'm saying the work is more important. I can't live without work. I'm not a movie star. I'm a woman with a job, and I've got to make good at that job, or else."

Since then, Joan has been assigned to the feminine lead opposite Clark Gable in "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep." She's not playing Wally Beery's grandmother nor a part overshadowed by others, but a starring role with the industry's No. 2 box office draw.

Whether she yelled till she got it, we wouldn't be knowing. Most front offices are proof against yelling. Even the contract, which still has five years to run, wouldn't wholly account for this last move. There are ways of getting round contracts. Warners tried to starve Kay Francis out by putting her into B pictures. The fact that Joan has been cast in a major production with Hollywood's top male star would indicate that the studio's faith has been strengthened by her performance in "The Women."

Will their faith be vindicated?

Joe Pasternak, that astute producer, once said: "No studio, no executive, no director ever made a star. It's Susie Doakes, paying her quarter at the window, who makes or breaks a movie star."

Which puts it squarely up to you, Susie Doakes. To you and Joan.



These are some of the six-inch people of Lilliput in the Max Fleischer full-length color cartoon of Swift's famous "Gulliver's Travels."



They manage to make a captive of their ship-wrecked giant visitor, but when he frightens away an invading fleet, they knight him.



Gulliver has his hands full helping the little people and bringing the romance of Princess Glory and Prince David to a happy ending.



## THE RETURN OF ROZ

(Continued from page 52)

only give me some scrambled eggs and shut up," she shrieks. But somehow they seldom think of that.

Miss R. has, as she puts it, a bunch of sisters and brothers. She is inordinately proud of them. She plays herself down and them up. To hear her tell it, they're the most accomplished human beings extant. And probably she has something there.

She'd like to direct and our bet is that some day, some how, she will. She knows story values and ability at a long range. In fact, very little escapes her. She admires Bette Davis' acting and likes her tremendously personally. Spencer Tracy is her favorite actor and the attractive, unattached male in general serves as her escort. She claims that she makes more of a hit with eastern men "because they don't mind a dame evincing a few brains" than the western variety, where a gal is supposed to be ultra feminine and do a lot of languishing.

You might not like Roz—but we can't imagine *that*—yet you'd never be bored. For she has so much vitality and is so spontaneous that she's a surprise a minute. And now, Roz returns, and in a good picture, with even better ones to come.

## SHE'S A REBEL

(Continued from page 33)

on how to run up a romance! In the first place, I've learned there's little to be gained by asking friends what they'd do. Discussing your problems, except most casually, makes for insincerity. To keep up her side of the friendship your confidante will attempt to soothe you. I make up my own mind and if I choose unwisely I'll know better next time. Besides, no one's going to be on tap all of the time to help you.

"Women chit-chat so much about a 'line.' I have no particular line with men. You don't need one. I never bother to scheme out a conversation ahead, for it'd be dreadful rather than glamorous when the pauses came. No, if a man doesn't like you as you actually are, he'll walk out when he discovers you had to pose to be good company.

"Women can get a woman into such messes, if you let them lead you around. Women have said to me at parties, 'Loretta, why don't you take that handsome man away from So-and-So? You could, you know, dear!' I am not flattered. Any female can be that sort.

**I** DON'T believe in the legend of love at first glance, often as it's told me. It isn't for me, at any rate. Because I have been in love, and it's not been a sudden miracle. I've grown into love. That is my way.

"And indifference will never seem clever to me. It doesn't make a man fascinating to me. If a man isn't friendly the first time we're introduced I'll never see him again long enough to stumble onto his hidden qualities.

"I still regret the one big lie I was argued into telling a man. A woman friend of mine was positive I couldn't be perfectly sincere with a man with whom I wanted to break up. He wouldn't forgive me if I were honest, she claimed. I was silly enough to believe that. So I told him I couldn't see him any more because I was in love with someone else.

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Mystic is a pure white cream, acts quickly, vanishes at once, and is not the least bit sticky or greasy. Sold at drug, department and ten cent stores everywhere . . . 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ sizes.



**MYSTIC** Cream

FAMOUS FOR HANDS

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A line certainly failed then. For two months later, when he'd had time to find out I wasn't even going out with another man, he called me up and asked why I'd lied to him. I tried to explain. 'You evidently hadn't much confidence in me,' he said. 'I didn't deserve a lie, did I?' He was still hurt, after all my fumbling to explain. I see him occasionally and, believe me, I am still ashamed.

"I think it's foolish to proclaim, 'I'm frank and honest at any cost!' For the girl who's so proud of being frank is very liable to lose her delicacy, her femininity. That attitude makes her cold. And the one thing I don't rebel against is being a woman. It's not brilliant to forget that we were, after all, designed to be men's mates. I remember informing a man that I had faults. I must have been on a soap-box. 'Why, I'm losing faith in you!' he declared. 'Be truthful but diplomatic' has been my motto since.

"I make it plain that I expect a lasting, and certainly a mutually loyal, marriage. I don't want a fair-weather husband. I object to dictation from any man, meanwhile. I am a free agent until I'm engaged or married. I'll fall in love with a man for his faults, even though it's traditional to think only of his virtues. I do count on marrying, for a home and children are normal for any woman, regardless of whether or not she's wanted any kind of a career. But, contrary to all speculation, I'm not wasting away because I haven't a husband today!

"The reason I've been rumored engaged year after year is because reporters assume we're engaged here in Hollywood after two dates in a row.

"I won't continue to go with any man if I realize that we're becoming too intrigued and that marriage is out of the question for us. The sophisticates decree that the woman should go on being 'just

friends' after an emotional breaking-off. Whoever figured that one out is a bit super-human. I know that a clean, complete break is the only climax if you can't go on to marriage.

**C**ERTAINLY I dallied with the romantic idea of being a martyr. But the only real satisfaction I've known has come from doing my best. So long as I know I'm sincere, my life can't be ruined. Some women prefer everything smooth on top and make their lives seem so by lying. I'm not proud of my errors, but when I get up in the morning I don't have to put on a mask for the world.

"I don't agree with that proverb, 'Live today without thought of tomorrow, for it will take care of itself.' That's stupid to me, for it won't. Anyway, I have to have goals.

"I'm free-lancing now. I refused to sign another long-term contract because I know what being on continual studio call is like. My whole life was geared up like a streamline train. It was rush, rush, rush, and I'd have burned myself out if I'd kept it up. I lost friends as fast as I got acquainted because there was too little time between pictures. I had only two real trips in thirteen years, and then I had to absolutely quit and walk out in spite of legal warnings."

Loretta hopes to do three extra-good films a year henceforth, instead of twice that many on a steady grind. "I'm an awful rebel in their eyes for deciding not to work so strenuously, but dumb as it may seem I want to have more time to enjoy living!

"But why should I give advice? I don't think any girl will pay any attention to me, nor that she can profit by any experiences but her own. No, I'm not cynical. I'm simply more emotional than logical myself! She may be, too."



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No. 1535—Combining colors and stitches makes this blouse different.

**GET OUT** those knitting needles and let's go, gals, for here are two new patterns to tempt the best of you! If life isn't worth living with you unless results come fast, try the streamlined cardigan above. Made of a soft, light-weight yarn on large needles, it grows faster than weeds. And that vertical accent in its pattern pares you down like magic! Wear it over dresses or with any of your suit skirts. We'll bet you'll make six of 'em each in a different shade.

If you have a little more patience, try the blouse at the left. The body and sleeves are knitted in one color angora wool, while the yoke and borders are crocheted in a contrasting shade of the same yarn. It's trim and yet very feminine in its soft detail.

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Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.



# HEAVENLY HARD GUY

(Continued from page 27)

Community Playhouse. He got up in the middle of the night to haul vegetables around the big city markets. In the afternoon, during the racing season, he gunned the expensive cars of the movie stars around the vast parking lot at Santa Anita. When Bob first met Gary Cooper on the "Beau Geste" set, he said he felt like piping "Check, please." The last time they had bumped into each other was at the Santa Anita auto park.

At any rate, to tuck up a long story, Gilmor Brown, the Community Playhouse mentor, tutored him into a fair country actor, though oddly enough, he always seemed to end up wearing a muff or playing an old, old man. Under age in real life, but one foot in the grave on the stage—that was Bob. He might be there still, hiding his light under a bushel of spinach, acting by night and fertilizing by day, if the new masses hadn't got around to him, in the form of the Screen Actors Guild.

They suddenly put a ban on professional actors playing in amateur productions for no pay and Bob found himself plunked at the last minute, like Frank Merriwell, into the star's part of "Idiot's Delight." There's always a Hollywood talent scout in the Pasadena Playhouse audience, and while Bob was no Alfred Lunt or even Clark Gable doing his off-to-Buffalo, the Paramount talent hawk didn't exactly fall asleep in his chair. On the contrary, after the show he hotfooted it backstage and lured Bob with fancy talk about Paramount, Hollywood and a career in the movies. Bob was nineteen at the time.

THERE have been some high hurdles for Bob Preston to take between then and now. The first was the "truck driver" episode, when he almost poked away his chances with an angry fist. Then, when he had tamed his temper and Paramount had changed its mind, he had to take a Marathon test with enough film footage for a feature picture before they decided to give him a contract. And just as that decision arrived, he actually got a chance to go to Broadway and open in a new play. It took a lot of nerve to turn that down, but Bob did, and he thanks his lucky stars the crystal ball came out right. Because the play lasted about as long as a pork chop in Harlem, while Paramount is still open for business, and Robert Preston is Paramount's favorite son.

Cecil B. DeMille tags Bob as the best male star prospect the movies have had for many a semester. In his own opinion, Bob will take his job in "Union Pacific" as the best thing he's done to date, though he's since Beau Gested with Gary Cooper and Typhooned with Dorothy Lamour.

He's kept extensive notes in his little black book about them both, too—just to convince his old Lincoln Heights sidekicks that he's handling a man's job. For, as I said, the public opinion of Lincoln Heights still comes first.

He can tell 'em, if they get noseey, about the 110 degree days on the burning Arizona desert sands when he lugged Gary Cooper, Brian Donlevy and Ray Milland, no lightweights, around on his neck; about the sandstorm, the scorpions, the rattlesnakes, the saddle sores and all the Spartan location details of making "Beau Geste." Or he can go very thoroughly into the thirteen foot sharks fish-

ermen were pulling out of the Catalina bay, right next to where he was doing his swimming for "Typhoon." Or the scrambling around he had to do in a tree-top forty feet or so above *terra firma* or, worst of all, his encounters with a belligerent chimpanzee, one "Skippy," who starred in the picture quite as much as Bob or Dorothy.

SKIPPY is the monk who effected a combination body-slam and haymaker on Dorothy Lamour from which she's still limping around. But he was just playing then. He really worked out on Bob, up in the tree house where Skippy knew his way around. Once, he waited until Bob was helpless sliding down on a jungle elevator they'd rigged up with vine cables. Then Skippy opened with Bob's face as a punching bag. Another time the chimp nipped Bob on the hand. "Just relax," his trainer counseled Bob sweetly. "He wants to be friends. Put your hand out again and he'll kiss it and make it well." Bob's heart moved within him and he stuck out his paw. The next minute he was yelling "Yeeooooow!" Skippy made sure that the second chew went down to the bone.

On the high life side, the circus is about as strenuous a social program as Robert Preston cares to undertake in Hollywood as yet. The gay whirl of Movieland is still all very new to him and a little frightening. He did get to the Trocadero a night or two, as he grins, "Just to see how the other half lives." His comment afterwards was to the point: "It costs too much," said Bob.

Bob hasn't any too much money yet to toss around in the fleshpots, even if he cared to. He never sees his check. His mother takes it, gives him what he needs and plants the rest in annuities for him. He still lives with the folks, in a modest apartment. He drives the same car he always did and he hasn't half the clothes that his stand-in has.

But it isn't the money that stops him there. It's just the fact that Robert Preston looks and feels a whole lot better in a sport shirt and slacks than he does in a dinner jacket. He's not cut out for the fancy life. He's a meat and potato boy. He has one real girl, a Los Angeles school teacher, who is his sweetheart of long standing, and Bob isn't planning any changes in the romance department. His several dates with Dorothy Lamour were practically inevitable after the tragi-comic location ordeal of "Typhoon," but it's strictly a pals proposition.

Bob is a rabid football fan, he haunts the midget auto races and the baseball park, and of course, has a permanent ringside seat for the Friday night Hollywood fight cards.

The other night Bob sat there and watched two leather pushers slug it out on the canvas above him. One was a curly-headed kid, young in years but bearing the familiar scars of a long ring career. A slight shudder went through Bob Preston's big frame as he rose and trailed out of the stadium. He was thinking that, all in all, he was a mighty lucky Lincoln Heights guy, that the movies weren't so bad after all.

The curly-headed has-been prizefighter looked too much like what Bob Meservy might have been for comfort. "There, but for the grace of Hollywood..." muttered Bob Preston. And he meant it.

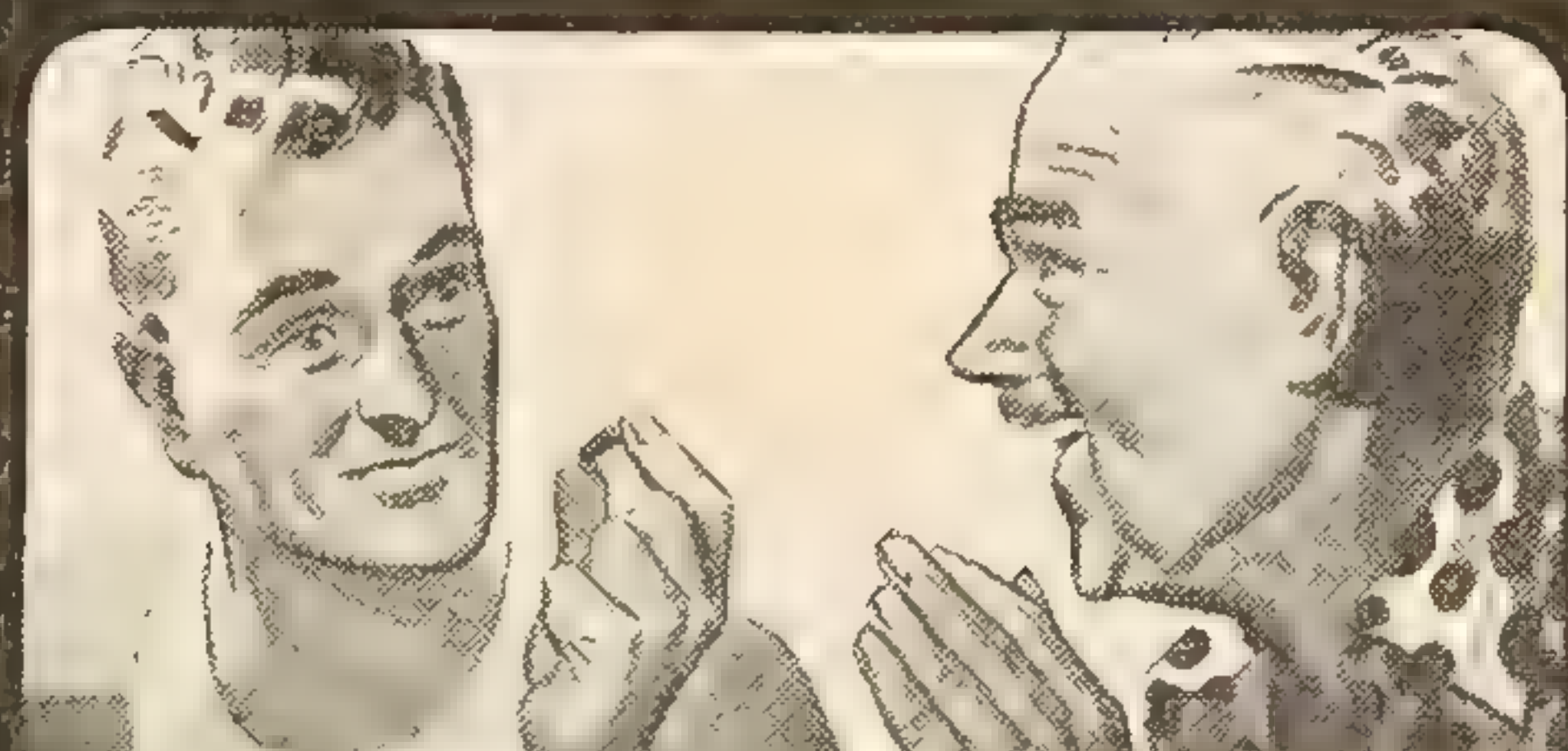
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MR. A.: Ex-Lax? That's what we give the youngsters. What I need is dynamite!

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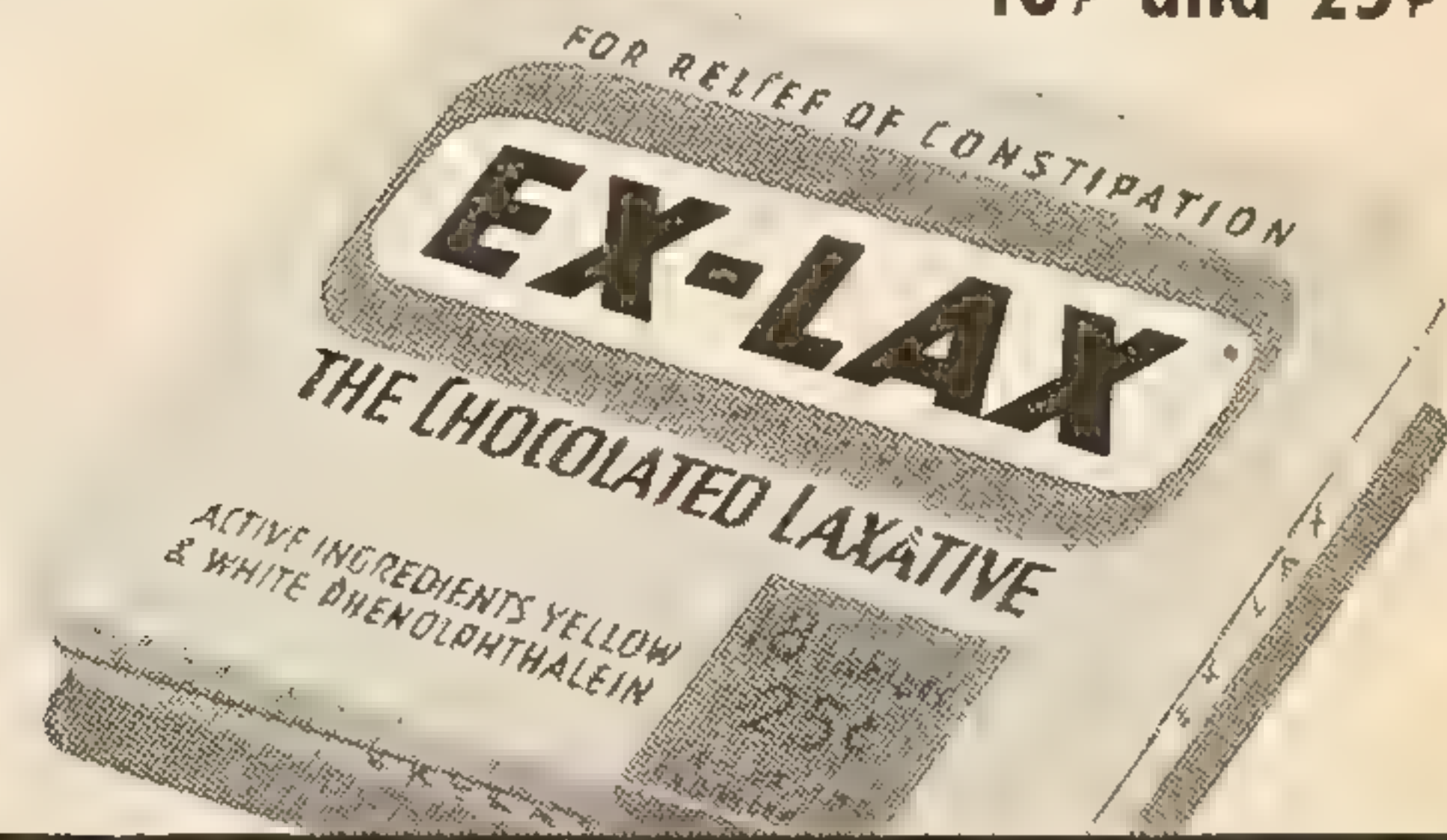


MR. A.: Boy, I feel like a million this morning! That Ex-Lax sure is great stuff!

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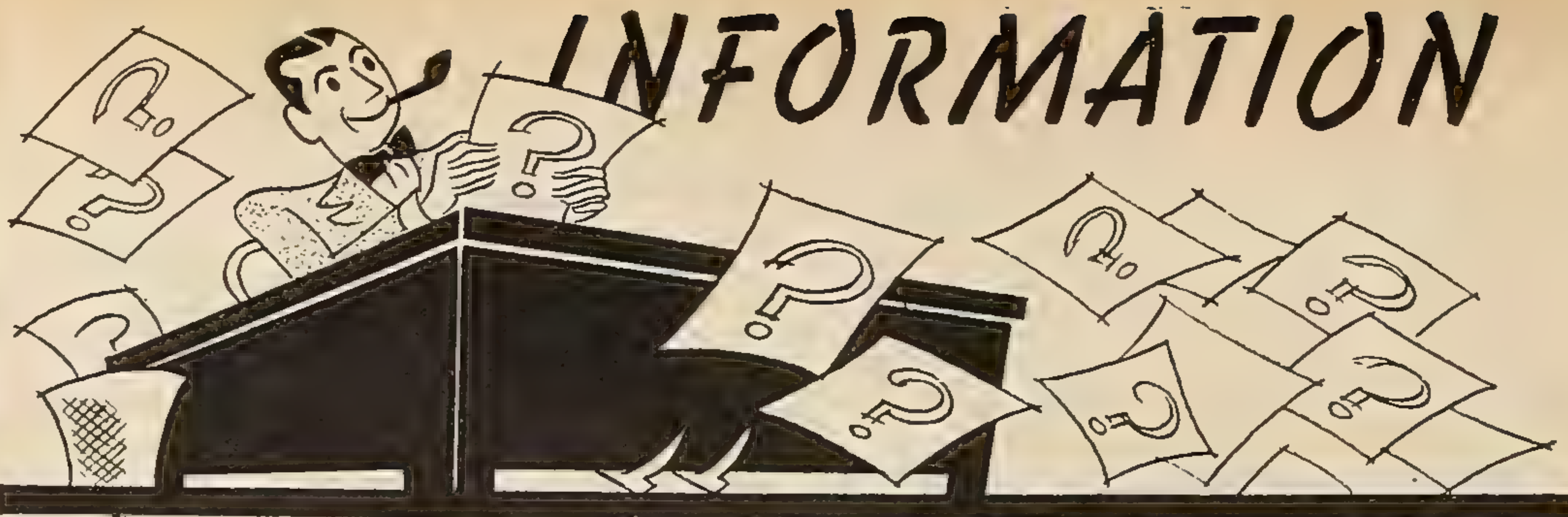
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## You ask the questions about your favorites—



**GRETA GARBO:** It was Greta Gustafson's modeling a hat for a Stockholm, Sweden department store that really started things happening. When their father's death left them penniless, the Gustafson family had to get busy.

Though Greta was only fourteen years old, she got a job in a millinery department—but not for long. One day her picture appeared in an ad and she was immediately signed to appear in a trade film on hats. A Swedish comedy director looking for new talent, saw the film, liked this slim, young girl and cast her in a movie called "Erick, the Tramp." During this time she was studying and doing some acting with the Dramatic School of the Royal Theatre in Stockholm and had decided she wanted to be a great actress. Circumstances kept rushing her toward her goal. Mauritz Stiller, Sweden's best director, snapped her up at this point, changed her name

to Garbo and starred her in "The Atone-ment of Gosta Berling." Her European reputation was made! Then Hollywood stepped in. M-G-M scouts discovered her and she was immediately imported. These were the silent days so the fact that she could not speak English was no drawback. Her first American picture was "The Tor-rent" and then followed the pictures with John Gilbert that made her the symbol of exotic romance. The talkies arrived and everyone thought Garbo was through. But she had learned to speak English fluently in six months, and remember the excitement when "Garbo spoke" for the first time in "Anna Christie?" Now, after a long European vacation, she is making her debut as a comedienne in "Ninotchka." Naturally shy and timid, Garbo makes very few social appearances. When she does sally forth, she is seldom recognized in her shapeless felt hats and rough-tweeds. A born athlete, she is fond of sun-baths, swimming and yachting. See the review of "Ninotchka" on page 10.



**EDWARD ARNOLD** wanted to be an actor ever since he was a kid. His real name is Guenther Schneider and he was born in New York City on Feb. 18th, 1890 of German parents. Unfortunately, his father died before he was

fifteen and he was forced to leave school and work for a living. He accepted odd jobs, such as in a jeweler's shop, sold newspapers, acted as bell-hop and finally as an oiler in the engine room at Columbia University. By this time, Edward had finally made up his mind that he wanted a career in the motion picture industry, preferably behind a camera or in some branch of the production end, and he bent all his energies toward this end. First, he became a member of the famous Ben Greet Players, graduating to plays with Maxine Elliott and Ethel Barrymore. Later he joined stock companies and, after eleven years of experience on the

road and a small part in a silent picture in 1916, made his debut on Broadway in 1919 in "The Storm." While playing a roadhouse presentation of "Whistling In The Dark," he was noticed by a movie scout, who signed him to a movie contract. Edward studies his roles at home and everywhere else, often repeating his lines to himself right in the middle of someone's perfectly good conversation. He likes current novels and spends most of his spare time reading. He has traveled extensively and would like to live in Southern France. To keep fit he does nothing unusual but indulges in his favorite sports, tennis and lots of horseback riding. His performance in "Mr. Smith Goes To Wash-ington" is first-rate and something you shouldn't miss. Arnold is five feet, eleven inches from head to toe, and weighs two hundred pounds. He is married to Olive Emerson, concert soprano, and has three children from a previous marriage. You'll find a review of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" on page 10.



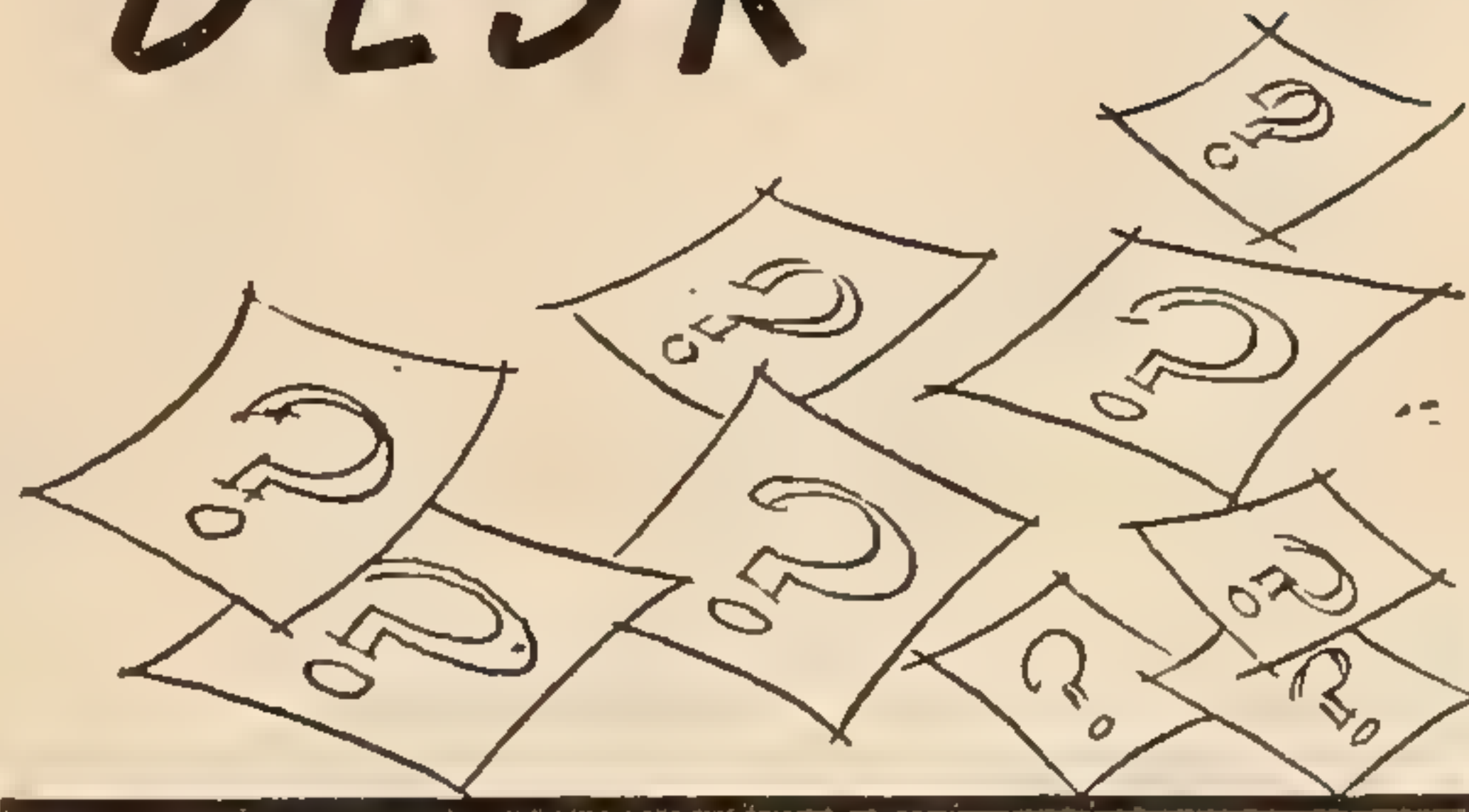
**OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND** owes her phenomenal knowledge of the technique of acting to the fact that her mother, famous in London as a dramatic coach, took her in hand at an early age and began to train her for the stage and

screen. She was born in Tokio, Japan, on July 1st, 1916, of English parentage, and at the age of three years came to San Francisco, Cal., with her parents and sister, who now calls herself Joan Fontaine. After completing her education at the Los Gatos Union High School and Notre Dame Convent, Olivia turned to acting as a career. While playing the part of Puck in a school production of "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," she got the job of understudy in Max Reinhardt's open-air production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl. Gloria Stuart, who was to play the role of Hermia, became ill and had to be recalled.

That gave Olivia the opportunity to step into the role. She scored a success, toured the nation with the Reinhardt troupe and was soon screen tested by Warner Bros. for the movie version. The next thing Olivia knew, she had signed a contract. Her favorite screen roles are Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Marcia in "It's Love I'm After" and Melanie in "Gone With The Wind." Outside of acting, she is most interested in sketching, sculpting and writing. When it comes to pet aversions, she despises parsnips, cigarette smoke, snakes and cooking. She has a suppressed desire to be an author, and her favorite extravagances are spending money on shoes and stockings. Olivia is five feet, four inches in height, weighs one hundred seven pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Her last pictures are "Gone With The Wind" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." You can write her in care of Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif. Review of "Elizabeth and Essex" on page 10.



# DESK



## we'll answer them

**Virginia Hale**, Seattle, Wn. Hedy Lamarr and Spencer Tracy did make a picture together called "I Take This Woman," but the reason you never saw it is because it was shelved.

**Harry Greenberg**, Brooklyn, N. Y. Deanna Durbin's real name is Edna Mae Durbin, and she was born in Winnipeg, Canada, on December 4th, 1922. She received her education at the Manchester Avenue school and the Bret Harte School in Los Angeles. Deanna's five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred twelve pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. "First Love" is her next picture.

**Lois Denny**, Creme, Va. We would suggest that you write Jane Withers, Sonja Henie and Richard Greene in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal., and mark your letter "personal."

**Ruth Simpson**, Kingston, Pa. Walter Pidgeon was born in East St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, on September 23rd, 1898. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, has black hair and grey eyes. His last picture was "Stronger Than Desire." His next will be "Nick Carter, Master Detective." You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**H. Hawthorne**, Roxborough, Pa. Both Ben Alexander and Hale Hamilton are movie personalities, and they have appeared in pictures since 1930.

**Madeleine Carr**, Garfield, N. J. Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, on Feb. 9th, 1891. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred fifty-eight pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. Colman married Benita Hume, actress, in October, 1938. He will soon be seen in one of Rudyard Kipling's greatest stories, "The Light That Failed," with Ida Lupino.

**Frances Rogers**, New York, N. Y. Ilona Massey was born Ilona Hajmassy, the daughter of poor Hungarian peasants. At fourteen she became a seamstress, but she studied music secretly and a year later got a position in the chorus of a Budapest opera house, where she sang and danced for two years before singing a leading role. When the opportunity came her success was instantaneous. The very night she made her debut a Hollywood executive happened to be in the audience. He signed her to a movie contract and she came to America.

**Helen Sharon**, Springfield, Ill. Anita Louise is her real name and she was born in New York City, on January 9th, 1917. She attended Professional Children's School and the Greenwood School for Girls in Hollywood. She began her theatrical career at the age of seven and appeared in numerous New York stage plays including "Peter Ibbetson," "Gloss of Youth" and "The

Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. Therefore, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Marquise." Eventually, one of those ever-peering talent scouts saw her and she was given her first role in "Madame Du Barry." Her hobbies are tennis, fencing and horseback riding. She is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred six pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her last picture is "Reno."

**Julia Breitman**, Salt Lake City, Utah. Olympe Bradna is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred fifteen pounds, has brown eyes and black hair. Up-to-date, she has appeared in the following pictures: "Three Cheers For Love," "College Holiday," "Last Train From Madrid," "Souls At Sea," "Stolen Heaven," "Say It In French." She will soon be seen in "Heaven On A Shoestring" and "Happy Ending," stills of which may be obtained by writing to Paramount Pictures, New York, N. Y., and enclosing ten cents for each.

**Eleanor Ross**, Saugerties, N. Y. You're right about Mickey Rooney's song-writing career. Up to date, he has written eight songs, one has been published, another is about to be and two more have publishers interested. Which isn't bad at all for a boy of 17, who can't read a note of music.

**Hilda Ellenzweig**, New York, N. Y. Basil Rathbone was born in South Africa, June 13th, 1892. He was sent to school in England and began his stage career there at the age of eleven, playing in Shakespearean roles. He came to America in 1912, became one of the foremost figures on the Broadway stage, and married Ouida Bergere, scenarist and playwright. They have one son. He is six feet, one and one-half inches tall, has black hair and hazel eyes. His last two pictures were "Sun Never Sets" and "Rio." His next will be "Tower of London." You can write him in care of Universal Pictures, Universal City, Cal.

**Bessie Leeros**, Salt Lake City, Utah. Lynne Overman was born in Maryville, Mo., Sept. 19, 1887. He is five feet, eleven inches, has blonde hair and blue eyes and weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds.

**Lois Silvers**, Dayton, Ohio. The actresses who have won awards from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences since 1928 are as follows: Janet Gaynor, 1928; Mary Pickford, 1929; Norma Shearer, 1930; Marie Dressler, 1931; Helen Hayes, 1932; Katharine Hepburn, 1933; Claudette Colbert, 1934; Bette Davis, 1935; Luise Rainer, 1936; Luise Rainer, 1937; Bette Davis, 1938.

**John Powers**, Syracuse, N. Y. John Wayne was born Marion Michael Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26th, of Scotch-Irish descent. He was raised on a ranch in Lancaster, Calif., and attended the Glendale, California, High School and the University of Southern Calif. He earned his first dollar as a "prop" man. He got his break in pictures when Raoul Walsh saw him carrying a table onto the set, liked his looks, and told him to let his hair grow. Mr. Walsh followed through with the offer of a role in "Big Trail." He is six feet, four inches tall, weighs two hundred pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes.

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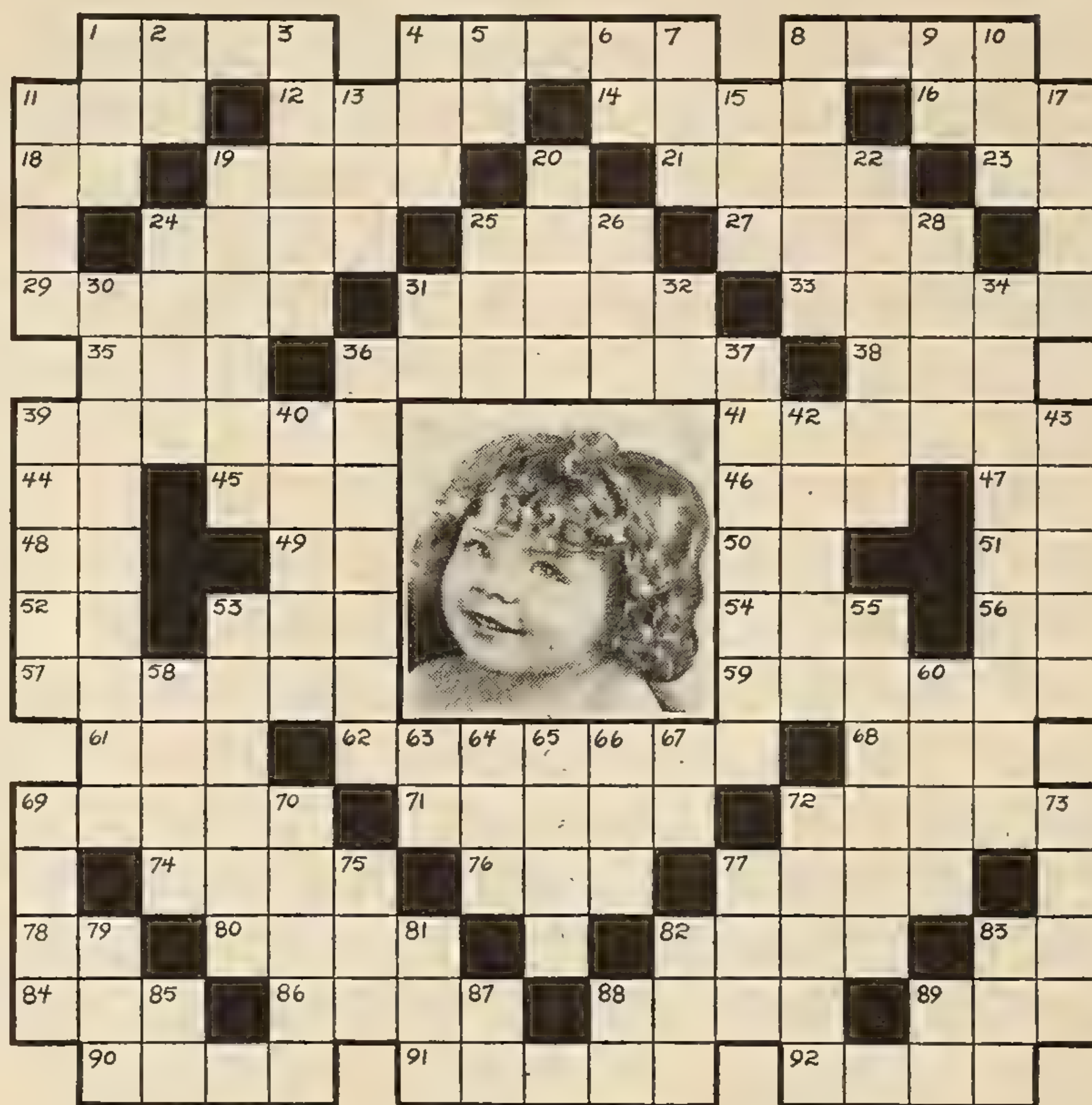
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Puzzle Solution on Page 81

## ACROSS

1. & 4. First and last name of our star
8. Attractive
11. "--- Friend"
12. "Charlie ---- in Reno"
14. French director, Renee C----
16. "Forged ---- port"
18. He tried a come-back in "The Sheik Steps Out": in.
19. Scotch family
21. "Gentlemen of the ----s"
23. Male lead in "Mutiny on the Blackhawk": in.
24. Cape Dutch
25. Explosive
27. Impresses with reverential fear
29. A two reel picture
31. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
33. Type of preview.
35. "Riders of the Fr---ier"
36. Star of "Honolulu"
38. "Jamaica ---"
39. Loses blood
41. Away from the sea
44. Prisci--a Lane
45. --- ardo Cortez
46. Famous adventure writer and scenarist
47. Gale Sonderg--rd
48. Myrna L--
49. Band leader in "Man About Town": in.
50. Bette Davis' ex: in.
51. A player in westerns: in.
52. English character actor, Reginald--en
53. "I St---a Million"
54. Highest card
56. A famous book being filmed: "Reb--ca"
57. "When To-----Comes"
59. Sold a second time
61. "Cl---s over Europe"
62. Way a movie beginner usually acts
68. "Li---e Old New York"
69. Goodbye in French
71. Bobby ----, youthful singing star
72. To tap again
74. Anna Sten was in "-----"
76. Western star, --- Maynard
77. At that time
78. Star of 35 across: in.
80. ---- Damita
82. Rhymed lines
83. English star in "Here I Am A Stranger": in.
84. --- Hunter
86. Minute
88. A small depression
89. --- West
90. The "Ecstasy" girl
91. Roland ----
92. ---- Martin

## DOWN

1. --- Hall of "Hurricane"
2. Lew -- res
3. Spirit in French
4. What the censors do
5. "A Child Is Bo--"
6. -- an Mowbray
7. Short sleep
8. Laura Hope ----
9. Annabella's husband: in.
10. "House of F---"
11. The Marx ----: abbr.
13. --- Wallis, a producer
15. Late G. Gershwin's lyricist brother
17. Bag
19. "Nick ----"
20. ---- Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell"
22. Characteristic of old age
24. Franchot ----
25. Part of the foot
26. Sun-baked complexion
28. In "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," Jimmy Stewart plays a ----tor
30. Where movies are made
31. The sarong girl: in.
32. "No Place--Go"
34. Star of "Bridal Suite"
36. Shuns
37. ----- Barthelmess
39. Bing Crosby's famous song, "Love in ----"
40. ---- macy means tact
42. "For the----", means "for the moment"
43. What no one can do like Fred Astaire
53. Harrowing experience
55. Regard
58. What scandal can do to a star
60. To the personal consideration of: abbr.
63. Lung disease: abbr.
64. Irritate
65. What the old time two reeler villain used to do
66. The top box office players are called "The Big ----"
67. "Espionage Ag--t"
69. Against
70. Agreement
72. Gable in "G.W.T.W."
73. Gale----in "Daughters Courageous"
75. "Honeymoon in B---"
77. Fred S---e in "No Place To Go"
79. College yell
81. "Dust Be My Dest---"
82. Sow
83. --- Milland
85. Point of compass
87. Loretta -- ung
88. Male star of "Eternally Yours": in.
89. Feminine star of silent days: in.



# THIS STAR STUFF

(Continued from page 35)

it is a necessary part of the business of every star to try to see himself as others want to see him. I believe that I have, if I may immodestly say so, a fairly good idea of what I can do and what I cannot do. Stars are only business men, after all, selling the characters they manufacture. And it behooves the star to see to it that his 'goods' is protected in every way possible. When a picture in which I am appearing starts, I do whatever I can to help make the story as airtight, as good entertainment as it's possible to make it.

"Now, some players under contract to studios suffer occasionally because of mass production pressure. Some players must accept stories and parts unsuited to them that the quota of pictures promised the exhibitor may be fulfilled. But if you're going to have the benefit of a powerful organization behind you, you must be willing to share the studios' liabilities as well as its assets.

ALL of which leads to the problem 'to free-lance or work under contract.' If you free-lance, you pick your own plums when and as offered, when and as you see fit. The chances are that you will earn a bigger net profit making one free-lance picture a year than you could make doing six contract pictures a year. Under contract, too, you may find a quince in your lap among the plums. And there is nothing you can do about a quince but eat it. On the other hand, you may be mistaken in the nature of the fruit. I would not have chosen to make 'The Last of Mrs. Cheney,' for instance, nor would I have chosen to make 'Double Wedding.' Yet both pictures, I am told, made money. Unless the star can depend absolutely upon his own judgment, therefore, the studio contract offers safer harborage than the free-lance field.

"Any person in this business is wise to seek the best help he can get. By which I mean, the best executive at the best studio, the best agent, the best director, cameraman, the best man and woman power available. A star's personal performance is always secondary to the picture as a whole. It is therefore good business on the part of the star to raise no objections if the picture requires seven other stars in the cast with him. For if the picture is a box office smash and the star's name is connected with it, that's enough. You rather stick your chin out if you set yourself up as a Maharajah with nothing but clucks about you.

"For the rest," said Bill, "there is the tradition still in good standing that it's part of the star's business to be 'in' with the 'right people.' There is the romantic fiction which says that a star 'owes it to his studio' to dwell in marble halls, staffed with enough help to run Buckingham Palace efficiently. I should like to burst that bubble because it is a bubble, publicity-made. Many of the greatest stars live simply, on ranches in the Valley, driving small cars, getting along with a couple to 'do' for them. And I have not noticed that this moderate way of living in any way affects their status with their studios or their popularity with their public.

"Stars who live extravagantly do so because they want to, not because their studios require them to 'put up a front.'

"I have, at present, a fairly large house

here in Bel Air. I have it because my parents live with me and because, at the time I leased it, I thought I wanted a large house. But I am planning now to build a house and, if and when I do, it will be a small one.

"Yes, my wardrobe is, certainly, much in excess of what it would be if I were the average, well-dressed business man. I have, I suppose, some fifty suits, a commensurate number of top coats, shoes, hats, jackets. But that is not because 'all is vanity' with me. It is because it is part of my business equipment as saws and hammers are business equipment to a carpenter. I seldom know what kind of clothes I will be called upon to wear in my next picture. If I should be called upon to play the Khan of Tartary, the studio would, then, furnish the costumes. But in any role in which I wear clothes such as the modern man might wear, under all conceivable circumstances, I must draw upon my own wardrobe. We all furnish our own trimmings and the more we go in for urbanity the more replete our wardrobes are.

"I cannot," said Bill, "squawk about this business of being a star. We who are in pictures are a very favored group of people. I have a feeling that we must not complain—there is a great good fortune involved in being a star, and darn few sacrifices. The lack of any private life, so frequently and feverishly lamented by some of us, is not particularly blighting. Such laments from the Chosen of the Cinema always remind me of the spoiled beauty who wailed, 'Oh, you're so good to me and I'm so tired of it all!' It's like being bitter about a dish of caviar.

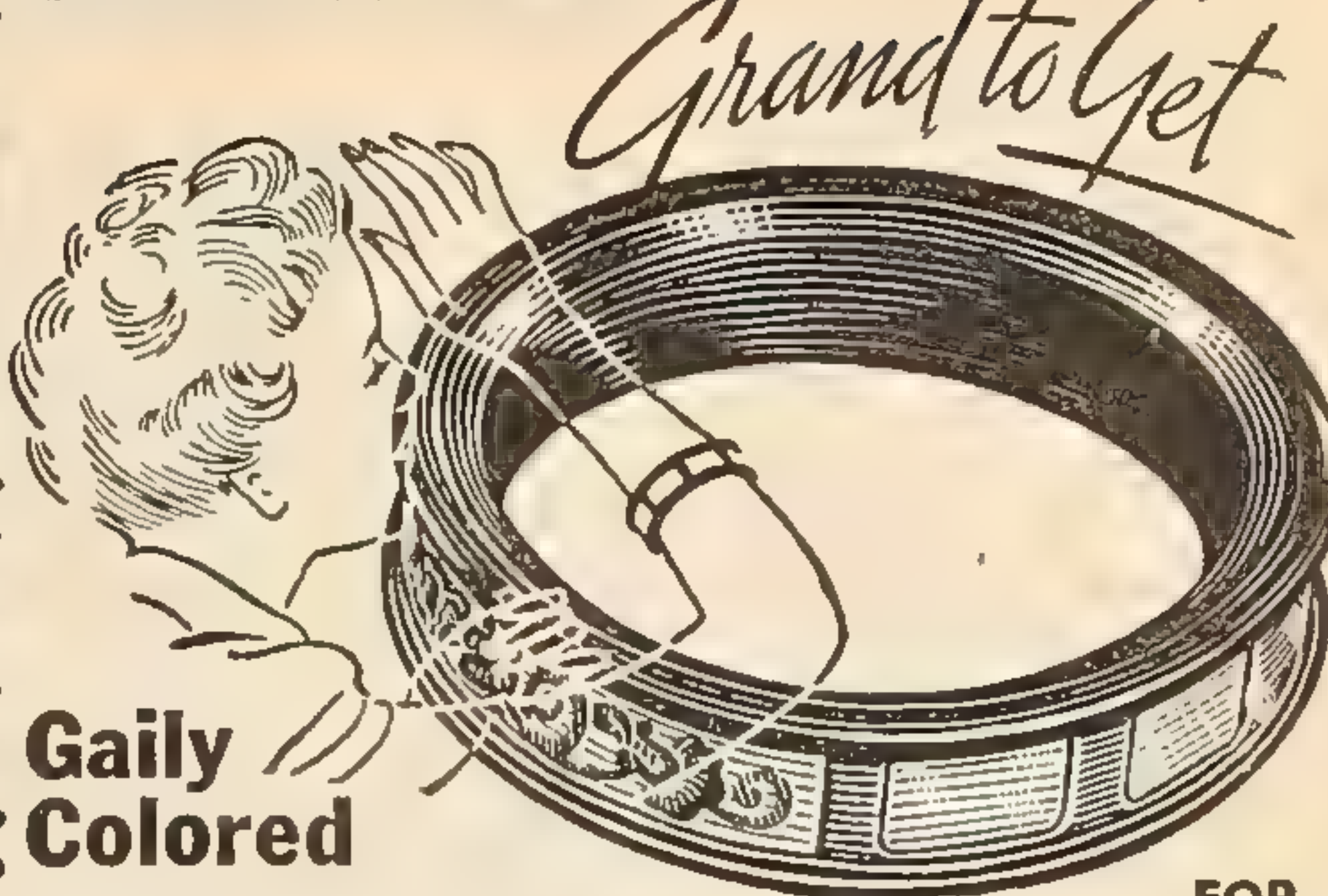
"Still another lament in good standing is that the stars get but a fraction of what they are reputed and reported to earn. That's true. But we are still handsomely paid, when the last deduction is made. The only injustice in high taxation of the picture actor is that of the relatively brief duration of his active career as compared with other occupations and professions. But even this wail is open to question. Because it is my belief that there hasn't been time enough to find out whether the careers of talking stars are more short-lived than other careers have proved or not. All of us, in all walks of life, must ask, 'Where is the Future?' but while we're asking it, we who are stars, are comfortably housed, well-fed, equipped with most of the luxuries of life.

"No, no, not a squawk . . . not even when I say the time has come when I must decide whether a smaller return for many pictures a year is of more benefit to me than a larger return for few pictures and the incidental preservation of my youth and beauty!

## STAR ADDRESS LIST

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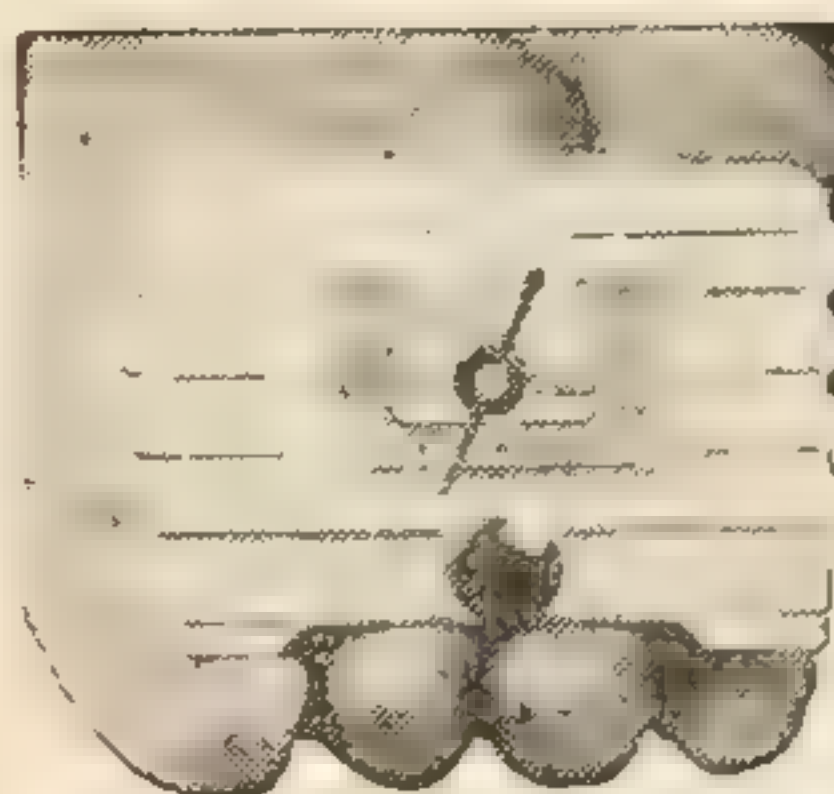


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Virginia Vale and Robert Stanton, RKO Stars

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# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★	Man of Conquest (Republic)	3★
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever (M-G-M)	C 3★	*Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M)	C 1★
Babes In Arms (M-G-M)	C 3★	Mickey, the Kid (Republic)	2★
Bachelor Mother (RKO)	C 3 1/2★	Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount)	C 2 1/2★	Mikado, The (Universal)	C 3★
Bad Lands (RKO)	2★	Million Dollar Legs (Paramount)	2★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower)	3 1/2★	Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
Beau Geste (Paramount)	C 3★	Missing Daughters (Columbia)	2★
Big Town Czar (Universal)	2★	Mr. Moto in Danger (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Blackmail (M-G-M)	2★	Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Blind Alley (Columbia)	2 1/2★	Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	4★
Blondie Takes a Vacation (Columbia)	2★	Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram)	2★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 1/2★	Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram)	2★	Naughty But Nice (Warners)	2★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M)	2★	Never Say Die (Paramount)	2★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M)	C 2 1/2★	News is Made at Night (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2★
Bulldog Drummond's Bride (Paramount)	2★	*Ninotchka (M-G-M)	4★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount)	C 2 1/2★	North of Yukon (Columbia)	2★
Calling All Marines (Republic)	2★	Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	3★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Captain Fury (United Artists)	C 2 1/2★	Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
Career (RKO)	2★	On Borrowed Time (M-G-M)	3★
Charlie Chan at Treasure Island (20th Century-Fox)	2★	On Dress Parade (Warners)	2★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 1/2★	\$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)	2★
Climbing High (Gaumont British)	2 1/2★	Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia)	3★
Clouds Over Europe (Columbia)	2 1/2★	On Trial (Warners)	2 1/2★
Coast Guard (Columbia)	2★	On Your Toes (Warners)	2 1/2★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners)	3★	Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)	2 1/2★
*Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)	2★	Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2★
Dark Victory (Warners)	4★	Panama Lady (RKO)	2★
Daughters Courageous (Warners)	3★	Parents on Trial (Columbia)	2★
Day the Bookies Wept, The (RKO)	2★	Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)	2 1/2★
Death of a Champion (Paramount)	2 1/2★	Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Disputed Passage (Paramount)	3★	Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dodge City (Warners)	3★	Range War (Paramount)	2★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)	2 1/2★	Real Glory, The (United Artists)	2★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners)	3★	Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
East Side of Heaven (Universal)	C 3★	Rio (Universal)	2 1/2★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)	2 1/2★	*Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)	3★
*Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)	4★	Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Espionage Agent (Warners)	2 1/2★	*Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)	3★
Everything's on Ice (RKO)	2★	Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Ex-Champ (Universal)	2★	She Married a Cop (Republic)	2★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)	2★	6,000 Enemies (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)	3★	Some Like It Hot (Paramount)	2★
Five Came Back (RKO)	2★	Sorority House (RKO)	C 2★
Fixer Dugan (RKO)	2★	SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic)	2★
Flight at Midnight (Republic)	2★	Spellbinder, The (RKO)	2★
*Flying Deuces (RKO)	2★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2 1/2★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO)	C 2 1/2★	Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Forgotten Woman, The (Universal)	2★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3 1/2★
Four Feathers (United Artists)	3 1/2★	Star Maker, The (Paramount)	2 1/2★
Frontier Marshal (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2★	Stolen Life (Paramount)	2 1/2★
Full Confession (RKO)	2★	Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Girl and the Gambler, The (RKO)	2★	Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 1/2★
Girl from Rio (Monogram)	2★	Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO)	C 3 1/2★
Golden Boy (Columbia)	3★	Streets of New York (Monogram)	2★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M)	C 4★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
Good Girls Go To Paris (Columbia)	2 1/2★	Sun Never Sets, The (Universal)	2★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2★	Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount)	2 1/2★	Sweepstakes Winner (Warners)	2★
Grand Jury Secrets (Paramount)	2 1/2★	Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
Hardys Ride High, The (M-G-M)	C 3★	Tell No Tales (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
Hawaiian Nights (Universal)	2★	These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
*Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cent.-Fox)	2★	They All Come Out (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners)	2 1/2★	They Asked For It (Universal)	2★
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2★	They Made Her a Spy (RKO)	2★
Heritage of the Desert (Paramount)	2★	They Shall Have Music (United Artists)	C 3 1/2★
Hollywood Calvalcade (20th Century-Fox)	3★	Those High Grey Walls (Columbia)	2 1/2★
Honeymoon in Bali (Paramount)	3★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Hotel For Women (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2★	Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)	2 1/2★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount)	2★	Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)	2 1/2★
House of Fear, The (Universal)	2★	Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners)	2 1/2★
*Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)	2★	Tropic Fury (Universal)	2★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount)	3★	20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners)	2 1/2★	Two Bright Boys (Universal)	2★
In Name Only (RKO)	3 1/2★	U-Boat 29 (Columbia)	3★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)	3★	Undercover Agent (Monogram)	2★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount)	C 3★	Undercover Doctor (Paramount)	2 1/2★
I Stole a Million (Universal)	3★	Underpup, The (Universal)	3★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox)	2★	Unexpected Father (Universal)	2★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M)	3★	Union Pacific (Paramount)	3 1/2★
Jamaica Inn (United Artists)	3★	Waterfront (Warners)	2★
Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★	What a Life (Paramount)	3★
Juarez (Warners)	3★	When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2 1/2★
Kid From Kokomo, The (Warners)	2★	Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M)	2★	Winter Carnival (United Artists)	2 1/2★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia)	2 1/2★	Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M)	C 4★
Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M)	2★	Wolf Call (Monogram)	2★
Lady's from Kentucky, The (Paramount)	2 1/2★	Woman is the Judge, A (Columbia)	2★
Love Affair (RKO)	3 1/2★	Women, The (M-G-M)	3★
Lucky Night (M-G-M)	2 1/2★	Women in the Wind (Warners)	2★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount)	2★	Wuthering Heights (United Artists)	4★
Maisie (M-G-M)	3★	You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners)	2 1/2★
Man About Town (Paramount)	3★	Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 1/2★
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists)	3★	Zenobia (United Artists)	C 2★



# GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 18)

laid down that must be obeyed. It is that under no circumstances must the studio call him before ten o'clock in the morning. But the other day a matter came up which demanded Cary's immediate appearance at the studio—and it was not yet ten o'clock. So Columbia's big boss, himself, decided to take the responsibility for the call. He managed to get the actor on the wire and hastened to say, "Did I wake you up, old boy?" "Oh, no," came Grant's honeyed voice. "No, you didn't wake me up. I'm still asleep."

## ANDREA'S SPARKLER

The first day of shooting on her new picture, Andrea Leeds was the center of attraction. It was the sparkler on her left hand which caused all the commotion. After the director, the players, the cameramen and the props had all ohed and ahed over the ring, Andrea said, "Gee, I didn't know it looked that good myself. That must be one dollar and twenty-five cents worth of extra good paste." The \$25,000 engagement ring of Bob Howard's was safe in a bank vault, Andrea explained. "I thought I'd never want to take it off my finger after Bob put it there," she said, "but a \$25,000 investment can be an awful strain on the sentiments."

## MARIE, THE CAMERA FIEND

For some time Marie Wilson had worried about the fact that she didn't have a hobby since, according to all the magazine articles, every well-rounded personality has a hobby. Nick Grinde finally took pity on her and bought her a camera and our Modern Screen cameraman took pity on her and spent an afternoon showing her the fine points of photography. The next day Marie left for Palm Springs and at midnight her teacher, Jules Buck, was awakened by a long-distance call from the desert resort. It was the Wilson gal. "I don't like to bother you," she said, "but what exposure do you give clouds when there is no moonlight?"

## JUNE, GARBO'S RIVAL?

Funniest romance mix-up in months was when little June Preisser was supposed to have snatched Garbo's boy friend. She was reported seeing all the cafes and night clubs with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, the diet fadist. This would have been very good publicity for June, but she was too annoyed to stop to think of any such thing when she read about her new romance in the papers. She told her studio, her friends and the columnists that the man with whom she was seen is Frey Brown, a man who looks like the good doctor. But, according to the indignant June, the resemblance stops right there for Frey has never given a second thought to his stomach.

## REMEMBER, "REMEMBER?"

When picture titles are not satisfactory, the studios send memos to the various offices on the lot asking for suggestions. At

Metro recently, the employees were asked to dream up a new title for the Robert Taylor-Greer Garson picture, "Remember." After everyone on the lot had sent in several suggestions, a memo arrived from the front office. The title change had been made. The picture "Remember" would now be called "Remember?" No, it wasn't a gag—that's just Hollywood!

## SHIRLEY WILL BROADCAST

Shirley Temple will make her first radio coast-to-coast appearance for charity when she appears on the "Screen Guild Theatre" program the day before Christmas. Having been offered as high as \$35,000 for a single air appearance, and turned down all offers to now, Shirley's air debut is considered one of greatest import here in Movietown. The "Screen Guild Theatre," as you know, is Hollywood's own radio show on which movie satellites donate their talents . . . and the sponsor of the show sets aside \$10,000 a week for the building of a home for old and indigent motion picture people.

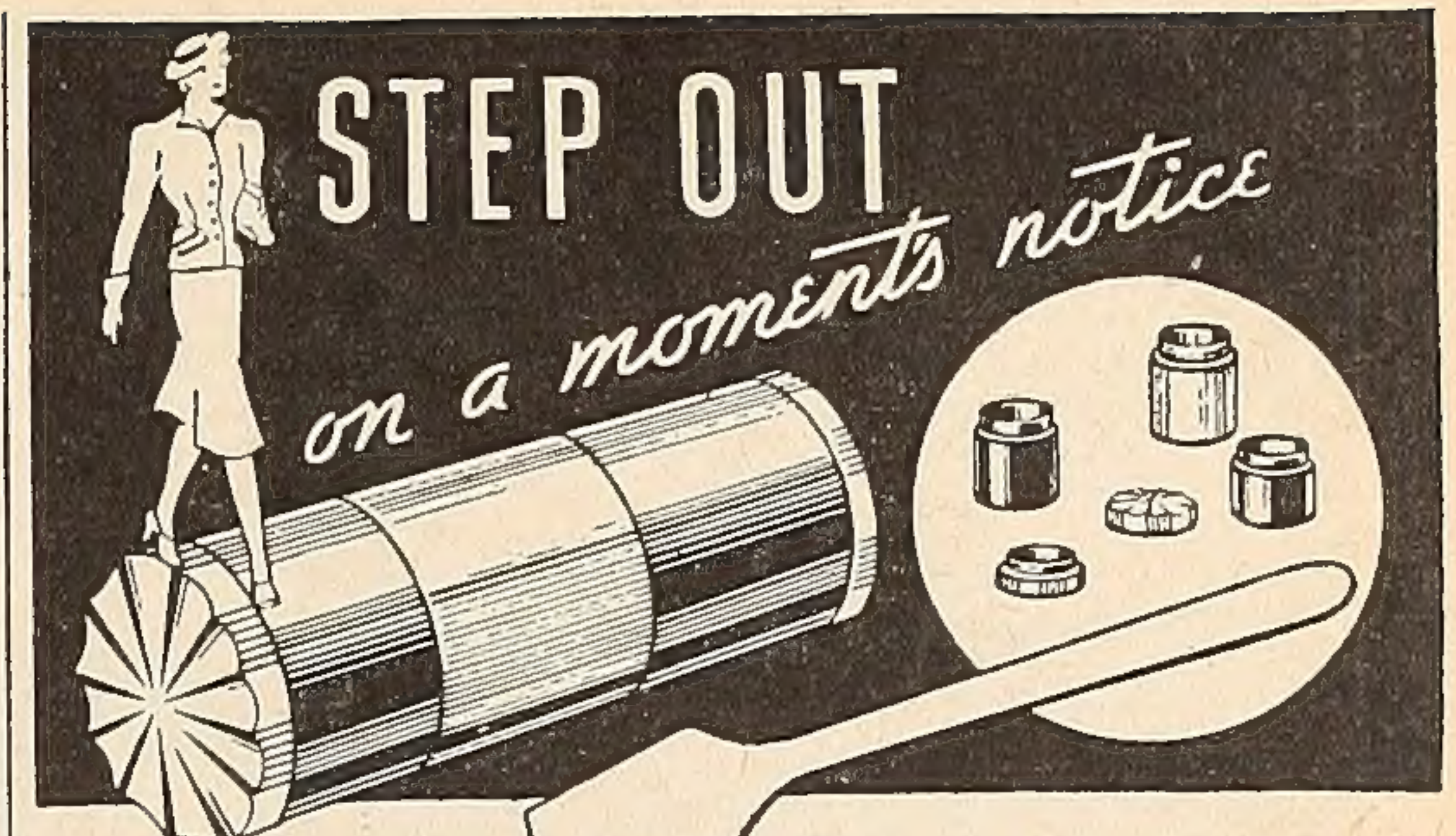
## BROKEN HEARTS CLUB

Franchot Tone has just received an invitation to become honorary president of the P. O. W. club—a fraternity started by a group of students at Arizona State College at Tempe. The letter stated that P.O.W. stands for "Phooey on Women" and membership is limited to "jilted lovers only." Meetings are closed with a lusty rendition of the club theme song, "I Get Along Without You Very Well." Tone is writing the boys at Tempe that he'll accept the honor if they'll also bestow the same title upon his pal, Jackie Coogan.

## SHORT SHOTS

Alice Faye lost most of her personal wardrobe when her house burned down, so the studio came to the rescue and donated enough finery to keep her in ecstasies for days . . . Don Ameche's two-month vacation away from radio and movie work is because his boss, Darryl Zanuck, was afraid he was heading for a nervous breakdown . . . Gene Autry is still the country's favorite star. He received 50,103 letters during the month of September which tops all

Solution to Puzzle on Page 75



## COLT PURSE Make-up KIT

Glamour in a single lovely container . . . your favorite rouge, cream, powder, eye shadow, etc., instantly available from one source. Each in its own compartment . . . each compartment a unit of same container. Smart, fascinating, and handy. Quickly filled with tiny decorative spade. Nothing else like it for parties, dinners, dances, and sports where looking one's best is imperative . . . and carrying space at a premium. Comes in exquisite shades of green, black, white, brown, red, yellow—just indicate your preference.

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Purse Make-Up Kit and ingenious filling spade, both for 25c. DeLuxe model 50c. Be the first to have this clever kit . . . order now . . . use coupon. Money back if dissatisfied.

Agents—Send for Special Sales Plan. Big Profits.

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## BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## FASTER than Quinine

To relieve distress of COLDS PROMPTLY and effectively, take

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Anne Shirley and Hubby John Payne lunch at the Brown Derby, the place famous for the caricatures adorning its walls.

previous records of any star . . . Bill Powell gave Alice Marble a new leather coat, like one of his she admired, for winning the Wimbledon tennis championship, with the inscription "For being a good girl" . . . Otto Kruger gave the Mrs. a new car on their 20th wedding anniversary recently . . . Jimmy Cagney's sister, Jean, makes her movie bow in the picture "Campus Wives" . . . Mickey Rooney, who says "Babes In Arms" is his 260th picture, went to the preview of "Hollywood Cavalcade" all alone and early! And had a swell time "mugging" for the photographers before the glamor boys and girls showed up . . . Martha O'Driscoll is the newest starlet to join the build-up parade at M-G-M. And she's going the usual route—through a new Hardy family picture . . . Dolores Del Rio has some new jewelry painted with phosphorus to make it dazzle her companions under night lights . . . Tom Mix walked into the Beverly Derby the other night for a cuppa coffee and had both the tourists and newspaper reporters giving him their undivided attention.

### ROMANCE NOTES

Maxie Rosenbloom announced to the press as soon as he returned from his Las Vegas elopement with Muriel Fader that he's going to settle down and be a family man from now on. Of course, that includes what he calls his "screen career" and night club ownership, and Mrs. Rosenbloom adds that he's going to learn the English language. There's a chance since she used to be a teacher . . . Judy Garland is dating Grace Hayes' son, Peter . . . Jackie Cooper is still taking Pat Stewart to night clubs and previews . . . Lew Ayres is quite smitten with the charms of Helen Gilbert . . . Olivia de Havilland seems to be concentrating on Howard Hughes . . . Mary Healy says Randolph Scott is a wonderful man, and Randolph is so far gone that he can't even talk about Mary . . . Martha Raye and F

Rose celebrated their first wedding anniversary at the Victor Hugo, and both say the marriage is going to last forever . . . Rochelle Hudson and her bridegroom, Hal Thompson, hold hands wherever they go . . . Walter Wanger is still the leading man in Joan Bennett's life . . . And there are those who say that Anatole Litvak and Ann Sheridan are really serious about their romance . . . The Al Jolson's celebrated their 11th wedding anniversary at the Cocoanut Grove just before she sued for divorce.

### ALONG SUNSET STRIP

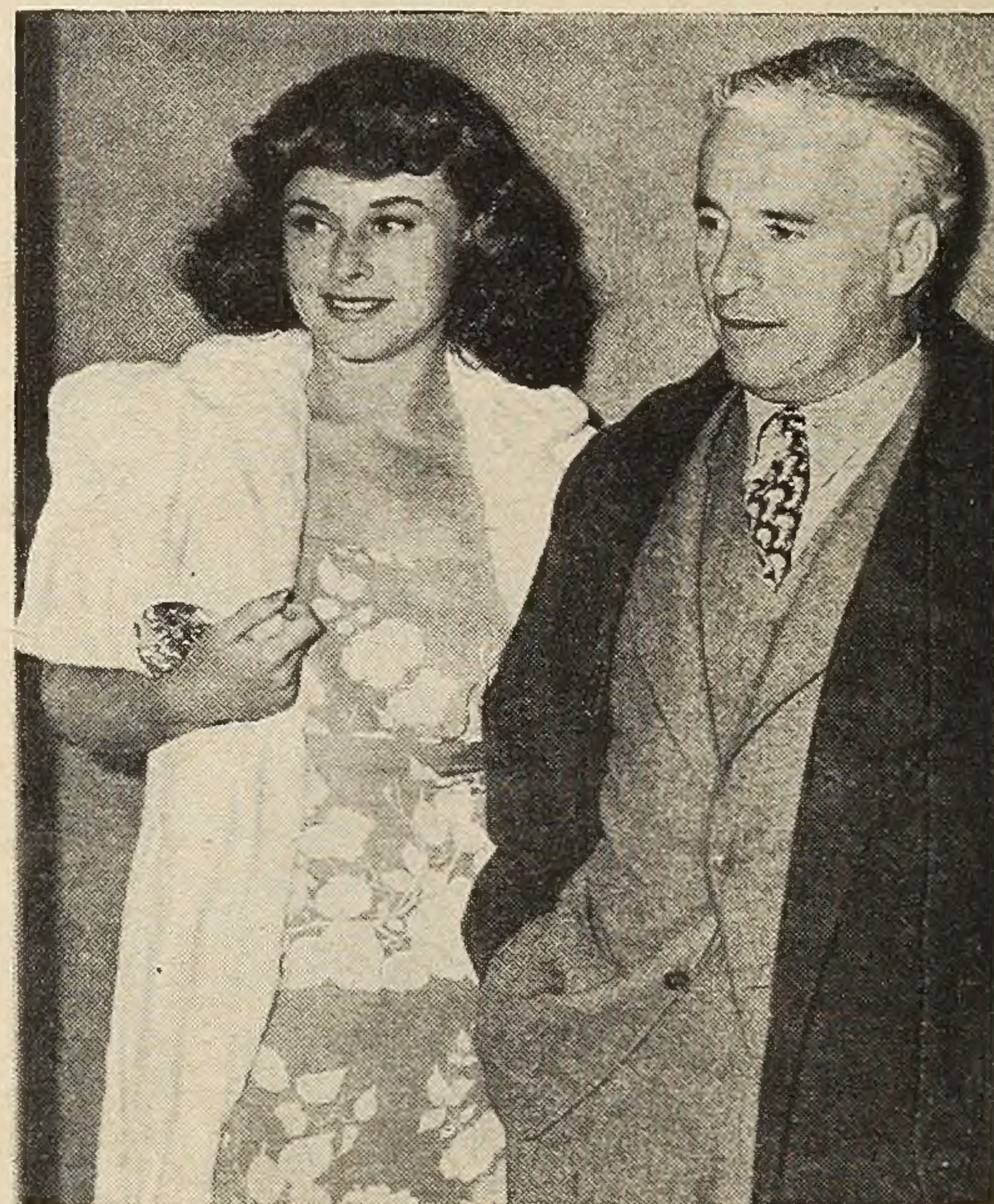
Stuart Erwin and June Collyer getting admiring glances from customers and curb hops at Simon's drive-in while eating a sandwich luncheon . . . Richard Dix dropping in at the redecorated Tobey's drugstore and whistling his approval at all the new changes . . . Madeleine Carroll parking in front of the Villa Nova for her frequent orgy of real Italian spaghetti . . . Edgar Bergen helping to move his office furniture into the former Kingston agency office. And across the street neighbor, Eddie Cantor, coming over to lend Bergen a hand . . . Sonja Henie, running out of agent Vic Orsatti's office, and never looking right or left as she climbs into her small coupe and whisks off.

### "QUIET, GRACIE!"

George Burns decided the other day that his small son wasn't as courteous as he might be. In particular, in the manner in which he took leave for school in the morning. George pointed out that he should be a little gentleman about leave-takings, and not rush off without a word of farewell. "For instance," he pointed out, "what does Daddy say when he leaves Mother?" "Quiet, Gracie," replied his son.

### INGRID'S A MA!

In spite of her success in "Intermezzo," her first American picture, Ingrid Bergman is in no hurry to return to Hollywood. When she came here this last time, the Swedish star left her two-months-old daughter, Pia, at home with her husband. "At that age, babies don't miss their mothers so much," she said, "but I shall never again spend more than a few days away from her. So if I come back it will have to be when Pia's old enough to come along."



Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin at the Cafe Lamaze. Paulette's right up to the minute with her short-sleeved wrap.



The Dick Powells in a serious moment of conversation. A tricky hat Joan has there with its fur brim and striped crown!



# CROSSWORD PUZZLES

JANUARY

10¢



JUDITH BARRETT

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